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246251A
1917 LENON

The Yale Courant

Founded in 1865

Vol. XXXV

Oct. 15, 1898

No. 1

EDITORS

Henry B. B. Yorgason, '99, Chairman.

Charles E. Hay, Jr., '99 Richard Hooker, '99

Howard C. Robbins, '99

Frederic M. Davies, '99, Business Manager.

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Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office of New Haven, Conn.

A Lesson in Moods.



ELL," said she a trifle uneasily, "I can't say you're very entertaining."

She was quite right. I was not entertaining. I was mutely looking at the fields, at the road ahead, at the straining cob, in fact at everything—except her. When, as I was walking carelessly along, she had suddenly reined up beside me and bade me jump in, I was too embarrassed to think of an ex-

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cuse—probably she had counted on that—and I was still too embarrassed to think of much to say.

But there I was and the situation had to be faced. Two weeks before it would have been simple enough. In fact the times we had driven in that same trap behind that same cob were past counting. We had walked, sailed, ridden and driven together each summer from the time that a pair of wrists sprained in falling out of an apple tree first made me willing to eschew the society of boys. But, as for that, she was almost a boy herself, and there was nothing a boy could do that she couldn't—except to swim, and that, through no fault of hers, for she had nearly drowned a score of times in her resolute attempts. The last time, and the narrowest escape of all, I had been lucky (or unlucky) enough to be the rescuer. That night she had lain in her hammock on the piazza, white and wan and all her wonted fire displaced by a languid meekness. I sat beside with a huge fan and tried to amuse her. For once she had little to say, though, for all I could do, her mind kept turning on the thought of her escape. Finally she had blurted out, with a laugh that had little mirth in it, "I suppose from now on I shall have to have a protector always around." "That,"

thought I, "is my cue," and agreeing with her statement, I straightway applied for the position, with the single proviso that it should be permanent. In an instant she had changed, ceased to be meek, and become firmness itself. When I left it was sadly and with much food for thought.

The day after she had been sent away to the mountains to recuperate and I had not seen her again until, just two weeks later, she drew up beside me on the turnpike. So it was that I looked at the fields, the road and the cob. Finally I hazarded a remark about the weather in the mountains, and after that things went rather better. The cob, however, who had been eating his head off as she put it, was cavorting in a manner that I, at least, thought ill suited to shafts and a two-wheel cart. But then I never cared for very spirited beasts—principally because I cannot manage them—while she, on the other hand, cares for them most decidedly, and can ride or drive anything that ever wore a bit, from a mustang to an ugly mule. So that altogether I was surprised and not over pleased when she put the reins in my hands and ordered me to drive; still, I obeyed.

The cob had bolted with me once while I waited for her to do an errand and I now gave over my full attention to the duty of

driving. As a result my end of our conversation failed perceptibly. She had the whip in her hand and was abstractedly, and none too gently, flecking the cob's back with it; which plainly displeased him. But when I told her so, she paid no heed and went on talking and whipping as before. At that I desisted and watched the cob more carefully yet, listening to her talk without making response.

"Oh! look!" she cried, breaking off in the middle of a sentence. "See there, a fox!"

I looked up and saw a bunch of red, fluffy tail and little head, saucily crossing the field. Just then we struck a bump in the road and, as we descended from an involuntary ascent, the whip must have caught the cob a stinging cut, for before I knew it he had the bit in his teeth and was whirling us along at a mad pace. I braced my feet and pulled, but it was no use. Then I began to talk to the brute, but my soothing tones failed utterly to soothe. The road was wide enough and straight enough, but, in accordance with the proverb, it had a turn, and the turn came, as I remembered with increasing vividness, where on reaching a deep ravine the road went along the brink, almost at right angles to its former direction. The question was, would the cob

tire before we got there? From all indications he would not.

All this time she sat silent and perfectly still, except that she put up the whip. "That," thought I, "is small consolation now." We were getting very near the turn and I gathered myself and the reins for a last effort. The result was not apparent.

"Give me the reins," said she, taking them out of my hands. She pulled as I had, only harder, and she called the cob all the pet names in the language—with a few exceptions. I had just thought our case beyond all hope when the beast began to slacken up. (He had grown tired, I firmly maintain). And it was none too soon, for we rounded the corner on one wheel, with the other higher than would be worth telling.

The road was narrower now and thickly lined with trees. Panting heavily, the cob fell into a walk. "Whew!" said I, "but that was a close shave."

"Yes," said she, looking straight ahead.

"Well," I continued ruefully, rubbing my aching wrists. "It looks as if I were as much in need of a protector as you."

She said nothing, and then of a sudden she dropped the reins. "Th—that's what I wanted to show," she sobbed.

It was a moment later that the cob gave final proof of his knavery by pricking up his ears alarmingly. There was no one coming after all.

Richard Hooker.





Caponsacchi to Pompilia.

O FEARLESS faith, that with unwearied wing
Starlike hast burned thy heaven-attaining way,
Forgetful of what earlier heights achieved
Might tempt impatient hope to pause, forego
Her pristine aim, so fail at last to win
Abiding place that God accounteth great—
Since half the strenuous rapture of thy flight
Was heritage of unremembered need
That sought no aid, nor grace of guiding hand,
And stainless truth was sole reliance, brave heart—
Be this my hope, never in utmost strait
Through vain desire of thine averted face
To cast between thy sunlight and its bourn
Some earth-flung, sudden shade, but straining on
With foot defiant of all hinderance
To strive in fitting silence, that the dawn
May find us—unestranged of alien end—
Standing on snow-crowned hills, austere and still,
Whence strife and triumph shall conspire, so blend
To unimaginable chords of peace.

—Howard Chandler Robbins.





The Greater Loss.

WHE freshness of the morning was past, and the sun beating down on the bare Dakota prairie was beginning to make work uncomfortable. John Winsted sighed with relief as he levelled the last remaining strip of a patch of green grass, which stood in a little depression like an oasis in the dry, brown prairie. After a minute's rest he adjusted the mower, and turned toward the house.

Winsted was only forty years old, yet his bowed shoulders and beard streaked with gray, showed that the best part of his life was past. His eyes were sad, and the corners of his mouth drooped. He moved almost automatically, and scarcely raised his head even when his dog stirred up a rabbit and started after it as a welcome diversion.

As he guided the horse out of the hollow, he turned unconsciously toward a wheat-field at a little distance, and his eyes bright-

ened at the sight of the thick, yellow grain shining in the sunlight. "They can't call me now 'the man who never has a crop,'" he said half bitterly. "They won't know this was my last chance, anyhow."

He smiled gratefully as he thought of the woman who had shared all his hardships with him since they had set out so confidently for the West. "It's hard enough for men out here," he murmured, "but for women like Mary it's simply hell. She couldn't have stood it these last years if she hadn't had Dora."

He settled himself as the wheel jolted over a hole in the dry, caked earth, and meditatively flicked his whip at a gopher which sat on its hind legs and flicked its tail in return, surveying him with round, brown eyes.

"Mary must be looking for the little run-a-way now," his thoughts ran on as he looked toward the house. "She's gazing off toward that straggling tree claim, as if she were thinking of her father's woods." He shifted his seat uneasily, as he remembered the time he had taken her to Ward's Woods—the first grove she had seen since she had come West, and her bursting into tears at the sight. He resolved to take her again when he had finished harvesting.

As he approached, the dog ran ahead

barking, and he saw that his wife was coming to meet him. A sudden fear made him grip the seat of the mower—a fear partly confirmed when he heard that their child was lost.

* * * * *

All day the search was carried on. As evening approached every foot of ground in the neighborhood, except the great field of wheat had been searched repeatedly. The neighbors began to look at that significantly. Winsted understood. For a moment he gazed off over the field as he realized all the inevitable consequences, the brand of complete failure that would be placed on his life. Then he looked at his wife, and all hesitation vanished. "Yes," he said, "she used to want to play in that field."

He went into the house with his wife, and all the men gathered at an edge of the field. They formed in line, joining hands, and walked carefully along, crushing the grain to the earth, so that nothing could remain unseen. Gophers ran out at the edges, and sought their holes in terror; jack rabbits bounded away; several hawks circled overhead; but they did not notice them. On they went till the last stalks trembled and fell, and the line reached the open prairie. Despondently they returned to

the house, and stood grouped together, nervously shifting their positions. There was no need to tell Winsted what the issue had been. He came out, and they all bowed their heads as he spoke. "You have done all you could, friends," he said, "and I am very grateful to you."

The men slowly dispersed with backward looks, and whisperings among themselves. When the last one had gone, Winsted and his wife started out, and while the moon and stars shone brightly overhead, appearing very near in the clear air, they searched every break in the monotonous prairie surface. They followed the course of a stream which wound about some distance away. At last, caught under bedraggled bushes which hung down from the steep bank into the dark water, they found their child.

Robbins B. Anderson.





A Song of Growing Things.

WHEN the spring's caressing heat
All the wintry world doth greet;
Melting, deep in forest row,
The lingering drifts of winter snow;
Warming in his earthy bed
The snake, in sleepy coils outspread;
Breathing through the air a scent,
From the balmy south-land lent—

Then the whisper of the rains,
Sends a throbbing through our veins;
And we wake, the growing things—
Hear above the beat of wings,
Know the birds are there; and feeling
Warmth of new life through us stealing,
From the cold earth's gloomy night
Struggle upwards to the light.



There, in depths of mossy dell,
Rings the mellow thrush's bell,
There the lowland meadows lie,
Brown beneath the warming sky;
And the tinkling streams are falling,
And the meadow lark is calling,
And the sun, with slanting rays,
Sheds a glory through the haze.

—*Henry Seidel Canby, '99 S.*





Young Pedro of Estolanas.



VERY quiet was young Pedro of Estolanas and, in his own musing way, very patriotic as well. The long, dust-covered road before his father's hut, the ragged meadow beyond, gradually swallowed up in the tangles of the more distant central American forest, and beyond and above, the glistening summit of Orizaba, white and mysterious in the distance—all these he loved. And they, with a few heroes of the early days, were his country. Therefore he was patriotic.

Now into the wild, open-hearted nature of this young inhabitant of the Central American Hot-lands, there entered no taint or strain of suspicion. This was the reason perhaps that many little shame-faced looks of his father, many of his secret excursions into the woods at night had been passed over without a thought by the son, or the faintest idea of opposition, even though a fierce guerilla warfare was then raging between his country and the neighboring

state of Guataguara, and suspicion was rife along the border; and even, again, though this war was of very great importance to the boy's mind, and his clear eyes had often sparkled and his brown cheek flushed at some wild story of the heroism of his countrymen.

This state of innocence might have continued forever had he not, one moonlight night, grown tired of his accustomed lounging place beside the doorway, and of the unvarying whiteness of the summit of Orizaba far off to the northward, and stealthily followed his father, who thought him asleep on the cabin floor, down the long lane, leading from the hut, through the narrow stretch of meadow and into the forest beyond, until he came to the edge of a clearing in the center of which stood a little hut, silent and deserted in the moonlight. Pedro had come only because he had nothing better to do, and so at first he started to follow his father, but a sudden unexplained impulse held him back and he crouched down in the shadow of the forest, watching the elder man as he walked quickly to the center of the clearing.

Presently the creaky door of the hut opened, his father entered, and, after a moment, glided out again, carrying in his arms two little black objects that looked, to the

boy's surprised vision, like miniature powder kegs. He watched the elder man in silence as he walked stealthily to the edge of the clearing, where he was lost to sight in the gloom. A moment later he reappeared; the kegs were gone, but the boy started up, as perhaps his fellow inhabitant of the southern forest, the jaguar, might have done in a similar situation, his eyes burning like live coals in the night, and a mad look of surprise and anger in his face. Silver was clinking in his father's hand as he moved along and he repeated a low "buena noche," addressed to him by someone left in the wood. The boy had crept nearer, crouching almost to the ground, and now, as his father approached the hut, he thought he could discern the figures of two men stealing away among the trees. "Guataguarianos," he said sharply, with a strange little quivering in his boyish voice, which he quickly controlled as he followed his father even into the light of the clearing, in the hope of seeing what was inside the hut.

The door, as his father re-entered, stood open only for the merest instant, but it was long enough for the moonlight to show more kegs of the kind that his father had taken out, piled up in the interior. "The old Pedro intends to sell much powder

to the enemies of his country," muttered the boy harshly, with a sudden, half-dazed recognition of his father's treachery. For a moment he halted irresolutely in the glare of the clearing, then whirled about as if in pain, as the full truth dawned upon him, and darted off impetuously on his way back through the forest.

But the soft night wind cooled, even while it hardened, his temper, and when the elder Pedro returned home only a little later in the evening, his son was crouched on the ground beside the doorway, apparently asleep in the moonlight, his impetuous, childish face free from all outward trace of surprise or anger, turned toward the great patron saint of his country, Ori-zaba, snow-crowned in the distance. But under those closed eyelids there was a vision of the great mountain, the very personification of his country, calling on her children to come to her defence, in her trouble with that other strange land across the border; and, as the personification became clearer in the boy's mind, and the appeal of his country more apparent, there was a dimly outlined finger stretched out, sternly pointing toward a man within the hut on whose features, changed to the boy's mind, there lay some resemblance to the man Pedro had once known as father—the boy trembled.

But that imagined finger was still there, and, although the trembling remained, Pedro dared not disobey.

Now there had once come to Pedro's village a bundle of merchandise which, at the time, had caused him great amazement, and a specimen of which he had cherished ever since—a red paper tube, which the gringoes said would make fire and smoke and noise. And it was the next day, while his father was taking his morning "siesta" (which lasted till evening) in the sun before the hut, that Pedro stole through the forest with his treasure, until he came to the cabin; into a crack between its moss-covered logs he put the big red tube where he could reach the fuse; and then returned, as quickly as he had come, to the bench before the hut, where he sat for the rest of the day and mused on the greatness of his country. Yet it is to be feared that his thoughts were not all on his old heroes, for now and again he would start up and look impatiently around the corner of the hut, as if awaiting some new move on the part of the traitor whom he had once known as father. And then he would sink down again restlessly, his anger gradually growing as the time wore on, until the hot blood of his people boiled in his veins at the enforced inaction. And off to the northward,

clear cut against the deep blue sky, the snowy peak of Orizaba, seemed ever and anon, in the cold glare of the moonlight, to frown sternly at the delay, thinking that her children had not obeyed her commands.

The following night his father did not go to the cabin in the clearing, nor the next, and Pedro wandered around the hut restlessly, now cursing the elder Pedro, because he was a traitor, now muttering against him because, in his inaction, he seemed to have ceased to be one. And the next day passed as the one before it and Pedro's anger, under a calm exterior, was becoming almost too much to bear. A storm passed over Orizaba, with darkness and thunder, and the boy trembled, fear making him more impatient than ever.

But the third night, just after the evening meal, his father slipped out of the house, walked quickly down the short road and into the forest beyond. The boy watched from the hut until the dark spot was gone from the roadway, white in the moonlight, and then started in pursuit, his cheeks red with excitement and his young heart beating fiercely in his breast. A few moments later a lithe figure was flitting like a shadow through the forest, over the moonlit clearing and into the shadow behind the cabin, just before his father emerged from

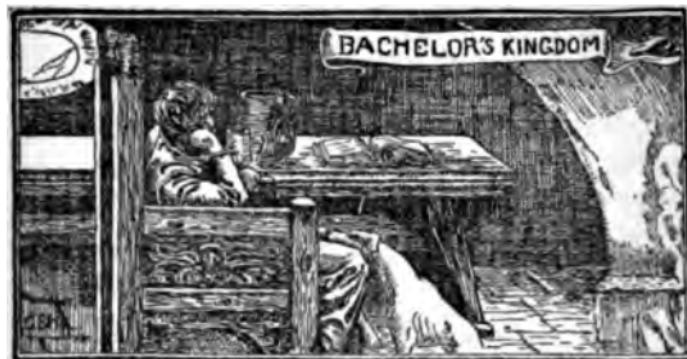
the woods. The elder Pedro walked nervously across the clearing, and opened the door of the cabin; in the creak of the hinges the noise of a tinder quickly struck by the boy's hand, was lost. He hesitated a moment as the fuse began to sputter, then turned and ran for his life toward the forest, not heeding the sharp call of one of the Guataguarians before the door of the cabin.

A moment later there was a terrible explosion in the little clearing, and the boy, half mad with excitement, felt the shock with a sudden sensation of terror, as he crashed through the undergrowth of the forest. Coming to the lane he paused a moment for breath and looked back half fearfully at the wood behind him. All was there silent as the grave, save for the sharp cry of a southern night-bird far back in the marshes. The gaunt trees were silhouetted clearly against the deep blue sky, but a little to the left a dark patch of smoke, for a moment, hid the stars from view, and then melted away into the clear air above. Pedro turned homeward again, starting away swiftly as if terrified by some imagined shadow moving in the wood. Every murmur of the trees by the roadside, every movement in the grass of the meadow, was magnified in his brain into the footstep or approaching forms of the two dark-eyed

strangers from the south, or perhaps of his own father, mangled and bruised by some terrible force; or sometimes even the sharp grating of his flying feet on a ledge of rock in the roadway was changed to his frenzied mind into the hissing of the fuse, making its way into a great mass of powder piled up in the hut, which in its turn was about to blow into eternity a familiar form, in whose trembling hands bits of silver were clinking ominously.

Still young Pedro is a quiet boy and the explosion after all was a relief, and so, when he came to the hut of his father, he sat down on the ground before the doorway and gazed out calmly, but with flushed features, toward the north, where the stars were twinkling softly above Orizaba, their power gradually lessening as the new moon felt its way higher into the sky. The soft southern wind fanned the boy's fevered temples with the coolness of the night, but ever and anon the stamping of the donkey in the corral or the low wind-driven swish of the branches was changed, by some magic power, into the terrible rumble and roar of an explosion, in the center of a quiet little clearing, where up to that moment had stood, through all time, a lonely cabin, peaceful and deserted in the moonlight.

Hulbert Taft.



IN welcoming the class of 1902 to the stress and endeavor of Yale life, we wish to add a few words of very practical advice about the advantages of an early start.

If any of you have sounded an upper classman who has achieved moderate success in some line of work, the chances are nine to one that you heard a wasted Freshman year regretted, a year wherein much was purposed and nothing accomplished, as he hesitated like a timid bather before taking the decisive plunge. Shakespeare has very wisely observed—to vary the metaphor somewhat—that

“We must take the current where it serves,
Or lose our ventures.”

Now this current, which is to lead many of you on to fame and fortune, and leave so many others stranded in the shallow

places of disappointment, "serves" most emphatically during Freshman year. Especially is this the case with literary work, for in athletics, thanks to great preparatory schools and occasional burning editorials in the *News*, the above mentioned truth has become axiomatic. But in writing, the vital fact is too often ignored that it usually takes months of weary, patient drudgery before a man discovers his particular bent. Well for him if he bears the burden in his youth, and starts on the home stretch breathed and vigorous. Otherwise, he may awake some day to the fact that he can write, then, after a desperate attempt to regain the irrecoverable, fail of an editorial election.

So, 1902, our word to you is one not only of advice, but of immediate and urgent warning: write!



Yale has always exulted, and with good reason, on the number of her alumni who have forced their way to the front in political life. But she might take even greater pride in the works which have originated within her walls and gone out to exert a dominant influence on the trend of modern thought. It is with sincerest pleasure that

we announce the publication of *Modern Political Institutions*, by Simeon E. Baldwin, a work dealing with a subject which cannot but be of paramount interest to every educated man. Among the various devices for putting the will of the people into operation which have survived a ruthless process of natural selection, Judge Baldwin has confined himself to a discussion of such as have "gained the recognition and approval of this century, or are contending for that of the twentieth." International Arbitration, freedom of incorporation, and kindred subjects are dealt with in a series of lucid and convincing essays, whose literary quality is especially worthy of notice. The volume is admirably edited by Little, Brown & Co.

* * * *

The Uncalled, by Paul Lawrence Dunbar, is the story of a young man who survives a puritanical education to drift into the ministry through the pressure of circumstance rather than in response to inward conviction. An analysis of the inevitable mental conflict resulting forms the chief theme of a story which, though rather conventional, is redeemed by many passages of fine realism and unobtrusive humor. The book and its psychology are distinctly a product of this last decade of the century.

All of us can look back to a time when we used to meet *Donovan* and *We Two* on the front shelves of every public library, while to Sunday Schools they were as indispensable as the multitudinous volumes of E. P. Roe. The opening pages of *Hope the Hermit* make it evident that Miss Lyall has outgrown this dubious (though probably very remunerative) stage of success. Many difficulties peculiar to the historical novel are surmounted, and the result is a very genuine and charming story.

H. C. R.





From our Exchanges we clip the following :

LOVE'S NAME.

As if one touched a secret spring some day,
And lo ! a treasure hidden with all care,
By crafty hands long turned to craftless clay,
Should suddenly in all its beauty rare
Flash on the eyes, amazed to find it there ;
Or like the change that comes when winter grey
Flees over night and leaves each hill-side bare
For spring's bright garlands and the kiss of May :

So sweet, so sudden in thine eyes there came—
I know not when it was or why or whence—
One single look that, flame-like, spelt Love's name
Upon Life's blackness when it seemed most dense,
That brightened all my past, burned out its blame,
And to my pauper state brought Love's large opulence.

—Trinity Tablet.



SUNSET.

Now dark-eyed evening softly steals behind
And hides the eyes of day with her cool hands,
While lights and shadows play o'er meadow lands,
And up the hills, at sportive hood-man-blind.
"Guess who am I?" with voice of murmuring wind,
She softly asks. He falters, "Art thou night?"
With loving smiles she doth his eyes unbind,
Herself revealing. He, in passion bright,
Flames to an ecstacy of rapturous delight.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

* * *

RESURREXIT.

Awake, on Earth, in gladness unafraid,
The Day hath come, the Day the Lord hath made;
Blaze forth, oh sun, with holy Paschal fire,
And sweep, warm wind, your many chorded lyre.
Chant ye rejoicing seas from shore to shore,
The new found anthem "Death shall be no more."
"Lo, He hath risen!" angel heralds sing;
"Lo, He hath triumphed, Christ, our God, our King."
Yet, by the riven stone, the shattered tomb,
Amid the morning's fragrant dewy bloom,
Unchanged in gentle mien and glance and tone,
The loved Rabboni waited for his own.

—*Georgetown College Journal.*

CAPTIVES.

My brain is like a prison cage,
Its thronging thoughts like birds.
Captives are they, who may not find
The outer air—in words.

They were not born for narrow place—
God's own free singing things!
And 'gainst the bars of Silence, they
Beat ever with fierce wings.

Some day—who knows?—at last will end
Their bondage—kept so long,
And from the opened cage they'll gain
Their liberty of Song.

Williams Literary Monthly.

H. C. R.



The Yale Courant

Founded in 1865

Vol. XXXV

Oct. 29, 1898

No. 2

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Concerning the Algoma.

L.



HE harbor at Dorset was a lonesome body of water that heaved sadly when the wind was in the east, and on still days lay dead and unbroken until evening, when the few battered schooners crept in from the nets. The beach was short, which was a pity, as there



seemed to be little room left among the bleaching ribs of derelicts for the weary bones of the rest of the fleet when their turn, too, should come.

For the boats descended from father to son, and when the family died out, the boat as well as the house was allowed to stand and rot. No one ever traded in real estate, and the same was true of the fishing schooners.

"That'n over younder's Sykese's *May-breeze*," they would say, "Died of the colry back in the thirties." And again, "The *Hollowpeak* lays over s'uth'ard way. Never moved after the fever come." So one was sometimes minded to doubt as to whether the calamity had visited man or vessel. The custom had its advantage, however, in its economy of gravestones.

At night not more than half-a-dozen houses showed lights; though by day all might have been untenanted, from the fast-rotting wharf around to the light-house which the government still needlessly maintained. And the light in the third house from that neatly fenced ground would not much longer shine. For the couple were childless, and every evening the old joints creaked the more as the fisherman walked across the sand-spit toward his home.

"What be the matter, Bill?" and the old

wife would slew her head around painfully at the sound of his sigh.

"I be just a-thinkin'," came the invariable answer. And perhaps a tear would fall on the page of the testament before him. But the old wife's eyes were failing and she never saw this.

"Heard some'h'm to-day," she said one evening after a vain attempt at longer concealing the news.

The fisherman shifted his feet slightly to show that he was interested.

"Ben-o'-the-light-house come over with the eggs and to get some saffron f' the new baby—says it's so bad complected, pore little mite. Oughta know it's only its mother eatin' so much fancy canned stuff. Take it a long time to redden up that-a-way." And she turned her attention again to her knitting, muttering meditatively "queer notions, queer notions," from time to time.

The fisherman waited a decent while for his wife to continue, but her train of thought seemed to have carried her afar from the fireside and her news. So he said timidly,

"Hadn't ye some'h'm to tell me?"

The smoky flare from the lamp as the door flew open, dimmed the room, but they could see Ben-o'-the-light-house, dripping in his oilskins and sou'wester, calling excitedly :

"Get your boat and row around the reef.
Big schooner ashore. I'm off for help."
And he vanished.

II.

Down in the cabin of a five-hundred-ton sailing vessel a number of men were grouped before a roulette wheel. The little marble spun and danced and finally clattered into a pocket and stopped.

"Thirty-six and black" called the attendant, brushing the loosing chips into a heap before him. The lucky thirty-six was paid, the winner leaving the chips where they lay, trusting to a "repeater." The marble spun and sang as before.

"Bit nasty outside, ain't it, captain?" said one. "Ain't so steady as she was."

The ball clattered and stopped on the double O. The captain, who was acting as attendant, failed to notice. The man on thirty-six observing his vacant expression, quietly removed his stack of chips. Others did the same. A pale-looking youth near the head of the table slid a fifty-cent chip from the red color to the double O and tried to look unconscious.

The captain was trying to reason out why a four-knot breeze so near ashore should make his boat feel so jerky and unsteady.

An under-officer appeared at the door.
"Can I speak to you a moment, sir?"

The captain was himself again. "Thompson, stow these things; we're coming into port." The gambling tables immediately became innocent enough articles of cabin furniture in spite of the protests for fair-play from the pale-looking youth.

"Pilot's overboard," tersely remarked the under-officer, when the captain was once outside.

"H'm! Bad business. What comes o' shipping every wharf-rat that applies for the place. Drunk, I suppose?"

"No, sir. He never did that. But you see—why—well, I remarked about his gospel-sharkin' among the crew and we had words—only mostly I did the talkin'—'n him not answerin' anything but mild and easy like, till finally I lost myself 'n did for him," and he showed a broken pair of knuckles.

"Lucky we're not short-handed. Call Simmons to take his place," said the captain unsympathetically.

"Pardon, sir. But Simmons don't know the harbor. Nor does anyone. That's why we shipped the preacher. Used to live here."

"H'm!" The captain remembered. "I'll take her in," he muttered determinedly.

The schooner yawned into the wind and the jib boomed loudly for a moment; then turning on her heel she fell off aimlessly on the other tack, her spars groaning dismally from the shock. The captain steadied himself and ran upstairs. He reached the wheel just as the boat began losing headway for another capricious luff. He steadied her a minute then gradually paid her off. The night breeze began to purr more loudly through her upper hamper. She soused into a roller and came up all dripping. The bone at her bow grew whiter and her decks steadier. The red glare from the lighthouse shone off her starboard bow. Her jib tugged in the increasing wind and her bow-sprit trembled as she began jumping ahead.

"Green-water ahead, sir," called the look-out.

"Can't be," muttered the captain uneasily. "I'm heading right up the middle of the channel."

"Bottom showin' dead ahead, sir," said the impassive look-out. It was not his vessel.

"Bout ship," yelled the captain, throwing the wheel hard over. The ship careened and hissed through the water, lurched, sprang up and crunched down square upon the reef. Then she wearily settled upon her side.

The water swirled through the cabin windows and ruined the gambling furniture and wetted the pale-faced youth to the knees. The oil went dripping and blazing from the lamps and spread brightly over the water now more than three feet deep.

The pale-looking youth reached the deck first and then went screaming and clawing down the slant and plumped overboard. Nobody minded him. The vessel ground, slobbered and ground again. Others went the way of the pale-looking youth. Two boats were smashed by the sea and a third stuck on the davits.

Those still left on board climbed into the last boat and pushed carefully away. They dare not row for fear of swamping her as the stern was trailing and gradually filling. Blown in shore by the wind, she finally settled, and the men stood up in three feet of water.

III.

The old fisherman saw that the survivors were being taken care of by the other fisher folk and so rested awhile on his oars watching the chairs and bits of stuff, all marked *Algoma*, heave slowly past. Then he prayed silently for the lost passengers and rowed slowly home in the slack water of the harbor.

"Hadn't ye some'h'm to tell me," he said an hour after he had told his wife of the wreck and answered some of her questions.

The old wife handed him a letter, joyfully, and he read:

"My Dear Parents:

I am not dead as you have long thought. For a time it might have been better if I had been, but thank God that's all gone. You will yet be proud of me and my church. But I must tell you that right into your ears. I'm coming home. I am poor as one of my own mice, but have a chance to come home as pilot in a brand-new schooner. I don't like the men on her and doubt the legality of their doings, yet what is that to a chance of seeing your dear old faces again. So bear up and before long the good ship *Algoma* will be safe in port at Dorset."

There was a Post Script which said that the men were talking of starting a sort of club on the fisher's island.

"I be jest a thinkin'," said the old man in answer to his wife's question. And a tear fell on the page of the testament before him. But the old wife's eyes were failing, and she never noticed.

Charles Edward Hay, Jr.





Hartland, M.D., C.G.



S they topped the hill, the outlook extended far up the valley; so far that the first dark, undulating cloud-bank seemed but another pitch in the hazy drab of the far rising mountains. Beneath them, some distance away, a few scattered houses gleamed white in the deep green that concealed the remainder of the village. It was in the breathless hush of mid-afternoon and, save the heat shimmering over the brittle grass by the track-side, they seemed to move alone. Soon, far away, a train swung into view, and they watched it nearing, winding in and out. Over the line of its passing hung a long trail of slowly lifting smoke.

For both of them the surprise at meeting had been great. He had thought her in the Berkshires; while she had believed him still at work in the city. He had said that he intended to take no rest that summer. They had met on the road to a little Connecticut town which one of them had never before heard of, or if she had, had entirely

forgotten. But the other knew the place very well. He was born there. After leaving her friend for the call at the Pierces' she had driven on aimlessly and then, some little way from the village, had overtaken Hartland plodding along, tired with a long climb on the mountain.

"And so you live here," said the girl after explanations, "I thought you had always lived in the city, like all other miserables. Did you not tell me so once?"

"No," answered Hartland, "I think not. You see, I—I don't say very much about it. It is better for a man of my profession not to be identified with the country."

"But with me," said the other, "you were not professional. I think you might have told me."

Hartland did not answer. It was now nearly a year since he had met her—when he had but newly, by a lucky chance, escaped what he termed the mean things of life, and entered into the world of things that seemed to him desirable. One of the greatest cares of his life had been to keep in the background its first years; years of work in the fields made hateful by the desire of better things. The increasing sums that now came to him he found but equal to his growing wants. But little of his gain found its way back to the house where

a woman who was now growing old spoke proudly of his success (yet always with a sad sense of something lacking), or sometimes, of an evening, quavered lines from his last letter to a trio of wondering neighbors. In the city Hartland had many acquaintances, but few intimates. And his enemies wondered how long it would be before a certain girl came to see him rightly.

"Is it far?" asked the girl after a little. "Of course I must take you home. Is that the place?" She nodded towards an ornate house owned by a summer resident.

Hartland reddened. "No, that's not it," he answered, "it's farther on—beyond the hotel. But—I'm not living at home—the house is full. I am staying at the hotel. It's quite a distance. You mustn't let me trouble you."

"Oh, I've lots of time, and Molly can wait at the Pierces' very well. Charlie Morris is there, you know. What a crowd of people you must have! Do you always carry hospitality so far as to go to the hotel for your guests' sake?"

"It's not that," answered Hartland, "It's because the house is—rather small."

"Then here it is!" said the other laughing. She pointed to an old house of unpainted gray, dampened and dark with

clinging vines and close-growing maples. Before it, a woman clothed in faded calico was bending over her flower-bed. In sport the girl pulled up the horses and turned to Hartland as if to receive his farewells. He laughed nervously and made an involuntary movement as if to rise. His companion watched him doubtfully and an expression of shame crept into her face. But then the impossibility of it all came to her.

"I'm afraid you're a bad actor," she said. "You make a tragedy of comedy. See! you have quite frightened that poor woman at the flower-bed."

"Have I?" said Hartland weakly. His eyes were turned away. "Perhaps—perhaps if we drove on—"

With a sense of relief Hartland watched the trap disappear down the parallel of overhanging elms. After a moment he turned and mounted the hotel steps. During the ride he had felt as might a country lout stuttering before a queen. Still he thought that he had not lessened himself in favor. But—he wished it had not happened.

"There's somebody out there wants to speak to you, I guess," said the man he was talking with a few moments later. Hartland looked up. She had returned and was beckoning to him from the road. He went slowly down the steps. For a moment she

did not look at him. He was about to speak when she turned to him swiftly.

"Dr. Hartland," she said, "shortly after I left you I had the honor of meeting your mother. It was by an accident that I consider fortunate. You may look upon it differently. She gave me these from the flower-bed. I think, Dr. Hartland, you have to-day gained a new title. Would you care to know it? Very well. It is C.G. And that is Cad in General, and particularly in my opinion."

"Bad news?" asked the man on the porch.

Hartland nodded.

S. G. Camp.





Rondel.

THERE is a royal road to truth,
Who follows it, the happier he ;
His path shall lead unfailingly
Through dear delights and joys of youth.

Not all need strive by ways uncouth
To reach her temple toilingly ;
There is a royal road to truth,
Who follows it the happier he.

Heed then these words of warning ruth :
Who in his Lady's eyes shall see
That love is still of wisdom key,
May further find, in very sooth,
What is the royal road to truth.

H. C. Robbins.





The Fault of the Green-eyed Goddess.

HIGH up, upon a neatly carved pedestal of ivory, inlaid with the finest sort of gold, sat the Green-eyed Goddess—Ghoolabie, I believe they used to call her. At the time of which I am telling you, she was placidly watching a young man who was kneeling in silent adoration before her, and it pleased her to become less fierce in aspect and to allow her eyes to assume a soft azure color, for, if the truth were told, she really cared more for Soulee than she would have dared to confess to her sisters in the niche opposite.

Just then, as she was absorbed in happy contemplation of this young man, a light song floated into the temple, a song so bright and joyous that she needs must tap with her foot to the rhythm of it. Soulee also seemed to hear it, for he looked up and away through the open door. There in the sunshine, dancing along up the path with a small braided basket of pineapples

upon her head, was the prettiest, most delightful little lady imaginable, and, instinctively raising his hand to his lips, he gently wafted her a kiss.

“There! catch that! he cried.

The maiden stopped short in her path; the song died upon her rosy lips, and, laughing a bit in a half amused, half dismayed fashion, she dropped her pineapples and ran swiftly down the path to her home among the palm trees towards the town.

Soulee sighed deeply, for he had had no desire to frighten Yola away, and then, remembering where he was, he looked up guiltily to see if Ghoolabie had noticed.

Alas! Of course she had seen it all! You may imagine his dismay, if you can, when he saw seven little emerald sparks issue from her eyes in quick succession. She even trembled in her rage, and her face became a dreadful purple color.

“O wretch!” she screamed, “unhappy infidel, how—”

“But, my goddess, I am not a bit unhappy. I have loved Yola for nearly eight years and now she is beginning to look with favor upon my suit and to prefer me above—”

“So she looks with favor upon your suit, and prefers you above all the others, does she? I’ll fix you! I’ll make you unhappy!

Do you think Miss Yola would adore an ape? For that's just what you are, a long-tailed, hairy ape, and just as ugly as you can be, too! Now you must go and live in a tree, and live upon cocoanut milk and bananas."

Soulee felt this rebuke more keenly than you or I should, because he really loved the quaint old temple with its enshrined goddess on her graven pedestal. He also loved Miss Yola.

And now since he was truly a monkey, it would not do to tarry in the temple, so, getting down upon his hands and knees, he awkwardly hopped out among the banyans of the all-surrounding grove. Ghoolabie laughed to see him thus, but Yola, so Soulee thought, would have wept.

Now there were many trees of all varieties here in the grove. Some looked too tall and many were quite fruitless, but at length he espied a young bread fruit tree, not very high, and weighted down with ripening bulbs. Moreover from its top he might spy Yola in her garden. This, then, was to be his abode.

"Looks rather too sunny up there for comfort, but I suppose that I shan't mind it so very much."

Taking a long breath, he started to ascend the pliant trunk and soon was nestled

safely in its leafy top. There he discovered that the fruit was underdone, but he found also that the view of Yola's garden was much better than he had anticipated.

The afternoon was warm and Soulee was soon resting in the arms of sleep. He awoke just as the sun was setting behind the rows of snow-clad mountains and the high priests were doing evening ablutions in the river, while bells all around were playing pretty tunes. Soulee sat up and rubbing his eyes, he saw that he was not in an ordinary position at all.

"Why, what is this? I seem to be up," he said, then remembering all the events of the long, sad day, two great tears began to gather in his eyes which he dried quickly, for in her garden, right below, stood Yola looking up at him. Then sounded the tink, tink of her supper bell and she went within.

"Wonder how long it will be before she comes out again," thought Soulee.

It was just about fifteen minutes before he saw her at the door and then it was for but an instant. However, she immediately returned with a large dish of golden oranges which she brought and sat down near the tree. Then throwing back her pretty head she cried:

"Is that you up there, Soulee? And

why do you stay in the boughs of a tree so long? Wont you come down and have some of my oranges?"

Soulee, observing her from his position, answered:

"O Yola, don't you think that you could love an ape if you tried very hard? You'd better try!"

"Why, I suppose I could if he were a real nice ape—but why do you ask such a silly question?" said Yola in a doubtful, puzzled tone.

"Why, can't you see? I, myself, am a grey ape, a long-tailed hairy ape, an ugly one at that, and *must* live in a tree. Ghoolabie, she has said it."

Yola made shades of her two hands and looked hard into the branches for a moment, then she remarked with some conviction:

"The goddess must have been mistaken, because you seem to be a man, and quite an attractive one, too. If you'll come down now, I shall be pleased to peel your oranges for you."

* * * * *

Soon after Soulee and Yola were married with great pomp—for they were both much beloved by all the towns-folk. During the marriage feast, which lasted three days and three nights, the temple of the Green-eyed Diety was hopelessly deserted. After the

nuptials, when the people once again began to congregate, the goddess was found to have turned herself completely inside out because of jealousy and blighted love. The failure of her strategem thus brought on her death.

"Well, it was her own fault," they all said.

Harold A. Gilbert, 1901 S.





INTEREST in debating, if fair judgment may be made so early in the year, is well on the increase. The growth is a healthy one, too, for the "hot-house" period, if I may so call it, in the existence of this interest ceased some two years ago, since which time the Union, although aided somewhat by graduate influence, has stood before the University fairly on its own merits. It is not then of the Union that any word, save of heartiest congratulation, need be said; but rather of its preparatory branch, the Freshman Union.

The value of this organization has never, except by a few, been fully appreciated. Its training is excellent and he is sadly handicapped who fails to avail himself of it, and then later on in college life is seized with the ambition to make a name for himself in debating circles. The steadily grow-

ing favor met by the Union itself has naturally been shared to a certain extent by this younger body. Still, it is not yet in the popular standing which it so fully deserves.

Time was, and not so long ago either, when many a Freshman was particularly warned by misguided and mischievous friends in the upper classes against joining the Freshman Union. The not infrequent result was that a man, readily influenced by the advice of those in higher places, as one is apt to be on entering a new life, stifled a natural inclination, joined the scoffers, and afterward repented at leisure. It may be that such ill-timed advice is still occasionally given. If so, we can only hope that the recipients will have sufficient good sense and independence to disregard it, and as for those who give it—well, no condemnation could be too severe.

If debating is to continue permanently in its proper place, its system must be sound from top to foundation, and its foundation is clearly the Freshman Union.

* * *

The Wag knocked his special knock and, being told to stay out, came in. He was ostentatiously smoking a gilt-tipped cigarette. "Evidently," said I, as he seated

himself, "that has been given you by a friend or is the last of a box, for otherwise you wouldn't make such a display of it." "Wrong," answered the wag, producing a box from his hip pocket. "Queer place to keep cigarettes," I remarked, helping myself. "Oh," said the wag, "that's a new dodge of the six-shooter club to give a man practice in reaching for his gun. And, speaking of six shooters, here's a somewhat sanguinary bit of verse which I picked up in the hall."

THE BALLAD OF THE WICKED PIRATE.

In days when human blood was splashed
About like drops of rain,
There was an awful Pirate King
Did sail the Spanish Main.

His voice was like to thunder's roll,
His beard was black as night ;
To only catch a glimpse of him
Had made men die of fright.

He'd take a pistol in each hand
And roar out to the crew,
And if his orders wern't obeyed
He'd shoot a man or two.

One night along the gloomy deck
Ten Mutineers did creep ;
They pricked that Pirate with a sword
To rouse him from his sleep.

And then they gouged his eyeballs out;
They tore his limbs apart;
They took a bone from his right arm
And drove it through his heart.

And when upon the blood-stained deck
The sun was beating hot,
They cast him on a Desert Isle,
To rot, and rot, and rot.

They cast him on a Desert Isle,
And then they sailed away;
The Vultures picked him white and clean
—And there he lies this day.

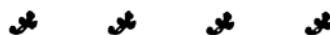
E. L. F.

“A little gruesome, eh?”

R. H.



We take pleasure in announcing the election of Sidney B. Dean, 1900, as Assistant Business Manager.



The office will be open on Monday nights from 7 to 8 o'clock for the payment of subscriptions.





The following books have been received:

American Book Co.

The Story of the English.

Outdoor Studies.

Life Publishing Co.

The Yankee Navy.

Longmans, Green & Co.

The Golliwogg at the Sea-Side.

Open Court Publishing Co.

Elementary Mathematics.





From our Exchanges we clip the following:

BENEATH THE STARS.

Alone I stand, with darkness closed about,
Through boundless realms of night my vision
sweeps;
Silent I stand, in ignorance and doubt,
A new thought starts, from wonder on it leaps!
Infinite Being, Infinite Time and Space,
Whose mighty voice ten thousand spheres obey,
How little need I hope e'er to embrace
Of that broad domain which mine eyes survey!
I who in silence dwell within a home,
Of many, one, within the village bounds;
The village one through which the breezes roam
From Blue Ridge shim'ring smoke to silent Sounds.
And when I think that e'en our stretching state
Stands only one amid the kindred group,
The group itself but one 'mid nations great
That span our world, and on through stillness scoop
The depths of space. And then the mighty world
But one faint glimmer of light that ever streams
From countless spheres which rush with trembling
whirl—
One far-off ray 'mid universal gleams!

Ah, when on this I dwell, the thought doth whip
My being to nothingness.

But sweet to know
That in me dwelleth that which can outstrip
Remotest flight of sense; whose eyes oft go
Beyond the gleaming realms where starry sentinels
Forever keep their silent watch, and catch
The joy of being.

The Trinity Archive.



FAME.

He sought Fame;
He was young, ardent, strong;
He wooed her with picture and song,
But she fled at the sound of his name.
Timid Fame!

Years passed by;
In his life-work men knew
He was faithful, deserving—yet few
Can succeed where a multitude try.
Years passed by.

Age is grim,
And his life nears its close;
Toward ocean the calm river flows.
Steps grown slow, his eye dim,
Fame seeks him.

Stanford Sequoia.



FORGIVEN?

I saw Love stand,
Not as he was ere we in conflict met,
But pale and wan. I knelt—I caught his hand:
“O Love,” I cried, “I did not understand!
 Forgive—forget!”
Love raised his head
 And smiled at me, with weary eyes and worn.
“I have forgot—what was it all?” he said;
“Only—my hands are scarred where they have bled;
 My wings are torn.”

Morningside.

H. C. R.



The Yale Courant

Founded in 1865

Vol. XXXV

Nov. 12, 1898

No. 3

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THE YALE COURANT is published Saturday of every other week, at New Haven, Conn., by the students of Yale University. Subscription price two dollars per annum. Single copy fifteen cents. Contributions must be left in the box in the first entrance of White by 6:30 p. m. on Tuesday of the week preceding publication. THE COURANT is on sale at the principal news-stands in New Haven.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office of New Haven, Conn.

A Fortunate Foursome.



E were playing in a mixed foursome that afternoon. One of those unscientific and altogether delightful games, where the mixed means much more than the foursome. By some chance, for which the caddy and a dollar were responsible, we had gotten far behind the other couple, and I could see them resting under the trees by the last hole on the hillside, as we came to the tee.

"Now make a long drive, a record breaker," said Molly, "and we may win yet."

Those eyes again! They would have spoiled the form of an angular Scotchman with forty years on St. Andrew's behind him, and I was just out of college, and a lover of human nature.

"You've hit the bunker!" said Molly pathetically, when I finished, "and the caddy has gone; the wretch has forgotten all about us." "But not about my dollar," thought I, and winked at the daisies.

"Oh Jack! Oh Molly!" came faintly from over the hill-top, as we walked through the meadow. I lied unblushingly, "Rather late to hear a robin sing, isn't it?" "Yes, rather," said Molly, and turned to loose a briar from her skirt.

We were down in the valley by this time with no living thing about but a meditative cow and a hidden chorus of bull-frogs. Then and there, I decided that the crowning perfection of human costume had been reached in a golf dress, and speculated how long it would be safe to pretend I did not know where the ball was. At last she found it, half hidden in the cup some hoof had made.

"Let me hit it," I suggested.

"No, that would not be fair," answered

Molly thoughtfully, "but you may help me, if you will. You know how, catch hold of the stick, just as the golf teacher does when he shows you the proper swing."

I believe I groaned. I am quite sure I made some inappropriate remark, but to come very near to holding her in my arms, to fairly clasp her hands in mine, without giving myself away and losing her for good and all, was a temptation I shuddered to think of.

It was not so bad after all! Arms over her shoulder, just like the golf teacher, bless him! My hands on hers, and then the swing. If only she had kept those eyes on the ball. She didn't; she was looking at me! I wavered; I looked at her! Thunder! I'd kissed her!

There was a stump close at hand, and I sat down on it, with my back towards her. I knew that she had gone to tell the others how she had been insulted, and that I had abused her confidence and was no gentleman, and I knew my game was up. I should have done something desperate if there had been anything handy, but just then I heard a shy little cough, and turned my head.

Molly was standing beside me, all rosy with confusion, "Jack," she said, "that isn't the way the golf teacher lofts." I

jumped up impetuously, scarcely daring to credit my ears.

"You musn't!" I had not done a thing.
"Go hunt the ball, I hear a robin."

"Hello, Jack! Hello, Molly!" in an instant they were beside us, and, "Lost your ball, Jack?" asked the man, and, "What is the matter with your hair, dear?" said the girl.

"Nothing at all is the matter," said Molly, just glancing at me. "Jack has been showing me how to loft, and I like his way much, much better than the teacher's. Will you help me more to-morrow, Jack?"

I believe I didn't groan. I'm quite sure my remark was appropriate. Molly says I blushed, but I know I thought, "well rather!"

Henry Seidel Canby.





A Reverie.

AS on the borderland twixt thought and sleep—
That dim, elusive, half-remembered land—
Our dreams, at some all-powerful command,
Merge themselves in th' enshrouding darkness deep,
That haply we may afterwards enjoy
Faint gleams of their ethereal delight,
Which the return of reason's clearer light
Would strip of all its glamour and destroy ;
So when in fancy's shadow-land I muse,
My thoughts, as fickle as the fleeting dreams,
Refuse to show their meaning, half-concealed,
Yet ever grant me glimpses, hasty views
Of something, which, could I but grasp it, seems
A gift of genius ne'er before revealed.

A. C. Ludington.





A Brilliant Discovery.



INTERESTING topics for discussion were failing them. As a last resort, William started the ball of conversation re-rolling by inquiring: "Does any one here know who that fair friend of Harris' was? I saw him escorting her round to-day and showing her the sights."

"It might have been his sister," suggested Johnson.

"That," William agreed, "is possible." "But," he went on, "I don't think she was."

"Oh, by the way, I suppose you are going to have a girl here for next month's game, aren't you, Benny?"—put in Phil Sands, addressing the owner of the room where the four were gathered that evening.

Benjamin did not answer immediately, instead, he got up, stretched himself, and incidentally relit his pipe.

William nudged Johnson to tell him in a stage whisper: "Ben's embarrassed, or maybe the object of his esteem has thrown him over."



A Reverie.

AS on the borderland twixt thought and sleep—
That dim, elusive, half-remembered land—
Our dreams, at some all-powerful command,
Merge themselves in th' enshrouding darkness deep,
That haply we may afterwards enjoy
Faint gleams of their ethereal delight,
Which the return of reason's clearer light
Would strip of all its glamour and destroy ;
So when in fancy's shadow-land I muse,
My thoughts, as fickle as the fleeting dreams,
Refuse to show their meaning, half-concealed,
Yet ever grant me glimpses, hasty views
Of something, which, could I but grasp it, seems
A gift of genius ne'er before revealed.

A. C. Ludington.



my pleasure's gone, and I might just as well have saved the money I spent on the ticket. If ever in a moment of weakness I take a girl to a game again, I shall send her the official rules and also the best book on the subject I can find, about a month beforehand and in the polite but forcible note accompanying, I shall request her to study them carefully, if necessary commit them to memory. No, girls are all right at a dance, but at a foot-ball game they're decidedly in the way."

"By George! That's a good point. You've hit the idea exactly, John! Whether you meant to or not you've given me a suggestion toward solving the problem," Benjamin cried in a burst of enthusiasm.

"Oh sit down and tell us all about it as though you were a rational being, won't you?" came William's growl from the window seat.

"Why it's just as clear as day to me now. I'll make a competitive examination. First send them all guides and works on foot-ball, and then about two weeks before the game I'll write a note to them explaining the whole system, and enclosing a set of questions bearing directly on the method of play. These they can answer with the aid of the books, and return to me for correc-

tion and awarding of the prize—an invitation to the game."

"Like the examination on *Trilby* some theater programs printed a few years ago," William suggested.

"Or what comes nearer home," added Sands, the grind, "like the examinations in some of the courses here—get the questions a month beforehand, and—"

"No, not at all, not at all. You're both wrong. These questions will be such that an ordinary human being can answer them. There'll be no plotting of tricks, in short no original work at all. Just such questions as 'Explain the chief object of the game,' 'Give the number of men engaging and the names of positions,' 'What is the duty of the quarter-back?' and the like. Just questions that I would otherwise have to answer myself every second play. Grand scheme, isn't it?"

"Well, now that you've got through with the recounting of your grand discovery, I think we all of us *will* accept an invitation of a treat from you. As for me, I'm blamed hungry," Johnson remarked. And they filed out of the room solemnly, their hearts busied with the thought—"Where should it be?" and more important still, "What should it be?"

In this way Johnson saved his friends

Sands and William from the necessity of expressing their views on the plan which he knew well its author would not appreciate.

But Benjamin far from being deterred by their silence stuck steadfastly to his purpose, even to composing the notes and questions that same evening, and purchasing and despatching the books the following morning. For as he thought to himself, "It's only fair to them to give them all the time possible to 'prep' up in."

One morning a few weeks later he saw Phil Sands in the street, "Oh Phil, it worked like a charm," he cried elatedly, long before he came up with him.

"What worked like a charm?"

"Why the examination scheme that I hatched up a few weeks ago. You remember it. Yesterday was the day for the answers and sure enough there were nine sets—one from each of them. I haven't quite passed judgment on them yet, but I've pretty nearly made up my mind which one it is. I suppose you'll be trying the scheme too for the base-ball game next spring."

"No, I won't," Sands answered him quickly. "Fact is, Ben, I've only got three or four girl friends, and I can't afford to lose one of them. Now honest—How do

you think the disappointed ones are going to take it?"

Benjamin was silent. Then he gave a long, low whistle, ending up in: "I never thought of that. It *would* be rather awkward, I admit."

They parted. For the next few days, Benjamin was lost to his friends. Vague rumors got afloat that he had gone into the ticket speculating business, and was buying up seats for the coming game right and left.

* * * * *

Ten minutes before the time for calling the great game, a party of nine young men, nine girls and a chaperon filed into the seats reserved for them in the grand stand.

"But why did you get all these men from out of town to escort us, when there were so many right here?" the girl next to Benjamin asked him.

"There comes the visiting team," he said. "See, that's the captain leading with the ball." And in the cheers which greeted them the matter was forgotten.

Dunlevy Milbank.





Atropos.

INSCRUTABLE, she scans a sullen sea
Where myriad storm-tossed craft go creeping
by,
Wild phantoms flitting down a trackless sky,
Half paused to seek the lee—half paused to fly;
And seeks their predetermined destiny.

J. L. Gilson.

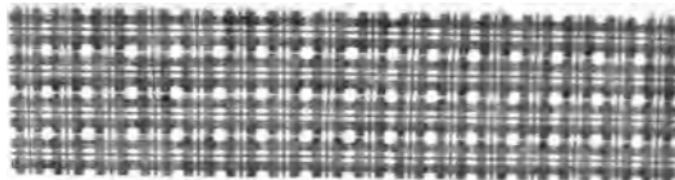
* * *

Chopin and George Sand.

A fragile flower of wondrous beauty threw,
Till one bright afternoon Love came and prest
Its fragrant petals to her wayward breast:
Love plucked, and wrought what woe she dreamed
not of.

Charles P. Wagner.





The Spirit of the Obelisk.



SOFT, drooning quiet had settled down over Karnak. Westward, across the river the huge ball of the sun was just dipping behind the line of sand hills which here broke the endless monotony of the desert. As the twilight grew and deepened, the great pillars with their lotus capitals began to assume fantastic shapes, as if the spirits of the men who had raised them thousands of years before had crept back to earth again and were holding high carnival among the ruins of what once had been one of the finest of Egypt's pagan temples. Then as the sun finally disappeared, all was plunged into semi-darkness to await the after-glow, and before many minutes had passed a soft radiance, a thousand times more beautiful than the first faint flush of dawn, began to steal across the grey sky overhead. Gradually it brightened into a dull golden red which suffused itself almost imperceptibly across the heavens, then changing its color

from red-gold to a more vivid purple glow it began very slowly to pale away, until at last, with a flush of color more delicate than that found in the heart of a full blown rose, it fluttered a moment and was gone, and darkness, more impenetrable than before, settled over the desert. The few rows of pillars still standing seemed in the gathering night like the fingers of a huge hand always in their majestic solitude pointing upward into that fathomless depth beyond which lies the Unknown.

The great obelisk, Cleopatra's Needle, alone seemed not to notice the chaos of decay which lay about it, the curiously carved signs and figures showing as clearly against the grey stone as they did the day the crude skill of the sculptor fashioned them there.

Up the long Avenue of Lions, guarded on both sides by rows of huge stone beasts, who for centuries past have sat there staring with their great sightless eyes out across the waste of unbroken sand, there passed a figure of a man. Ordinarily the casual observer would not have cast a second glance toward him if he had met him in the light of day, but here at the hour when the tread of no human foot disturbed the brooding dignity of the ruins, a closer glance was due him. Age, great age, seemed to be his principal characteristic, and as he walked he

bent slightly forward and leaned somewhat heavily on a stout stick, as if the burden of years he carried upon his shoulders was getting to be more than he could bear. His dress was that common to the country, merely the loose flowing robes of the Arabs, the head tightly swathed in a mass of linen designed to keep out the fierce heat of the desert sun. As he neared the arch that marked the end of the avenue, he quickened his steps and glanced furtively about; but though the huge beasts on either side of him seemed to waver in the uncertain light as if resenting the intrusion, still he pressed on and was soon lost to sight among the ruins. Scarcely had he disappeared when a second figure, apparently following, advanced rapidly, as though urged by a superstitious fear which turned every shadow in his path into a likely hiding place for some spirit of evil. This last arrival was plainly a donkey driver who, being probably smitten with doubt when the other had left him alone outside, had followed him into the temple for sake of company.

On reaching the arch, the boy paused a moment before entering, then with a backward look and ill concealed shudder plunged ahead. A couple of turns brought him face to face with a sight that made his knees give way beneath him, and he shrank

back terrified into the deep shadow of a fallen column unable to move or speak.

Directly in front of him and not more than twenty yards away, rose Cleopatra's Needle, a black, tapering shape that vanished away in the blackness overhead. About the base of this played fitfully a phosphorescent light, and standing in the midst of this, his body bent low, and the hands pressed tightly, palm outward, against his forehead as if in salutation, was the old man whom he had been following. He seemed to be speaking and the low tones of intense earnestness alone broke the stillness, now rising to a long drawn cry, and again falling into a pitiful appeal. Then another sound reached the ears of the terrified watcher; a wild, low chant as if coming from some great distance and sung by a multitude of voices. Its effect upon the old man was wonderful, instantly he straightened himself and listened intently. Louder and louder grew the far off singing and the light about the base of the obelisk began to increase in brightness until the ruins around were bathed in soft but intense glow, while the great block which supported the weight of Cleopatra's Needle glittered like living fire. Light, obelisk, and the silent figure became confused in the mind of the Arab boy; for a moment they

spun round and round together, then all was darkness.

When he came to himself the scene was changed—the old man was no longer there, and in his place stood a dazzling figure arrayed in the gorgeous robes of the old Egyptian priesthood. A high tiara of glittering jewels crowned the broad, dark forehead and in his hand he carried the long, peculiar staff of his ancient office. The singers sounded louder now and seemed to be coming nearer and nearer until the very air seemed peopled with a swiftly moving, invisible throng, which, as it swept by, rustled softly like wind in the pines at night, forming a vast, unearthly choir. Then it ceased abruptly. Again the boy was watching the priest fearfully. He turned quickly when the sound of the singing ceased and watched the light as it played about the rough blocks of stone. His attitude was no longer that of a suppliant, but rather of a man who has played hard a desperate game and won, and now that it is all over stands and smiles back upon what he has gone through. He stood so surveying his surroundings for a minute or more, and then a low voice broke in upon the stillness calling softly, seeming to come from nowhere yet everywhere at once. At the first faint sound the priest had bent eagerly

foward to listen, and now as it came again he sprang forward towards the obelisk, his arms thrown out and up and a glad cry bursting from his lips :

“ Zara ! Zara ! Spirit of my beloved, I have waited long, so long, and now at last, at la— ”

His voice ceased abruptly and with it went the light, leaving the place wrapped in impenetrable night, through which, in an agony of fear, stumbled the Arab donkey boy, never mindful of the direction he was taking, only urged on and on by an overpowering desire to get away ; to leave to Egypt those secrets which were Egypt’s, and to the supernatural the explanation of the things which he had seen.

H. A. Webster.





From our Exchanges we clip the following :

CATHEDRAL WOODS.

I watch the rifted sunlight on the bark
Of swaying trees, and overhead the light
Dancing on the silver leaves. Now I hark
To sleepy sounds that tell of coming night,—

The singing crickets in the misted grass,
The tinkle of the cow bells far away,
The cry of mournful whip-poor-wills that pass,
And all the gentle stir of closing day.

Near by, three golden grasses gaily wave
Above the brown, moss-covered tapestry ;
Gold splashes dance about my feet, and save
For this gold light all else is brown I see.

And my poor anxious heart has gone to church
In quiet, no Holy Grail but Peace her search.

—*The Wellesley Magazine.*



MOORING.

The mists blow over the lea,
The ships put in from sea,
 But I see her hair
 With the rosebud there
And the world is well with me.

The breakers pound on the shore,
The distant pine-tops roar.
 There's a cloud aloft,
 But her lips are soft
With the kiss I am longing for.

The rain beats down on the world,
The dripping sails are furled,
 But clear are the skies
 In her sea-deep eyes
Where never a cloud has curled.

O'er the bay we love to sail,
The mad storm voices wail,
 But the sounds of the sea
 Will be song to me
Till the song of our love shall fail.

—*Harvard Advocate.*



DREAMLAND.

Fair are the shores of the Dreamland Isles,
Edged by a Sea of Mist,
Where every woodland becks and smiles,
And a cooling zephyr of Spring beguiles
To the land of the lovers' tryst.

Sweet are the songs of the Isle of Dreams,
Songs with no need of tongue;
And a memory, bitter-sweet it seems,
Through a dreamland melody glows and gleams,
That the angels might have sung.

Sweet are the thoughts of the Dreamland Isles,
Thoughts of the days that were.
And where she roamed, the woodland smiles,
While every path she trod beguiles
To linger and dream of her.

—*Amherst Literary Monthly.*



CRADLE SONG.

Soft, soft! there are zephyrs a-whisp'ring,
And the ripples awake on the sea,
And the moonbeams that creep toward thy cradle
Are singing "Sweet Sleep" unto thee.

Soft, soft! there are pine trees a-swaying,
And the wavelets that wish to be free
Are tumbling and hurting each other
As they try to leap out of the sea.

Soft, soft! for the Father is watching
While the winds and the waves of the sea
And the moonbeams that dance in the evening
Are crooning "Sweet Sleep" unto thee.

Vassar Miscellany.

—*H. C. R.*



*When the blurb of a new born sun fell first on Eden's
green and gold,
Our father, Adam, sat under the Tree and scratched with
a stick in the mold.
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy
to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, "It's pretty, but
is it Art?"*

—Kipling.



MONG all the bogies that time and increasing knowledge have placed in our life path, this is the most unreasonable and most absurd. There are fine theories, and many great men have said many great things about art; its meaning and its ideals, but after they are all through there is the same thing that comes hopping up over the debris of contention and strife and sits down on the top and grins at us, this same old bugaboo.

What does it all amount to? A thing may be pretty and not be Art. A thing

may be true Art and not be a bit pretty, but whatever a thing is, that which lays hold of us and makes us care for one thing over another is that thing's appealing power, a power which seems to come out of it and become a part of us. And what has this appealing power more strongly next to Literature than that which is the crystallization of literature on canvas or paper—illustration. It may be only pretty, it may be only Art or—it may be both.

Of late years the giant strides taken in illustration have brought it to the place where most assuredly it is both.

To-day the very best of our artists are represented in the pages of the magazines and when one considers the limitations of the processes by which the original pictures are transferred to the printed page, the enthusiasm, the high standard of work and the true art manifested in our weeklies and monthlies is most reassuring and almost a refutation of that statement about decadence in art and literature.

According to Mr. Ruskin, the individuality of the artist should be utterly swept out of the canvas in favor of the truths of nature as they are, and again, M. Veron says that these same truths of nature are inferior to the individuality of the artist.

Torn by these the illustrator is pitted

against the limitations of the half-tone and zinc engraving. He must become a slave to a mechanical process and when in this bondage he really triumphs, making his work pretty and more often both pretty and artistic, is it small wonder that he is beginning to be appreciated?

The modern illustrator thus becomes almost, nay is, a hero, and his worshipers are becoming more and more numerous every day; for what is more appealing to a reader be he of artistic temperament or not, than a crisp, clean, straightforward human representation of what he reads? Surely nothing. Is the popularity of the illustrator then a hot-house growth, or an unreal, or unthinking enthusiasm? Most certainly not.

To those who understand modern illustrations, to those who like something pretty but care nothing about art, and to those who know nothing about illustration or care nothing about art but who like a good picture an opportunity has been presented. The officers of the Art School, with no little trouble and expense, have opened an exhibition of which the University may well be proud, and to which it is every man's duty to himself to go, thus obtaining pleasure for himself and showing Professor Weir and his assistants that their work has

been appreciated, and encouraging them to further efforts in this direction.

There are more than two hundred original illustrations loaned by the proprietors of *Harper's*, *The Century*, *McClure's* and *Scribner's Magazines*. *Collier's Weekly* and *The New York Herald*, including representative work of all the foremost illustrators.

Castaigne, who with Howard Pyle, and Henry Abbey, makes the triumvirate of illustrators, has a thoroughly representative picture in "Napoleon the Student at Auxonne."

Howard Pyle has three or four large oils of which "There was instant silence," is the best.

The Century Co. exhibits about twenty of Myrbach's water color illustrations for Professor Sloane's "Napoleon." They are a collection themselves and show his characteristic action, atmosphere and crispness of coloring.

Eric Pape's "Napoleon planning his Campaign" is his best representative, but it is close pressed by others. There are typical pictures by Thulstrup, Carleton, Sterner, Leigh, Walter Appleton Clark, C. K. Linson, Gilbert Gaul, W. H. Low, F. C. Yohn, and others. Two of Albert Herter's originals for *Scribner's* covers are there; and Maxfield Parrish has two of his clever con-

ceits in spatter work. The S. S. McClure Co. exhibit some fine pencil drawings of animals, by Hambidge, and Scribner's Sons Clinedinst's illustrations for "Red Rock."

Last, but certainly not least, is the collection of war pictures from *The Herald* and *Collier's Weekly*, pen and wash drawings. Those by L. H. Shafer of *The Herald* showing the ideal work for reproduction. A peaceful bit is Joseph Pennell's "Chapter House, York Cathedral," being in the very midst of the war pictures, Battleships and charges up San Juan Hill.

Child Hassam, J. H. Twachtman and J. Alden Weir have a group of water colors, and there are cases of original manuscripts and plates showing the reproduction process.

Altogether it is a most complete and satisfying exhibition, and one entirely forgets while viewing it, the old bugaboo.

H. B. B. Y.



The Bull-Frog and the Weasel.



BULL-FROG sitting near his native Pond, was conscientiously practising his Bass Notes when he was approached by a Weasel, who said: "You make a great deal of Noise, yet that Ant yonder does more Work." "But," said the Frog, "he cannot be Heard; now my notes have a wide Circulation." "And it's all Sound," replied the Weasel. "Now the Ant has got some Sand, even if it is in Hills, while you don't meet your Notes when they fall Due. Hills endure after Notes mature."

THE POINT AND THE ADORNMENT.

The Moral is that it's far easier to talk than to act. It does no one any good to admit the Wisdom of life insurance and not insure, but to say nothing about it, and yet to take out a policy in The Mutual Life of New York—that will prove the height of wisdom. Modesty is becoming alike to the insurer and the maiden. Practical insurance is better than theoretical discussions, and a policy in a good life company is of more value than an oration of Demosthenes.

LOVE'S COMPANION.

"When Love comes, pray, what fellow doth he bring?"

I asked a twain. One cried, aflush with joy,

The heart's red wine whose sweetness cannot cloy,
Love comes, and to his fresh free garments cling
True happiness, that lords the hireling

And, in a flash, turns way-worn wanderer boy

When first he sees the foaming billows toy
And hears the roaring breakers slowly ring.

The second answered, he whose care-seamed face
Was strangely lit by light from yearning eyes,
As though with hopes unthought he oft did pace,
He comes and with him, in dark, sombre guise,
Comes Grief, with heavy, down bent head, doth press
Sad Grief—that deeper, truer Happiness.

—Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

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UNION SQUARE,
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The Yale Courant

Founded in 1865

Vol. XXXV

Nov. 26, 1898

No. 4

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THE YALE COURANT is published Saturday of every other week, at New Haven, Conn., by the students of Yale University. Subscription price two dollars per annum. Single copy fifteen cents. Contributions must be left in the box in the first entrance of White by 6:30 p. m. on Tuesday of the week preceding publication. THE COURANT is on sale at the principal news-stands in New Haven.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office of New Haven, Conn.

Post Number Four.



HE colonel's orderly was walking back and forth in front of the colonel's quarters and thinking very hard—that is, hard for him. His name was Simons, and he had never been given to hard or deep thinking.

The past week had given the entire garrison something new to think about, from the colonel down to the meanest private in the guard house.

On three different nights of that past week the relieving sentinel at post number four had found the man whose place he had come to take, dead, with an Apache arrow in his breast, and not a sound having betrayed what had happened there.

On three different mornings the report had been made of the death at post number four, and on three afternoons the last shots had been fired and taps sounded over a newly made grave out on the hill toward the west.

Beside this, a minor event had given rise to talk which, had it happened at another time than the greater loss, would in itself have been a nine-days' wonder. The colonel had lost Geronomo. Geronomo, be it known, was a large, black Newfoundland and an exceptional and knowing old dog. So was the colonel. They thought a great deal of one another—the colonel and Geronomo, and no one ever imagined either would voluntarily break the friendship which existed between them.

But Geronomo had gone and had not returned, which every one said was most peculiar in one so old and knowing, especially in Apache ways. In fact, it was rumored that he knew as much about Indians as the late Sergeant Joe, or even Sergeant Joe's bunk mate, Orderly Simons.

But there were some doubting Thomases on that subject. They had always been in the minority until Geronomo's disappearance when they came out with the argument that he could not have known much after all to let the Apaches get him. For assuredly they had a hand in this business as well as the other, and since to all the garrison the argument was sound, the majority crawled, and refused to discuss the matter in open debate.

Everybody, however, agreed to one thing, and that was that something must be done to clear up both mysteries. And Simons thought about it. He had been Sergeant Joe's bunkie and Geronomo's intimate friend and apparently the whole game was up to him.

The sun blazed down in front of the colonel's house, and Simons, as he walked back and forth, would now and then remove his cap and carefully wipe his forehead. Perhaps it was the heat radiating from everything in sight, and perhaps again from the unusual mental struggle he was going through.

Down at the other end of the walk the colonel appeared. He had just come out of the Bachelor's mess and was smoking. It was one of the adjutant's cigars—Simons noticed that as the colonel approached—

and it was long and black. Whenever the colonel descended to smoking one of the adjutant's prairie stinkers and was reserving his own little Havanas, it was for a milder day and there was trouble brewing. Simons knew this also. He was quite an observer, was Simons, for an enlisted man.

The commandant drew nearer. Simons straightened up and saluted. The colonel started up his steps but on the porch he turned.

"Ask Captain Hearn if he will come here as soon as possible, and tell Sergeant Hayes I wish to see him immediately."

"Yes sir," said Simons, and saluting again, started off.

The colonel went into his office, threw open his coat and stuck his thumbs in his belt, then he went and looked out of the window.

He saw Hayes come out of his quarters, buttoning his coat, and start across the parade ground. He turned and sat down at his desk. The door opened, and Hayes came in holding his hat in his hand.

"Have you charge of the guard detail to-night?" he said.

"I have, sir."

"Put two men on at number four."

"Yes sir." "Two goners," he thought, but only looked at the scar on the colonel's chin.

"That is all." Hayes went out.

The colonel saw him exchange a word with Simons as he passed. "Two goners to-night at number four, the boss's orders." He scowled and walked away. The colonel thought.

What he did say was: "Two goners to-night at number four, boss's orders and downright murder." But the Colonel did not hear the last. If he had he might have called Hayes back. Just then Captain Hearn came up steps and into the office.

"Sit down," said the colonel, "I want to talk to you."

The captain was a shrewd man and a careful officer. A good second to the colonel at all times and especially in a tight place. "Ought to be Lieutenant Colonel," everybody said. However, there are still many mistakes in the War Department.

The colonel relighted the adjutant's cigar. "What do you think about this business?"

"I think I'll win my money all right." He had just bet the second lieutenant of his troop that Geronomo would never show up again, dead or alive. It may have still been in his mind.

"Don't be profane," said the colonel.

"I wasn't," said Hearn.

"What are we going to do at number four to-night?"

"What are *you* going to do at number four to-night," he answered with a shrewd little smile. He could be very deferential at times. "Somebody is going to get hurt, I think."

"Don't believe it," said the colonel.

"Then why have you ordered two men on guard there?"

"How did you know it?"

"It's all over the post; its double murder," said Hearn.

"Well, well, what would you do about it? You seem to have some ideas on the subject."

"Get a volunteer."

"H'm!" mused the colonel.

"One who has a little pride in himself, if possible. One who knows, or thinks he knows something about Indians—Apaches in particular—and—the lost Geronomo. It will be better than two pair of eyes." He smiled again.

"Bosh!" said the colonel, "a good idea," then leaning across the desk, "I'll give orders to have the command out at two o'clock, and speak to them."

"That's the idea," said the captain, and left.

At two o'clock the regiment was drawn up in parade and the colonel stood straight and stiff, facing them.

The sun beat down on the roofs and walks, on the rows of men and the dried up grass of the parade ground. The bright yellow and gold of shoulder straps, and the chevrons and stripes on arms and trousers, looked back reflecting it and laughed in its face. The instruments of the band were second suns and seemed to glory in their brilliant supremacy over all things on the earth.

The officers turned in their places and lowered their glistening sabres.

"Officers and men," the colonel began. "We all know the events of the past week, what has happened at guard post number four on three different nights, and how privates Cassidy, Hill and Sargent have lost their lives. Considering that there has been no explanation of this loss, and knowing well the danger there, I speak to you to-day. We have fought together many times and been in many dangerous places but in none of them has there been such sudden and unexpected death as has visited the three men of this command who gave up their lives so recently.

"For the man who stands at number four there is no reward, no prize, nothing I think but the satisfaction of duty done come what may. He stands against no open foe, and with no companion near. It

is something in which we all cannot take part. It is man against Indian. Individual against individual, with the chances overwhelmingly in favor of your enemy.

"There is danger; death for that single man but he is the only one who can meet it.

"Considering all this, it is my duty as commanding officer of this regiment to ask for a volunteer for post number four to-night."

The colonel's eyes wandered across the ranks before him.

"Damn me, if the colonel ain't been converted from his murderous ways," mused Hayes under his breath.

He stepped forward, saluting the colonel, and stood looking straight before him.

Instantly a cheer, long and deep, broke from the ranks of blue. Then down at the end of the line Simons stepped forward. They cheered again, those men who had discussed the circumstances and knew what it meant. They knew well to what that single man was going and what he might expect, and they cheered his ready choice. No idle noise it was, but the call of man to man; the moral encouragement to him who stands alone with every nerve intent and strained in the stillness of the night. The encouragement to him in his solitary

watch that the knee to knee and shoulder to shoulder, and the ringing yell is to each man at the charge, and they knew it. It rose and swelled again. The band struck up; the two men stepped back to their places; the lines broke and the troops marched off to the left.

The colonel and Captain Hearn walked across to the colonel's house.

"I wish Simons had volunteered first," said the captain as he unhooked his sword, "they are both good but I think Simons is the better for this business."

There was a knock at the door. The captain opened it and Simons entered.

"Well," said the colonel.

"Begging your pardon," he began, "I wished to speak to you about to-night."

"Yes," said the colonel in a low voice.

"I know Hayes volunteered first, sir. It was all so sudden—being given a chance—that Hayes beat me out. I volunteered as soon as I could." The captain smiled. "I think I ought to be allowed to go, sir."

The colonel raised his eyebrows with a look of surprise.

"You remember Sergeant Joe, sir?" They both nodded. "How we lost him in that ambush and only heard of him afterward from old Crowsfoot when he was here. How he said he had fallen out there

on the prairie with a pile of reds for company?" The colonel bowed his head. "Old Crowsfoot had a ring, my ring, one that Joe wore. We were bunkies, you know, sir. It must have been true. There are Apaches in this, sir, and I only ask you to let me go and try and square up a little for Joe."

The colonel was contemplating the figures in the carpet. Smiling, he said, "How about Hayes? You know he volunteered first."

"Yes, sir, he and I have talked it over and he says it's my right on account of Joe. So I guess I can go, sir."

The colonel rose. "Yes, Simons, it's your chance. I wont say anything about the risk, you know that, only keep your eyes open, and for God's sake shoot something." Holding out his hand: "Good luck, Simons."

"Thank you, sir." He turned toward the door; the captain had risen and stood at one side. He took the private's big brown hand in both of his. "Don't let anything get within arrow-shot of you and you'll be all right. Remember, that's a command," he added as Simons went out.

"If anybody can hit an Indian out there to-night Simons is the man." He picked up his sword and closed the door quietly after him.

At the mess that night Simons' good health and good luck were pledged, and many were the hand clasps and words of advice given him. The prevailing opinion was that if anybody could come out on top Simons was the man, only he must shoot any and everything that came in sight, that was certain.

The guard detail was inspected and marched off. It was a perfect night. The moon was high and full and threw into sharp relief the body of men as they went to their places.

Guard post number four looked out on a long level stretch of prairie. Not a bush nor tree within a mile, and every stone and stick and irregularity lighted up and revealed by the moonlight. How it was possible for anything, much less a full grown Apache, to approach within bow-shot without discovery was beyond belief. It really did not seem possible unless the men had been asleep, and that would not happen the second and especially the third time when there were two dead troopers gone before as warning.

Arrows had been used because noiseless, but it had been necessary to come so much nearer in order to get the perfect aim with which each shaft had been sent on its way.

As Simons' thoughts wandered back over

the mess talk of the past few days, the pros and cons, the arguments and disputes which had arisen over the chosen topic he felt the aimlessness of it all and his own littleness in coping with this which seemed almost supernatural. But Simons was not superstitious. He knew only too well that each one of those arrows which had been brought in the morning afterward had been aimed and the bow pulled by a very live Indian, and it was his duty to do a little missionary work and to make that particular Indian a good one, which being interpreted according to the Cavalry meant a dead one.

He was not sentimental either, if you except his natural love for his bunkie Joe. The beauty of the scene did not affect him, as it would many another, nor did he have the usual poetical thoughts ~~one~~ generally associates with such a position. He was practical, and while he looked upon the scene in front of him and admired it perhaps, the thought of what he was there for was ever present in his mind. He examined his carbine again. It was in perfect shape, and the result, he had no doubt, only depended upon the end of the cartridge. While he may have had doubts on many things, one thing he was sure of; whatever came in sight he would shoot.

The hours wore on. The moon mounted

higher and higher; he found the lady there and admired her; the already small shadows grew shorter. Everything was bathed in the brilliant light. He even began to have a sense of security grow within him.

He had just turned at the end of his beat and was passing back over it, the sleeping post on his left and the moonlit plain on his right, when far off to the South behind some low foot hills came the sharp bark of a cayote. It was the first real sound that had broken the stillness since he had been out there. But it was no real cayote, he knew that. The carbine came down from his shoulder and his hands gripped the shining stock and barrel. He felt untold confidence in it. He was a good shot and the little gun had always been true.

For some minutes there was nothing more either to break the sound or intrude upon the sight. A still greater hush settled down upon it all. A small cloud passed before the moon and caused him to look up in apprehension. There were more of them and thicker ones. There might be trouble yet.

Half way across his beat one of these obscured the light for some seconds and made everything black and sombre. He paused and looked toward the South in-



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prise than anything else. Seemingly the dog heard. He raised his head and began to come straight forward.

And then Simons was a soldier again. The soldier's instinct came back to him. The captain's command went ringing through his head, and the admonitions of the mess came tumbling back.

The carbine was raised and a line drawn on Geronimo's head.

If he had stopped to think of the possible consequences of killing that sainted dog, even under such extenuating circumstances, it might have been different. If he had stopped to think of the excuses he should give he might have whistled again. He didn't. The dog crouched down and Simons took aim at his head.

A sharp report rang out on the moonlit stillness. The figure sprang up and out with a yell, fell again, and all was as quiet as before. But not for long; seemingly the entire post had been awake and waiting for that shot from number four. The cry on the night air had hardly passed before Simons was kneeling before the shapeless mass of black shaggy hair which had once been Geronimo, the garrison's pride, that covered underneath it the dead figure of an Apache.

They turned the body over and the lady

in the moon just unveiling herself from a fleecy cloud, looked full and pale on the gaunt and blood-stained face of the Snake. His lips were parted and drawn back in the same hideous grin which Sergeant Joe had seen that day when he stood at the end of those two lines a captive. The twitching arm and hand still clutched the bow and the fourth arrow destined for its place.

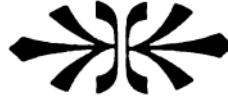
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The colonel met the captain next morning at mess.

"I thought Simons was just about cut out for that work last night."

"As for knowing what to do and how to do it at the right time he ought to be a major general," said the colonel. Everybody thought so, too, but there are still many mistakes in the War Department.

H. B. B. Yergason.





Hulda.

(In Scandinavian Mythology, Hulda, the Moon-Goddess, was supposed to gather about her as stars in heaven the souls of little children that died.)

WHEN the sun sinks low and the even comes
And the world is sombre and gray and still
Cometh the gentle Hulda tripping
With shimmering lantern o'er the hill.
And on dusky mountain and glimmering rill
Shineth her lantern softly beaming,
While the earth lies sombre and dim and still.

Gathered about her troop the children
With flickering torches raised on high,
And they throw a lustre that scatters the darkness,
With pale light flooding the eastern sky,
And to earth where faltering lovers sigh
Comes a mystic glory from Hulda's lantern
And the flickering torches that shine on high.

Drawn ever after with power resistless
Follows her lover, the gray old sea,
Sometimes beseeching with arms uplifted
And sometimes threatening angrily;
But the heart of Hulda from love is free
And in pity she smiles at her earth-born wooer,
Her gray old wooer, the tossing sea.

W. S. Johnson.



26625-1



The Neophyte.

THERE is no time to weep, no heart to pray,
For flesh or spirit wins the soul this day.
Unchastened Memory scorns the bounds of
years,

From hidden places brings to light old fears ;
Doubt casts succeeding shadows o'er the mind ;
Regret flaunts pleasures, lately left behind.

Awed, tearless eyes from the low altar row
Look out into the evening's afterglow,
Nor see the symbols on the scenic pane,
But once again, the meeting in the lane,
Where Love and Duty last stood face to face ;
The hopes, the vows, the parting, the embrace.

Night's shades surround the abbey's gloomy pile
And vesper bells toll welcome news, the while
The weary toiler on his homeward way
Standing uncovered as he hears them pray,
Blesses the friars' holy works, nor knows
Of withered hearts and stern monastic vows.

W. Lawrence Chamberlain.





Diplomacy.



HE entire University had known for a year that she was Shaw's, by right of discovery, so to speak, but Miss Bryce had not formally acknowledged his sovereignty. So when Bennet turned up in the summer he began diplomatically to open *pour-parlers* in Shaw's interest.

Everything seemed favorable, but negotiations would not progress beyond the preliminary stage. The situation was exasperating, and Shaw's friends made misogynistic remarks when they talked of Her. But Bennet was persistent for Shaw's sake.

He was as usual pursuing his charitable purpose and had lunched with Miss Bryce.

The cigarette smoke slipped away into the air and a wicker chair creaked as the girl tried to make herself impossibly comfortable. Of late, the conversation was apt to be in the abstract and Bennet explained about men's honor.

"Suppose," said he, "that a man's best

friend were in love, would the man be justified in continuously overpraising his friend in order to get the girl for him."

This bordered on treachery and Bennet felt it.

Miss Bryce decided that such a thing would be abominable.

"But," added Bennet, "the friend was a pretty good fellow."

"Never mind," said Miss Bryce, "Think how much finer the man was, who would do so much to help his friend. On the other hand, it wouldn't be fine of him to deceive a girl about a man whom she might marry."

There was a long silence; the weather was abominably hot, and sloth was in the August air.

"Ah!" remarked Bennet, "Let's complicate—suppose the man—should fall in love with the girl, whom the friend is after? The man in a way would be untrue to the friend if he told the girl he loved her."

Miss Bryce looked away. "But he owes something to the girl," said she.

* * * * *

"It's hard on Shaw," remarked Bennet, "and what will people say?"

"Oh, we don't mind what people say—and Mr. Shaw really doesn't care."

But Shaw went to be an engineer in a Nevada mine when he graduated—which was sour grapes—and the undergraduates spoke ill of Bennet and said that women were on the lookout for cash—which was youthful.

Medill McCormick.





The Victor.

Come, crown me, Sweet !
What brighter hope hath sped my prescient feet ?
What meant the mad, heart-breaking race but this,
 To feel thy hands—the bliss !—
 Busy with wreaths about my brow
 As they are now ?

Mark how the sun
Is challenging earth's timid benison,
With shaft on splendid shaft of virgin light
 Piercing the core of night :
 As confident of joy, I wait
 For thee—and fate.

And yet my heart
Commends the brow unwreathed and set apart
From aught less sacred than the veiled caress
 Thy shining hair doth bless,
 While thou art sealing, not amiss,
 The destined kiss.

Wherefore I throw
Here at thy feet, Beloved, safest so,
All doubtful honors desperately won ;
 Standing, when all is done,
 Victor no less, beyond remove,
 Crowned by thy love !

Howard Chandler Robbins.





The Fairie Spring.

GENTLY falling from shaded rock,
Silvery, pure and cool,
Bright drops have worn a granite block
And wrought the Fairie's pool;
Blending jewels of emerald hue
With sparkling gems of sapphire blue,
Where elfins play
The livelong day,
And maidens stray in the early dew.

Kenneth Bruce.



THE SYMBOLIST.

He led me down a dim and tortuous way
Strewn with dead things, the sere of yesterday:
Sudden his wand he raised, and smiting them,
Each twig a flower disclosed, each stone a gem.

Charles Philip Wagner.





FOLLOWING the precedent established by the Editorial Board of '98, the present Board offers to the University the prize known as *The COURANT Medal*.

It shall be awarded to that member of the Academic or Scientific department of Yale University who shall write the best story.

No story shall contain more than three thousand words.

Stories in competition for the Medal shall be handed in the first week in February.

Competitors must sign the manuscript with a nom-de-plume, with their name in a sealed envelope attached.

The Judges shall reserve the right of not awarding the Medal.



In *Tattle Tales of Cupid*, Mr. Paul Ford presents a volume of short stories and plays. The latter are much better than the former which is not saying much, however. The stories, with the exception of "A Warning to Lovers," do not seem worthy of the author of "The Honorable Peter," and "The True George Washington," and strike one as having been written before Mr. Ford gave the world those two altogether excellent books. "A Warning to Lovers" is well told, and the interest maintained until the last when Mr. Potter comes out with a very Sherlock Holmes like explanation. Of the remainder "The Cortelyou Feud" is by all odds the best. The book is published by Dodd, Mead and Company and has an attractive cover by Margaret Armstrong.

* * * *

The author of "A Doctor of the Old School" has never written anything that compares with that perfect story; and anything he may do will always suffer when placed alongside of it.

Dr. Watson's latest volume, *Afterwards*, contains fourteen stories written in his usual vein. Most of them are quite worthy, two or three are not. The first one, after which the book is named, is by far the

best and is a beautiful and touching story. "The Minister of St. Bede's," and "The Right Hand of Samuel Dodson," are fit companions with it between the covers, and "The Passing of Domsie," one of the few really Scotch stories in the volume, does not fall much short of them. As a collection they are excellent and Dr. Watson's reputation as a story teller is perfectly safe in their keeping. The continual use of the long dash in all the tales becomes insufferably tiresome and in many cases is quite unnecessary. It is forceable in a few places, but its very repetition weakens where its sparing use would ordinarily strengthen the author's idea. Dodd, Mead and Company put forth the book in their usual satisfactory style.

H. B. B. Y.

* * * *

Mr. R. N. Stephens, who is known to many of us on account of having written "An Enemy to the King," gives us another stirring tale. The scene is laid in the neighborhood of New York in the time of the Revolution. The story itself, besides being thoroughly interesting, will give one a very good idea of the doings in those old days when our ancestors "galled in the harness" and strove to throw off the yoke

of oppression. There is also a very pleasing bit of romance weaved through its pages, and a wooing that is unique in its setting. Take it all in all, *The Continental Dragoon* will amply repay the reader who turns to it for an afternoon of cheering reading.



“Don’t give up the ship!” is the very fitting motto on the cover of Tom Masson’s historio-comic work, *The Yankee Navy*. He takes the reader, in a very delightful and chatty style, through the various successes of our navy from the time of the Revolution until the famous un-bottling and crushing of Cevera. The articles were published with illustrations from time to time in *Life*, and are now for the first time gathered between two covers. Two things, however, which rather jar falsely are, the statement that the ill-fated *Maine* was blown up in March instead of February, and also that no mention is made of the gallant part which the *Oregon* took in the great naval battle of July 3d.

C. E. H., Jr.



From our Exchanges we clip the following :

THE SYMPHONY OF AUTUMN.

Alone I stood
And hearkened to Autumn sighing,
At the verge of a wood,
Through trees quite bare,
In the crispy air,
For old Summer was dying, dying,
How the nimble leaves fly.

In the crystal sky,—
Way above a stray cloud is scurrying ;
Whither it goes,
Nobody knows,
But the beetle his treasure is burying, hurrying.

All was silent and still,
Save the splash of a rill,
Or the wind through the wild wood soughing ;
Save the tap of a bird,
On the bark plainly heard ;
And still the old tree-tops were bowing, bowing.

As I stood, methought
I a melody caught,
That out of the deep wood came ringing ;
Was its Autumn's self,
Or the flute of an elf ?
Or a bird on a bare twig swinging, singing ?

But it soon died away,
With the closing of day,
As the crow to his pine-top was flying.
The icy brook sped
Through its cold, mossy bed,
And old Summer was dying, dead.

—*Red and Blue.*

• • •

A LITTLE WHILE.

Do you remember my first rhyme ?
My heart was riotous with love
New-born, and all the joy thereof
Swelled in a passionate, wild chime
Of hope sublime.

Only a year ago. And yet
The sweetness of that chime has died :
And though some day our hearts' regret
May hear those echoes multiplied
By mocking dreams on every side ;
Still, it were best that we forget
We ever met.

A little while and then the end
Will make our bitterest strivings vain.
A little while and God will send
A swift surcease of all our pain.
A little while ; my love, my friend,
And then—the end.

—*Nassau Literary Magazine.*

De Hopper-Grass an' de Inch-Wum.



EY wuz bofe on 'em headin' along de road to'ards town," said Uncle Rastus, "de Hopper he trabel in gret big hops: de Inch-Wum he lay flat an' hunch up, an' lay flat an' hunch up. He wag slow, but he kep gettin' dar."

"Gwine to reach town ever, ol' slow-poke?" asked de Hopper-Grass.

"Git dyah some how," says Mister Wum.

"I'll tell 'em yuz a-comin'," lafs de Hopper, an' he groun' he wings an' sprung. "So long!"

De Inch-Wum says nuthin' 'tall, but kep' on layin' flat and hunchin' up.

Bimby Mister Hopper come a-traipsin' back. Den Inch-Wum raas his haid and ask what fer.

"Town doan suit me," Hopper sez. "Set still, and git tired."

"Ef you wagged 'long same as me, you been right glad ter stop an' set 'tell day o' sedgmen'. Res'less folks doan know whut's good for 'em."

After a moment's pause Uncle Rastus added, "When yo' git hol' o' a good thing, chile, stick close by it. Heah me! An' if yo' duz hev to lay flat, doan fergit to keep on a-hunchin'."

If the reader of this fable will translate it all into his own language, it should mean that it pays well to work hard for such a really good thing as a policy in The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York,—and it also means that it is a blind disregard of one's own best interests to relinquish such a policy when once it has been made one's own. Uncle Rastus would have added: "Doan yer gib it up, chile. Heah me!"



Lieut. Hobson

The Hero of the "Merrimac,"

Will tell his wonderful story in three numbers of

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

This will be a full account of the sinking of the "Merrimac" at Santiago, and the experiences of the writer and his men in Spanish prisons. It will be read by every American in the land. This is only one of many richly illustrated personal narratives in THE CENTURY's new Spanish War Series. *These men will write for no other magazine.* In the November CENTURY begins

CAPTAIN SIGSBEE'S STORY Of the Destruction of the "MAINE,"

the arrival in Havana harbor, the insults to her captain, the explosion and wreck. The whole story of the destruction of Cervera's fleet will be told by Admirals Sampson and Schley, Captain "Bob" Evans, Captain Taylor, and others.

If you do not take THE CENTURY in 1899, you will miss the greatest reading of the year. The November number begins the volume and has the opening chapters of a splendidly illustrated life of Alexander the Great, and of Marion Crawford's great historical novel of the Crusades. Lieut. Hobson's articles begin in the December number. \$4.00 a year.

THE CENTURY CO.,
Union Square, New York.

others, has given me my sole excuse for writing.

You have seen, perhaps, some rich, old portrait, darkened with age and framed in oak, of a sweet-faced, winsome maiden, laughing defiance at the years which have softened the color in her cheeks, and tossing her quaint coiffure of curls as she did when the Jamestown painter caught her look. And you have felt, with a thrill, that her day was a good day, and wished that the smile had been for you. Such a picture I knew, and such a thrill went through me that night, as, standing in the broad hallway, I watched the color of white arms and rustling dresses against the dark panels, as the girls came down the winding stairway for the dance, and saw, lingering just behind as if half dismayed by this light and laughter, the girl of the oaken frame, my picture maid of long ago. She smiled as I looked, and tripping down from the frame the darkened alcove made for her, slipped from yesterday into to-day, and melted into the gay crowd on the polished floor.

Five minutes later I was waltzing with her, half regretful at first to mar my quaint fancy, but soon finding the reality blending into my dream with astonishing rapidity, aided, perhaps, by the music and the moonlight outside the dark shadow of the

pillars in the portico. Marjory Page was her name, and the words had a sweet, old-fashioned sound in my ears.

We met again the next night at the Howard's, and yet again in the horsey atmosphere of the county fair, until, for a sober-minded man, I was very badly off indeed. Every night I realized that I was making a fool of myself for a saucy, brown-eyed Southerner, who would probably throw me over for some whisky-drinking fox hunter, and, just as surely, every morning, Jake saddled the horse and I rode over to "Sweet Water" to make love all the day.

This tale, however, has nothing to do with those days of reckless love-making, and the long rides through shady bridle-paths, but of the incident, possibly psychological and certainly fortunate, which ended it all. This happened on a balmy, moonlit evening in June.

We had met that night at Colonel somebody's, to drive over to the lake for a moonlight row. As luck would have it, or to be truthful, an acquaintance of both Miss Marjory's and mine, who got there first, I had to drive the wrong girl, who, worse yet, was determined upon a flirtation consistent with the moonlight. Accordingly, I reached the lake in an unenviable state of

mind, which was not improved, when, by accident and all unknown to them, I came across Marjory and her escort, just as the impudent youth was proposing to her, in terms that fairly paled the moonlight. I heard the sly minx tell him that she could not answer yet, as I slipped guiltily through the oaks and, with all thoughts of prudence gone to the winds, I determined that she would have to answer me.

Fifteen minutes later we were all by the lakeside, assorting ourselves into couples with wonderful rapidity. Marjory's boat was being made ready, my flirtatious companion was at my side waiting for hers, the time was ripe and I went in for it.

"Miss Marjory," I said as I reached her, "I have something exceedingly important to tell you, will you come out with me?"

"I'd like right well to," she said, perplexed, "but I promised Mr. Randolph first."

"Oh that is all right!" I answered hastily, "I've fixed it with Randolph. Sit down and I will shove the boat off."

"B—B—But—" began Randolph, who stuttered when excited.

"You understand, old man," I called back, giving the boat a shove, "Hold up your skirts, Miss Marjory," and in a trice we were off, leaving Randolph ruining my reputation and his own on land.

"I don't believe he understood," Marjory said, a little troubled.

"Must be very dense not to," said I.

Some one, off over the water, was singing "Dixie" to the thrumming of a guitar, the moonlight was dancing over the lake from the oaks where the whip-poor-wills were calling, and Marjory, dressed all in fluffy white, talked in a soft undertone which thrilled me deliciously. I was very much in love indeed just at that moment, and my mind was full of the heart-felt words I was about to say, and never troubled itself with such a prosaic thing as an analysis of its own feelings, which, I sincerely believe, would have shown Marjory's fascinations and a determination to get ahead of Randolph, to be about equally responsible for them.

But I was not altogether sane that night, and the air was balmy, and the guitar sounded softly over the ripples, and almost before I knew it her hand was in mine and I was bending toward her, ready to whisper something she did not shrink from hearing, when a strange thing happened. We had been floating quietly outside the shadow from the oaks, and the soft light in her brown eyes and the hair which matched them, fell upon her face as upon some dim picture beneath an oriel window. As I

bent toward her, a slight breeze wafted us shoreward and died out, but left us slowly drifting into the shadow of the oaks. The light died away from her hair and her eyes and her cheeks as we floated, and as her face became only an outline in the darkness, my ardor died away as well, until, like a dash of cold water, came the realization of what I was about to do. My mind worked quickly, and it was not long before I was internally convinced that with such a changeable affection I could not in honor and without loss of self-respect do what I had intended, but the situation fairly stunned me. All this time I was on the brink of proposing, with Marjory's hand actually in mine and now there was nothing to do but to take advantage of the moonlight and the interesting circumstances, press her hand a little, think like mad and await for developments.

If I remember rightly, I had about decided to upset the canoe as the best way out of the difficulty, when the hand in mine gave a responsive pressure and Marjory leaned forward until I could see the curve of her lips.

"Mr. Ridley," she said softly, "I reckon I'll have to tell you something, even though I am ashamed to."

Never mind what I thought she was

about to say, but my good resolutions drifted away like the mist on the water.

There was silence for a minute, and then, "I'm engaged to Jack Randolph," she said, and sank back with a sigh of relief just as another boat glided up to us with an apologetic, "Sarvant, Mars'r," from its occupant.

"Who is there?" said Marjory after a moment. Strangely enough, instead of being happy at the turn affairs had taken, I was too angry to trust my tongue.

"Hit's jes' Jake," said the voice. "Miss Ellen done tell me to let yo' all know they been waitin' harf an hour fo' Miss Marjory to sing fo' 'em. Yar they come, lookin' for yo' now."

As he spoke, a whole flotilla of canoes came dancing over the water toward us, and the negro rowed back to meet them.

"I know right well you will never forgive me," said Marjory with a suggestion of tears in her voice.

It took a little time to reconcile the various thoughts and feelings circulating through my mind, but the right prevailed at last, and I took her hand again, and, wishing her every happiness, told her that Randolph was a fine fellow with quite decent sincerity and great expense of will power. But as with the others we drifted slowly toward the landing place, in the

balmy night air, there was only the old dream of a sweet-faced colonial maiden for consolation, and I was in the boat with Marjory, and she but a picture-maid of long ago.

Henry Seidel Canby.





Salt Meadows.

NOW in its pride the glorious autumn weather
Sets them ablaze with slow-consuming flame;
When winter follows, for long weeks together,
With loops of polished steel the rivers frame
Their smooth expanses, glistening in the sun,
Or sullen white beneath an angry sky,
Until by March uncovered, one by one,
All brown and soaked with melting snow they lie.
Then spring, long-heralded, with bounteous hand
Charms from the loosened earth its verdure new,
As if some master-artist's mind had planned
On canvas brown and bare to bring to view
Another picture, and perchance more grand,
To hide the loss of autumn's golden hue.

Arthur C. Ludington.





A Question of Ethics.



T was time to "ring up." The Manager of the "Lovers' Quarrel" Company adjusted his eye to the little peephole in the curtain and looked out.

Reporters' row was solid. Half a dozen lonely people were sitting downstairs. First balcony was a trifle more sociable. Second balcony was moderately full. This was a sample of opening week. His jaw fell,—he had hired the theatre for the season.

The office was crowded next morning when the Manager came to keep his appointment with the reporters.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, taking off his gloves, "I asked you to drop around this morning, because—"

The door opened, and a woman came in.

"I would like to see you alone, if I could, Mr. Sergeant," the woman said, looking uneasily at the reporters. "I want to ask you some questions about your play."

"Don't mind these gentlemen," he said reassuringly. "What would you like to know?"

"Do you think it is right," she asked nervously, "for people to do things on the stage that they wouldn't do off it?"

"What, for instance?" he inquired.

"Well, do you think it is right for Bur Williams to make love to that Powell woman, and—and kiss her?"

"I can't see anything wrong about it."

"But think of the moral side of it. Think of the injurious impressions it leaves with the young," she pleaded. "Just imagine how badly Mrs. Williams or Mr. Powell must feel to see that act. Can't you change it in some way?"

"I am afraid not," the Manager said impatiently.

"Then," she announced decisively, "I intend to sue you for alienating my husband's affections. I am Mrs. Bur Williams."

"Pshaw! this is ridiculous," he snapped. "I am not making love to your husband."

"But that Powell woman! She has been married three times already, and—well, I don't think it is right for a husband to kiss another man's wife, even if it is on the stage. Then you won't change it?"

"No!" he said positively. "I can't do it. It is the finest part of the play."

She moved resignedly towards the door.

"Are any of you gentlemen reporters?" she asked, with her hand on the door-knob.

One of the men looked up from his notebook long enough to nod.

"Please don't write this up," she begged. "It would almost kill me to have my domestic affairs paraded in the papers."

"Gentlemen," said the Manager, as the door closed, "I hope you will not make capital of that poor woman's trouble. I know it is a rare opportunity, but please don't say anything about it. I have decided not to make the announcement I intended."

"Is it Right to do Things on the Stage that would be Wrong in Other Places?" was the newspaper heading that caught the eyes of the people of New York the next morning. Some papers took Mrs. Williams' part, and commended her for her strength of character. They also commented on the demoralization of the stage.

"A Jealous Woman Sues a Theatrical Manager for Alienating her Husband's Affections," was the heading in the more sensational papers. These called the woman a "narrow-minded maniac," and found no objection to love-making on the stage.

On one thing they all agreed,—that the objectionable love-scene was a fine piece of acting. They spoke of Bur Williams and Mrs. Powell as stars of the first magnitude.

Women discussed the play, at their clubs.

Men debated the moral question on the Elevated. Newsboys began to whistle the music. A brand of cigars was named after the Leading Lady.

An enterprising reporter interviewed the husband of the much-married Mrs. Powell. Mr. Powell thought no fair-minded person could object to the play. He did not. Certainly he had noticed the love-scene, and it had impressed him as being one of great tenderness. Yes, he thought it would be wrong for his wife to let another man make love to her off the stage. On the stage he was sure it was perfectly proper. In his opinion, his wife and Bur Williams deserved credit for devoting their extraordinary talent to such a play.

"Yes, every one would be improved and have higher ideals after seeing the play. Mr. Sergeant, the Manager, was a gentleman of the greatest respectability."

The reporter's paper had the exclusive account next morning. The sales that day were the largest for the year.

A prominent minister took exception to Mr. Powell's opinions, and preached a sermon on "A Lesson from the Stage." The ushers had to arrange chairs in the aisles and alcoves.

A celebrated authority on Ethics wrote an article on "The Affections, and Man's

Moral Obligation to Respect Them." Those who read it,—and understood it,—said that it proved beyond a doubt that Mrs. Williams' view was correct.

While the controversy was at its height, a reporter discovered that Mrs. Bur Williams had separated from her husband. Bur's heartless duplicity had caused the rupture. The awful newspaper notoriety had crushed her. The modest, retiring little woman was heart-broken.

The paper devoted half a page to the story. The other half contained a wood-cut of Mrs. Williams, and the flat where she lived.

Meanwhile the clerk in the theatre ticket office was only on duty two hours a day,—one in the morning, when he sold the reserved seat tickets to the struggling mob at the ticket window, the other in the evening, when he closed out the standing room.

The Manager was deluged with telegrams, from Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia, begging him to accept their fabulous offers for next season.

* * * * *

Bur Williams and his wife were sitting on the veranda of a hotel at Bar Harbor.

"I guess we had better take that cottage for the summer," Mrs. Williams said.

"Isn't it rather expensive?" inquired Bur.

"You forget," his wife answered, "that I got a handsome share of last season's profits."

"And the everlasting gratitude of the entire company," Bur added laughingly. "Jennie, you are a trump."

Thomas Watson.

•





Song.

THE air is chill in the morning,
The frost lies white on the fields,
The chirruping note of a waking bird
In the quivering tree-tops high is heard,
As the bright sun climbs o'er the hill.

'Tis dark and drear in the evening,
The wind is moaning low,
The sorrowing stars hide their mournful light
'Neath the scudding clouds of the sombre night,
As the moon sinks under the hill.

E. B. Hill.



Quatrain.

ADOWN the windy reaches of the sky,
Faint myriad starry legions, flashing gold,
Troop forth in brisk array; far, far on high,
The crescent moon is dimly aureoled.

J. L. Gilson.





The Serenade of Jean Le Perrier

MT was in a café in the Latin Quarter that I first met him. At that time I was spending my days in work at Couton's atelier, and my nights in looking for the unusual. These night searches of mine were almost invariably without result, for even in Paris life is monotonous, running in unvaried streams, each phase being like itself, the wicked, after some experience of it, appearing as prosaic and as unoriginal as the good.

The café of which I spoke seemed to me the place where my expectation of meeting some person or incident out of the common was most likely to be gratified, for here I met many people whose manner of life, being unfamiliar, at first appeared unusual. Yet upon closer acquaintance I found most of them quite ordinary and commonplace. There was one exception, and it is of him I speak.

Upon entering the café one evening, I

found the guests listening to a violin. A man was playing, without accompaniment, the airs of Paris. Common ditties of the streets they were, but played with a degree of expression that showed the touch of an artist.

The musician attracted my attention at once. He was a man of middle age, whose pale, thin face bore the looks of one who has suffered disappointment. There were streaks of gray in his black hair, he had a pointed and straggling black beard, and his large, melancholy eyes were deep sunk in their sockets.

He played for awhile, and then sank wearily into a chair. He was urged to continue, and after a few moments arose and began a popular air. He played a few bars listlessly and then suddenly broke off. A strange light came into his face, and he began a beautiful melody, delicate, dreamy, delicious. He played with exquisite tenderness and subtle expression. The music was all-pervading; it was as though the bow caressed the violin, and drew from it soft whisperings of love until the last note died away with infinite sadness. A moment there was a deep hush, and then applause broke forth wildly. Moved by enthusiasm, I approached the musician eagerly.

"Monsieur," I said, "permit me to make

the acquaintance of such an artist. That serenade—it is your own, is it not?"

"Monsieur does me too great honor," said he. "The serenade is mine, but I deserve no great credit for it. It is what might have been."

This aroused my curiosity, and I drew him into talk. But he would not explain, nor say anything of himself. We sat long at a table—I noticed that he drank absinthe; and then he rose to go.

"But you will come again to-morrow night?" I said.

"If it gives Monsieur pleasure," he replied.

He came the next night and many nights thereafter, and from mere acquaintance we came, in time, to be friends. His name was Jean Le Perrier; and he was from the south of France, but he had lived long in Paris. He did not play his serenade again, and if I ever questioned him about it he showed great reticence, and always managed to avoid any explanation.

At length, one night, he seemed more lonely than usual and drank more absinthe. I felt that any direct attempt to lighten his dark mood would be without success. I began to talk to him of himself, hoping that he would tell me his trouble, and by sharing, would lessen it. He was more

responsive to-night than I had yet known him to be.

"Ah, my friend," he said, "I have felt the need of some one to confide in, and at last I have found you. Listen, then, and I will tell you of my sorrow. But it is the story of my life—perhaps it will be too long. No? Well, to begin with, I have not always lived in Paris, as you know. My early life was spent in the south. Ah, those were happy days! I lived in the country, and I loved it. To be in the woods and the fields, listening to the birds, watching the sun set, hearing the wind sigh through the trees at night—it was a beautiful and a careless life. I was a musician then; now I play in the cafes. Well, part of my story is very old. I met a beautiful girl, and from the moment I saw her I was deeply in love.

"I saw her often, and she seemed not to dislike me. But there was nothing of love as yet—she looked upon me merely as a friend. However, I hoped that in time she would come to regard me differently. There was a certain bond of sympathy already between us. She, like myself, was a musician. Her instrument was the piano, mine the violin. Sometimes we played together in the evening. On these occasions I would be more deeply in love than ever,

and on leaving would linger among the trees beneath her window, yearning to make music which should be worthy of her—a serenade which should tell her all my love. Many times I stood there, striving with all my heart to make music for her, but my desire was never fulfilled.

"And so time went on, but I approached her no more closely than at first, while my love for her consumed me more and more. At length one evening when I called, I was met with strange looks. She had run away with her music master, Rivarde, the night before.

"The news astounded me. I had never heard of Rivarde. In a daze I left the house and somehow reached my home. I went to my room, locked the door and threw myself on the bed in a dull agony of grief. It must have been near morning that I rose and began to play the violin softly and sadly. Then an inspiration seized me, and I played the serenade I had so often wished for. When I finished, I threw down the violin, and burst into wild and bitter laughter. Then my reason must have given way, for when the servants found me I was in a fever and delirious. I lay ill for long time, and on my recovery my first thought was of her whom I had lost. Then I remembered my serenade, all that I had

which pertained to her, and tried to play it. I had forgotten every note.

"When I was well enough, I came up to Paris, thinking to lose myself in the distractions of the city. I plunged into dissipations, and rapidly spent my small fortune. Often, on recovering from a debauch, the serenade seemed about to come back to me; I could almost hear it, but when I took up the violin, it was gone.

"Twice I had a strange feeling that she was near me, and then the serenade came back, and I played it from beginning to end. Later I had news of her—I heard that she was dead, and I played the serenade again. Only once since then have I played it—that was the night when I first met you, my friend. And that is all my story. To-night, for some reason, I have been thinking of her more than usual. Telling you has helped me much. Good-night, my dear friend. Perhaps I may play the serenade again: who knows?"

F. V. Doniphan, Jr.





UERY: Why is poetry looked upon by the general reader in a spirit of bare toleration, if not of actual disdain? Is not one of the reasons to be found in the vast amount of "average" verse with which a long-suffering public is treated in every magazine? It seems as though there were an unwritten law binding editorial boards to publish just about so much verse in every number, regardless of quality. And how much of this is poetry in anything but form? How much is of that soft, sentimental, twilight-on-the-river poetry against which a healthy mind instinctively revolts? As an antidote we use narrative verse, an occasional poem; anything with a wholesome point, save of the "Brooding twilight, haunting, and drear," and its tribe. Yet the poets—and we are not excluding

college poets — forget themselves for a moment in efforts more sturdy and robust, more full of point and action. Give Poe a needed rest, and read up Holmes a bit.

T. H. S.

* * * *

The Castle Inn, by Stanley Weyman. Longmans, Green & Co.—In this, his latest novel, Mr. Weyman has in many ways surpassed all his earlier efforts, the "Gentleman of France" not excepted. Following close upon "Shrewsbury," it therefore renews the faith in him and his future which that failure had begun to shake. Never before has Mr. Weyman displayed so clear an appreciation of the characters he has wished to portray, nor portrayed them with such absolute keenness. In addition, his style has grown extremely happy and lost much of its unnecessary affectation.

From the important part played by pistols and horse-flesh, the authorship of the story might be guessed without Mr. Weyman's name on the title-page. Sir George Soane is one of Mr. Weyman's best heroes, and even greater praise is due Julia Masterton as heroine. The calm equipoise with which she suffers the sudden changes in her lot—neither proud nor vain when the change is

from poverty to wealth, nor down-cast when these riches in a second's time have been taken away—this is perhaps her strongest trait. But her cleverness—and she is clever enough to make laughing-stock of whomso she pleases—is little less prominent; and with all this she is true and loyal.

The Castle Inn, however, does not deserve unqualified praise, for it has marked defects in structure, which are but partially concealed by the excellences mentioned. The plot in parts is weak; the story lacks continuity, and is bolstered into shape by generous and unmistakable padding. Nevertheless it marks a long step in Mr. Weyman's progress, and we may well expect his next work to be far and away his best, for he has shown in the past ability to construct plots strong in every detail, and in The Castle Inn he shows ability to write.

R. H.

* * * *

In the Forest of Arden, by Hamilton Mabie. Dodd, Mead & Co.—For perfect grace and felicity of expression we have rarely seen anything in prose that excels the essays of which this little volume is composed. Perhaps the term essays may

convey a misapprehension; they possess a continuity which makes the book a unit in every sense of the word. Their purpose and message is a recall to nature,—not the strenuous summons of Rousseau, nor the impersonal call of Wordsworth, but rather an indirect appeal based on the depth and serenity of existence in the Forest of Arden. It would be hard to describe just what this forest life is; the theologian would probably call it a merging of self in the eternal, yet no loss of individuality withal, rather an apprehension of the ultimate oneness of all things and all phenomena that has characterized nature worship in every age. We are inclined to agree with the author that the whereabouts of Rosalind has not a little to do with the question.

From an artistic point of view, the book is thoroughly in keeping with its contents. It impresses one as being that ideal Christmas gift which so rarely rewards one's search.

H. C. R.



The Swan and the Water-Rats.



FRIGHTENED Swan, fleeing from pursuing Man, fell in with a Brotherhood of Water Rats, who called themselves The Supreme Order of Hydraulic Rodents. These Rats possessed winning ways, and the Traveller was quite captivated.

"Cast in your Lot with us," urged the Rats. "Your board shall be Purely Nominal, and we will fully compensate your Respected Relatives if you should meet with an accident."

The Swan was persuaded. It sounded pleasantly. All he had to do was to give up some Feathers whenever a Rat died. That kept the Beneficiaries of the deceased snug and warm.

The summer came. Also many small Boys. Flying stones grew frequent and Terriers quite common. By October the Swan had paid down his last feather.

At the Funeral next following he confided to the Most Worshipful Supreme Rodent that he could no longer pay his share.

"Have to lapse, then," was the laconic comfort he received.

"But what do I get back?"

"Experience. Ta-Ta."

Which pathetic legend teaches the foolishness of trusting in the promises of those so-called benevolent concerns which are rich only in titles and a sad experience. Sound life insurance, like all other good things, has been counterfeited, and spurious contracts in the similitude of valid security, have become so common, that the *verb. sap.* has grown to be a timely warning. Be not misled, lest you pay dear for experience; but insure with The Mutual Life of New York, where the experience of every member has been and is synonymous with the results which pertain to wise administration, honest management and faithful stewardship.

SONNET.

Upon the shore of Truth's wide ocean, I
Lone pilgrim for a little while have traced
My plodding footsteps, soon to be effaced
When on the wings of clearer light sweeps by
Fair Science chariot. E'en now I descry
Her coming steeds, and lo ! the tossing waste
Reflects the beam from torch her hand hath placed.
A few stray pebbles have I, too, put by,
Gathered upon the shore of yonder dark
And unknown ocean, that still unexplored
Rolls on forever. Ah ! for some brave bark
To push out boldly and steer onward toward
The shadowy depth that yet no man may mark,
On whose dark bosom hath no light-ray lowered.

—*The Brunonian.*

H. C. R.

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The Yale Courant

Founded in 1865

Vol. XXXV

Jan. 14, 1899

No. 6

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THE YALE COURANT is published Saturday of every other week, at New Haven, Conn., by the students of Yale University. Subscription price two dollars per annum. Single copy fifteen cents. Contributions must be left in the box in the first entrance of White by 6:30 p. m. on Tuesday of the week preceding publication. THE COURANT is on sale at the principal news-stands in New Haven.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office of New Haven, Conn.

The Spendthrift.



HEY had cantered into the village for the professed purpose of getting the mail. They knew as well as anyone else that the mail would be sent out just as usual, but they seemed a little more at ease when they had an excuse—good, bad, or indifferent, yet still an excuse—for riding together; and so their plan had passed unchallenged when they proclaimed it at luncheon.

"I wish Ted would get up his nerve and ask her, so that we might congratulate them, and get through this bother of trying to be blind as bats all day long. It's fearfully wearing to pretend one has neither eyes nor ears, nor the ability to add two and two," their host had announced some time after the horses had been led round and they had trotted down the driveway.

"But what if she won't have him?" responded Mrs. Caylor, promptly resenting the imputation that anyone of her sex was sure to be had for the asking, even if the asking were limited to one particular man.

"Want to bet on it?" was the mocking answer. "Box of cigars against three pairs of gloves that Miss Louise Brown accepts Mr. Edward Carter, provided the aforesaid Carter musters courage sufficient to offer himself. Is it a go?"

"I," said Mrs. Caylor with dignity, "have all the gloves I want."

Meantime the two under discussion had arrived at the village, and had stopped at the post office to ease their consciences. Then they had started on, intending to ride along the "Valley Road." They had just passed the town green, when Miss Brown pulled up abruptly. "Look," she exclaimed, pointing with her whip, "what's that in there? I do believe it's a circus."

A dull gray tent was visible through the space left between two houses. "Yes," said Carter, after a moment's inspection, "that is what it is. There have been posters up, but I'd forgotten. Do you want to go?"

"Deed I do," she replied; "but the horses?"

"Oh! there's a stable right alongside, that is, almost. We'll leave them there."

The horses cared for, they turned toward the tents. Resisting the blandishments of sundry venders of peanuts and red lemonade, they made their way to the entrance. "Quarter apiece," announced the man with the tickets, and a second later they were met with the awe-inspiring sight of "Signor Mantell's Circus—The Greatest One-Ring Show on Earth." Just as they entered, a shapely houri in crimson tights leaped from a horse's back, and, kissing both her be-ringed hands to the applauding audience, fled lightly from sight. "Clever lady, that," said Carter enthusiastically, as he helped his companion, handicapped by her riding-skirt, to a seat in the topmost tier, "just think what we've missed." Miss Brown had been less impressed, but was now deeply concerned in the movements of an acrobatic clown. Her attention wandered in a moment. "See!" she exclaimed, clutching Carter's arm, "the old man over

there with the white hair and the baby; he's feeding it peanuts as if it were a little elephant."

"Yes!" he replied, "but do you want to stay for the concert? There's a boy going round selling tickets, so I guess the regular show's about over."

"Let's wait, and—" she began, but broke off in the middle of the sentence to listen to the announcer, who, having mounted a box by the ringside and cleared his throat in an aggressive manner, declared that the concert which was to follow in a few moments would be a most wonderful exhibition, not to be missed, especially at the modest cost of a dime. "The unrivalled talent" which was to give the concert was then called into the ring, and lined up, like so many prisoners awaiting sentence.

"First, is Miss Rosalie Destard, the prima donna and dancer: trained in Europe, where she has sung before the crowned heads; she will sing that tender ballad, 'Mamie Reilly.'" And as the announcer paused for breath, Miss Destard, a young lady of mammoth proportions, a wealth of yellow hair, and poverty of skirts, stepped from the head of the line, kissed her hands to the audience, came as near making a courtesy as seemed possible considering her form, and lumbered back toward

the performers' entrance. And so on, until the last of the line, "Mr. Clarence Manning, Song and Dance Artist and Human Graphophone," had made his bow and departure. Thereupon the announcer descended from his box, while one Signor Free concluded the regular performance by riding at one and the same time four milk-white horses, "once the property of the Sultan."

"Shall we wait?" asked Carter again.

"Yes," returned Miss Brown, "let's see the whole thing out, concert and side show, and all; there must be a side show, with snake charmers and the animals: I want to see the animals."

After a moment's wait, while tickets were collected and the crowd re-arranged itself, the concert began with Miss Destard's rendering of "Mamie Reilly," which caused Carter to pity the "crowned heads"—and himself—in tragic tones. Her song finished—the platform looked weak, and she refrained from dancing—the soloist lumbered off as before, heedless of the hoots and taunts flung after her. The afternoon sun made the western wall of the tent glisten and glare, for all the stains on the canvas, and in a second the shadow of Miss Destard, unmistakable from the short skirts and enormous wig, appeared, magnified to a startling extent, and passed slowly from

view. "She's making for the side show," declared Carter gleefully. "I'll bet she does duty as fat woman, too."

"The poor creature," said Miss Brown, laughing, in spite of herself; "I wonder whether it's the only way she can get a living, or whether she really likes it."

"Give it up," answered Carter; "maybe she's got a husband in the show;" and then he relapsed into a silent contemplation of Miss Brown when she did not notice it, and of the performers when she did.

"The Human Graphophone" having ceased his efforts, and the concert ended at last, they went out in search of the side show. Mulcted of twenty cents more, they entered the smaller tent. "What did I tell you," exclaimed Carter, the moment they were inside; "look there!" Miss Rosalie Destard, prima donna and dancer, was calmly sitting upon a raised platform, a stolid smile upon her somewhat expansive countenance. But the cage of monkeys on the other side of the tent appealed more to Miss Brown. "Run out and get me some peanuts," she said to Carter, "I want to feed them;" and when he had brought the peanuts: "No! I don't want to see your fat woman; go over and see her yourself, and don't make fun of her;" and Carter again did as he was bid. He came back,

however, a few moments later. "She's snake charmer, fortune teller, and albino, besides being fat woman, prima donna and dancer that doesn't dance," he explained. "Come over and get your fortune told."

"No," answered Miss Brown, who had exhausted her peanuts, "but I'll listen while she tells yours."

Carter remonstrated without avail, and finally offered up himself and his quarter for sacrifice, while Miss Brown nodded encouragement. The fortune teller took his hand into hers, and studied it carefully. A little knot of people gathered round, which plainly added to Carter's discomfort and Miss Brown's enjoyment. Carter's life was prophesied as likely to be a long one, and rather uneventful, except for long journeys. He was declared to be lazy, at which he blushed and Miss Brown laughed, but to have a kind heart and other similar qualities. The fortune teller stopped, and studied the hand more closely; then, after a survey of her audience, she went on. Carter would marry, she declared, a tall girl (Miss Brown was tall), with dark brown hair (Miss Brown had dark brown hair), with dark eyes and long eyelashes (Miss Brown had dark eyes, and eyelashes conspicuously long), and here some one looked at Miss Brown, and a titter ran round;

whereupon she blushed, bit her lip, blushed again, while Carter took his hand away, unconscious of the trouble brewing, with a laconic "Thanks, I guess that'll do." A glance at Miss Brown explained matters. She stamped her foot in vexation. "Come, let's get out: we ought to be going," and she led the way.

"Well, she was an old fraud," declared Miss Brown, when they were outside, "and you wasted your money." "Oh! I don't know about that," said Carter, with dangerous assurance; and the subject was dropped. When they were mounted, and Carter sought to renew it, Miss Brown put her mare at a pace that made conversation out of the question, which so troubled Carter's peace of mind that he decided to let slip no more opportunities, but to take advantage of the very next. It came that evening after dinner.

They were sitting in the hammock. It had all been arranged, and they had just decided on Carter's suggestion—he was suited with things as they were—not to go in and tell Mrs. Caylor, but to wait where they were until disturbed, when Carter suddenly bethought him of the fortune teller. "Now," said he, triumphantly, "I didn't waste the money I gave the fortune teller, did I?"

"Yes!" said Miss Brown, "you did."
"Why?" he asked, nonplussed.
"Guess," said she.
"But I can't; please tell me!" he begged.
"No," she replied, "not now."
"Come, now," he wheedled, "what'll you take to tell?"

"That," said Miss Brown, "is just the point: she told you for a quarter, while I'd have—"

"Oh!" said Carter.

Richard Hooker.





Yule-Tide.

ROAST goose and blazing pudding, garland-crowned.

Each in their turn have helped to grace the day;
Apple in mouth, the porker neatly browned,

Lord of the feast, has held his passing sway.

And fruits, high piled upon the largest tray,
Have gone the way that Christmas fruits must go.

The household watches with the closing day
The ruddy brightness of the Yule-log's glow.

Around the house the shouting wind doth sound,

Shaking the windows ere it speeds away;
The candle-lights, with rosy holly wound,

In dancing flicker shake the shadows gray,

Where nestling, much to pretty Prue's dismay,
There clings the waxen-berried mistletoe.

Shovel and tongs reflect in brass array
The ruddy brightness of the Yule-log's glow.

The children in the firelight cluster round,

Wide-eyed with tales of goblin, sprite and fay,
In whispers guess where Brownie may be found,

Or where the gnomes that feast on embers stay.

The great hall rings with pealing laughter gay,
At one who, raisin-greedy, snatched too slow.

On merry faces gleams in changing play
The ruddy brightness of the Yule-log's glow.

L'Envoi.

Lord of Misrule, command and we obey,

Thy empire ceases when the flames drop low,
And ashes dim to one, half-stifled ray,

The ruddy brightness of the Yule-log's glow.

W. S. Hastings.



Le Temps Change Tout.



AM very sorry that you are going Monday," said she.

"Do you think I am going with so light a heart, Duchesse?" I asked.

"Who will sail and ride with me after you have left Rochemaraïs?" she added.

"The Duc was once a Master of Hounds," I suggested.

"How different you are from de Coet and Gaston, and the other men we know. You will probably be a great man, some day."

The Duchesse de Rochemaraïs was kind enough to touch my hand with the tips of her fingers.

"Some day," I burst out, "I shall come back to Rochemaraïs to ask if my work has been good, if in always keeping before me the weeks I spent at Rochemaraïs, the inspiration which you—"

"My dear boy," interrupted the Duchesse, "I believe you are making love to me.

Gaston," she called across the terrace, "Billee is making love to me."

Gaston walked up to where we were standing.

"Monsieur Clark," he said to me, "Mademoiselle de Levis has run away from her tutor, and wants you to help her sail the 'Cesaro.'"

And then with Madame de Rochemaraix he joined de Schomberg, and I saw all three laughing over the Duchesse's version of my love-making.

* * * * *

"You are hardly more than a boy," remonstrated the Duchesse for the tenth time.

"I have never heard that the intensity of devotion varied in proportion to the age of the devotee," I answered.

"Poor Billee," she said compassionately, putting her hand in mine.

"If I were only your age, and you mine," I murmured.

"Time, Time, Time!" repeated the Duchesse.

"Though we cannot stop Time, we need not look at the clock—for a while," I retorted.

"Billee," began the Duchesse, and I felt her fingers tighten around mine—

"Children," Rochemaraïs called from the library, "it is seven o'clock. Look here, Billee," he added, coming into the room, "here's a letter from my sister, saying you've been engaged to a Miss Hastings for a month."

I said nothing.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, after a pause, "I didn't know that the Duchesse wasn't to hear about it!"

"My dear," he said, as we all sat down again, "you seem tired—"

"I am not as young as I used to be," answered the Duchesse. "Billee, if I were only your age and you mine!"

Medill McCormick.





The Children of the Sea.

OVER the breast of the heaving sea
They run, in the silent morn,
With hair that is trailing wantonly,
And teeth that are white in scorn.

The fisherman's boat in their arms they clasp—
But a lover uncouth is he,
And mocking and jeering they cruelly grasp
And drag him beneath the sea.

Then, when the sun is afame in the west,
They creep to the gray-browed shore,
And there all the night they moan, distressed,
And sob o'er a broken oar.

P. H. Hayes.





The Death-Seeker.

"De ce chaos montait pourtant comme un murmure, et c'étaient les voix des choses disparues que célébraient l'ineffable béatitude de ne plus exister."—*Edouard Rod*.

RESTLESS as the tossing sea, I wandered up and down, ever seeking.
Gold I sought and won, but its yellow clink did naught to stay my impetuous feet.
Then Love took possession of me—the swift, rushing love of a youth for a woman like a lily; and Love did not leave me, but merged subtly into the deep changeless love of the pool for the violet on its brink.
Yet, though Love dwelt with me always, I still went seeking blindly, inevitably.
An hour ago I overtook upon the broad way a slender girl who travelled musingly, and ever and anon would stop to pluck some bright-hued blossom by the road-side.
At my coming, she turned, and her face was fairer than any mortal woman's, and I knew that she was Death.
She smiled frankly, and held out her hand to me, and it lay cool within my feverish palm.
A rush of content overwhelmed me at that cool contact, and I knew my Quest was at an end.
"Then thou hast come, my dear one," she said wistfully.
"Yes, I have come," I answered: "all my life I have sought thee without knowing thee, and now I know thee to be Death, and I wish never to leave thee."

‘Thou knowest me, and art not afraid? Thou art willing to leave the frail joys and puissant suffering that have such charm for men? Then thou wilt come with me?’

This she said slowly, softly, and there was no menace in those limpid eyes.

“Whither would’st thou lead me?” I questioned unafraid.

And she answered, “To a fair place I know of — to the garden of Not-to-be, where thou shalt know with me the eternal joys of oblivion.”

Filled with a soft calm, I murmured after her, “Not-to-be . . . eternal . . . oblivion. . . . Yes, I will go . . . will meet thee here within the hour.”

* * * * *

That was an hour ago; and impatient as a lover, I go to keep my tryst.

Charles Philip Wagner.





Song.

THERE'S not a star in the sky,
Nor light upon the lea,
Nor faintest zephyr floating by
But draws its life from thee—
From thee ! the star of my dreams,
From thee ! the light of my way,
Thou guardian of that Paradise
Where in prescient bliss I stray.

And in some holy hour
When kindred souls may be
Communing with electric power,
Art thou not then with me ?
Dreaming o'er all our love,
Weeping o'er all our pain,
Praying that in some sphere above
We two may meet again ?

F. P. Adams.





The Man of the Ages.

IN an attic far up under the roof of one of the dirtiest tenements of New York, sat the "Man of the Ages." His dwarfed, twisted body and indescribably loathsome face were strangely at variance with his imposing name. He indeed it was who had given himself the name, and he rejoiced as he thought that he, and he alone, held in his hand the secrets of Life and Death, of Hatred and Love, the secret of the Zama.

Evening was coming on apace. Shadows fell across the garret, and enveloped one by one the dirty chairs and low cot in their embrace. The sun was setting. The man moved, and sat facing it. The soft glowing light fell upon his face, and showed the myriad wrinkles of his wizened countenance. His ugly body was twisted into hideous outlines as he sat there. His huge eyes gleamed and glistened as the light of the sunset fell upon them. He

hated the light, for it was fair and beautiful, and mocked him in his ugliness. He cursed it, and shook his gnarled fist at it. Of a sudden he stopped. His uncouth form straightened a little. His eyes flashed. He breathed deeply, and every vein in his face and neck stood out as witness of tightly drawn muscles. A sinister smile crossed his face, and between clenched teeth he hissed, "It is time! The Zama! the Zama!"

The man struck the arm of his chair, and called out, "Hugo!" A miserable, puny lad, of some ten years, crept whining to his side and lay grovelling at his feet. The Man of the Ages kicked him and shrieked, "The Zama! The Zama! Fool!" The boy crept away, and brought to him a skull. Mortal terror was in his eyes as he held it, and approached, all trembling, the loathsome creature, the guardian of the secrets of Life and Death. That one took the skull and fondled it lovingly. The boy, fascinated, stood looking on. Heeding nothing, the dwarf fingered the skull, and mumbled to it and to himself. Then he noticed the child beside him. "Why stand there gaping, Devil's brat!" he shrieked in fury; and, leaping from his chair, he seized the lad by the throat, threw him upon the floor, and beat him until the floor was bloody and the child had ceased to moan.

Again climbing into his chair, he took up the skull. "Zama! Zama!" he mumbled, "Joy of Earth, Forgetfulness, who would not gladly worship thee!" A gruesome smile played across his features, and, turning the skull about, he gazed straight into the eyeless sockets. His body quivered, his head sank back, his eyes gleamed, he turned the skull once round.

The room faded away; light took the place of darkness; he seemed to hang in mid-air. Again he turned it: the light increased; he grew in stature; his wizened face grew smooth; his eyes took again the freshness of youth; he was beautiful. Round went the skull again: marble pillars surrounded him, the smell of burning incense floated upon the calm air; he was preparing for the sacrifice. To-day all Egypt was to see the great sacrifice of Nonis. The fairest woman of Egypt was, to-day, to give her life to the god. His love, his life, Zama, the fair, the beautiful, was to die. Even now she was coming, all bedecked with flowers, as a bride for her husband. To kill her was *his* task. His love revolted at the thought, but the pride of his high office conquered even love. Now the Edict of Nonis was being read: "Let him beware who thinks of or loves aught but Nonis on this day!" "Let him

beware! Let him beware!" moaned the multitude. The maiden's head was upon the block: he stepped down from the altar, seized the sacrificial axe,—hesitated. He thought of love, of Zama, the maiden now before him whom he worshipped. He thought, and with the cry of "Let him beware!" ringing in his ears, he struck. He heard the crash of thunder, the rush of waters, and all was dark. From the heavens came an awful voice: "O man! you who thought of love and Zama, and not of Nonis, hearken! On through the ages shall you live, loveless and unloved, growing more hideous as the centuries sweep by. And ever at the sight of the emblem of Death shall you live, again, this day, and work, again, this crime, until another whom you hate, and who lies beneath your hand, as helpless as did this maiden Zama, shall fall, as did she, at your merciless hand. When this shall come to pass, then die!"

* * * * *

The early morning light streamed in the garret window, and fell upon the cold corpse of a hideous creature, at whose feet lay the mutilated body of a child.

A. Nicoll.



HE Critic pushed a neatly written page across the table, and leaned back in his chair despondently. "Try that," he remarked.

"I read it before you came in," said the Autocrat. "Nothing remarkable about it, is there? Scans right, and all that sort of thing?"

"Yes," said the Critic, witheringly, "it 'scans right, and all that sort of thing.' Also the rhymes are tolerably correct. It simply struck me as being very characteristic of the age, that's all."

"What—" began the Wag tentatively. The Wag always wears a hunted look when about to perpetrate his worst offenses, probably acquired from the necessity of dodging bulky missiles at short range.

"Head him off," signalled the Autocrat. The Silent Member did so, with a pre-occu-

pied air that showed his thoughts were elsewhere. "I suppose you mean," he observed, "that the realism of the day has reacted on literature, and robbed it of romance and spontaneity?"

"The two are inseparable," said the Autocrat, approvingly. "And having outgrown the first, we must be content to forfeit the second."

"Modern inventions have much to answer for," suggested the Critic. "Imagine Ben Jonson at a typewriter, spelling out "Drink to me only with thine eyes!"

"Some typewriters furnish one with genuine inspir—" interposed the Wag, as he managed to elude for a moment the vigilance of the Silent Member.

"Take William Watson, for instance, as typical of the new order of things," continued the Critic. "Exquisite workmanship, keen, critical insight: but when it comes to first-hand lyric gush, what is there? Simply a faint 'harking back' to the Elizabethans, as in —"

"April!" shouted the Wag.

"How did you know?" asked the Critic, in surprise.

"Oh, I know something about those people," responded the Wag, modestly. "I read just enough of them to be able to talk intelligently about them."

"Really?" queried the Autocrat, sarcastically. "Now I would have thought—"

"How about this contribution?" interposed the Silent Member, who has peaceful proclivities.

"Mark it save, and lay it aside for next time," directed the Autocrat.

Which was obviously the easiest solution of the problem.

H. C. R.





From our Exchanges we clip the following :

GOD'S LIBRARY.

Our souls are riddles, even to ourselves,
And to each other they are volumes closed,
Which may, indeed, be lifted from the shelves,
But turning o'er the leaves there is exposed
The unknown tongue of some undreamed of land,
And could we read, we would not understand.

We only know that some in red and gold,
And some in faded, sombre shades are bound,
And what perchance a tattered page may hold,
Or what may be in brighter bindings found
Is lost to our untutored eyes that see
The senseless blot so much more easily.

And if in heedless search there may appear
Some hidden book which lingers in the hand,
And gazing long, it seems at last that here
May rest the words the heart can understand,
We partly guess and so spell out with care
Some lines of all that God hath written there.

—Cornell Era.

The Palatial Palm ^{and} the Financial Fungus



STATELY Palm Tree once grew near to the borders of a Desert. Being the first Tree to cast a grateful Shade, it attained great Popularity, and was soon surrounded by Grass and Travelers.

Before long an Ambitious Fungus that looked like a Mushroom appeared.

"You are not the only Calendar," it said to the Palm, "even if you do have Dates. Just Keep an Eye on Me, and you'll see Me do the Shady Role."

Presently there came a Weary Wanderer, hungry and footsore, who was beguiled by the soft Blond Tints of the Fungus, and fain would believe it a Mushroom. He never even raised his eyes to the Fruit of the lofty Palm, but ate of the alluring Plant that had grown to its fulness in a night, and forthwith he went his way.

Before he reached his home he was Ill, and the last sad rites were the celebration of the Wanderer's return. No flowers.

In other words, skim milk is not cream, nor is anything gained by trusting to those tinsel institutions which hope to make up for the lack of old experience and long-tested worth by gaudily printed promises. They may seem to mean ever so well: mere good intentions have never paved the road to lasting success. Intrust your savings to some such company as The Mutual Life of New York—that great association of wise management with high executive and financial ability which can show so brilliant a past record,—the palm which has so long sheltered the wayfarer beneath its branches, sending him along his way strengthened and helped towards the attainment of his journey's Goal.

MATINS.

O Holy Father, ere the touch of dawn
With earliest light-line color the dark sky,
And while serene and high
The stars along their solemn course are drawn,
Receive my worship as thou passest by.

Father of Life, the shadowy woodland throng,
Tall elms, broad beeches, slender poplars raise
Their leafy army in praise
To thee, all silent save when stirred to song
As o'er them breath of earliest morning plays.

Father of Light, the nodding flowers of earth
Wait but the quickening grace of dawn's first ray
To lift their eyes and pray
To thee—send out thy light, and in the birth
Of morn my soul with theirs shall greet the day.

Father of all things, in the silent space
Before the trembling curtains of the morn
Open to the day new-born,
Grant me to worship bowed before thy face
With all which thy creation doth adorn.

—*The Unit.*

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A SEA SONG.

He in whose ear the sea-shell sings
Far from the sea,

Must hearken to all other things
Unheedingly.

For, though to bar him from his own
Stretch plain and hill,
The patient ocean's undertone
Calls to him still.

He who hath seen the sullen surf
Swing shoreward slow,
Quick foam above, and tangled coils
Of kelp below,
Hath for his comfort, though he be
Far leagues inland,
The pounding, curling, pounding sea.
The beaten sand.

—*Williams Literary Magazine.*
H. C. R.

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Messrs. Tiffany & Co. are now prepared to send a copy of the '99 edition of their "*Blue Book*" to any address without charge.

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New York.



The Yale Courant

Founded in 1865

Vol. XXXV

Jan. 28, 1899

No. 7

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THE YALE COURANT is published Saturday of every other week, at New Haven, Conn., by the students of Yale University. Subscription price two dollars per annum. Single copy fifteen cents. Contributions must be left in the box in the first entrance of White by 6:30 p. m. on Tuesday of the week preceding publication. THE COURANT is on sale at the principal news-stands in New Haven.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office of New Haven, Conn.

Ananias and Another.



WOMBLY was really little better than a liar, but then it meant a week's enjoyment for him at that verdant but very sleepy little island called Manono; and the stronghold of Mataafa is after all a long way from San Francisco, and she would never hear of it. And so while the canoes paddled to and fro with fresh things for the kitchen, Twombley entertained Miss Morrison on the deck of the *Pana*.

A SEA SONG.

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water and the fishes with bills like parrots, that hovered in the shadow of the boat, and absent-mindedly counted the links of the great anchor chain, down twenty feet into the twilight of deeper water. The faces in the launch were indistinct against the white beach, which sloped gradually up some distance and then vanished in the vivid green of the great lava-stained mountains. The lie was bothering him some, and he didn't feel quite so manly as he did when he handed Miss Morrison up the ladder an hour ago.

Then he had a table brought up under the awning, and spent the time in writing a long letter, which the steamer should take next day to the little golden-head.

The band played well that night; and of course there was a moon: one that showed the trees plainly miles up the shore; and of course there were correspondingly black shadows. But Twombley was no novice. He knew that the tide would turn at a certain time during the evening; and also, being musical, he had arranged with the band that a certain piece should be played soon after the boat had swung around.

"Have you ever looked through a piece at the moon?" he ventured, after they had sat some time among the rest.

Of course Miss Morrison was only too glad. She glanced at the side of the ship, and saw that it was brilliant with moonlight, and in full view of the rest. Of course there was nothing improper, and the band could be heard just as well there.

So Twombly swung back the breach, and, after a moment's adjusting, said, "Try that."

Miss Morrison squinted painfully at first, and then was enthusiastic. They joked about the Watervliet people making telescopes out of such heavy material, and then Miss Morrison began showing him the strange constellations with which she had become familiar since her father had been consul.

"And, oh! I love the people so," she said, as they seated themselves in a couple of canvas chairs (previously arranged by Twombly), "and the babies are so dark and chubby."

She leaned forward, her hands clasped on her knees. The moonlight glistened in her eyes. A small shadow appeared close up to the barbette. The tide had commenced to run out.

"You seem to love everyone," said Twombly, with his face averted. "Did you never hate anyone?"

The shadow crept closer.

The girl was silent a moment, as if thinking, and then she said slowly: "N-no, not that I can remember. Though—"

"Yes?" said Twombly, encouragingly.

The girl went on in a tone almost devoid of expression, looking straight before her.

"A girl may care for a man dreadfully—yes, love him, and the man may do something despicable because he thinks she doesn't know."

Twombly thought of Capson's rather loose ways, and hated him.

"Girls often know things when men think they don't. If she should find it out she would be wounded to the heart. But she wouldn't hate him. No, it would be—well, not exactly hate—"

The ship had turned, and they were hidden from each other in the blackness.

The band had swung into that plaintive, dreamy love-song of the natives: "Oh! child of the white, white moon!"

The hand that Twombly reached toward hers was trembling terribly, and something made his voice sound all strange and choked as he began:

"But, suppose—"

"But," she interrupted, "suppose there was another man, good and brave towards women; and suppose—oh, Mr. Twombly! suppose I were to tell you that I am no

longer engaged to Mr. Capson!" and the head was buried in two little hands.

In a flash Twombley saw the little golden head away across the seas, and remembered.

"I—I should be awfully sorry," he managed to blurt out; and then the "tweep-tweep" of paddles told them the canoes were coming to take home the visitors.

* * * * *

A tiny speck, a black smudge of smoke away on the horizon, showed the *Pana* hurrying off to sea.

"Well, did you find out?" said Lieutenant Capson to Miss Morrison, as they sat on the cool verandah of the consulate.

"Yes; of course he's engaged," she answered, blushing.

"How did you find it out?" he said, and looked at her.

A voice from the depths of his coat sleeve answered, "Oh, don't ask me."

And so Twombley sailed away, pitying the girl, the memory of the lie rankling in his bosom.

Charles Edward Hay, Jr.





Ten Bottles of Chambertin.

The Captain "told us . . . a certain story about a monk, a trumpeter, and five bottles of Chambertin."
—*Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*.



WET, rising wind rasped forebodingly in the trees, and, like a winter wind, sang as it circled the corners. Low on the horizon a few scattered stars waxed and waned through the chalky mists that faded athwart them. When at midnight the moon broke through a lowering, blotted sky, it shone upon deserted streets. The ranks of dwelling houses stood dark and secret, as if tenantless; and in the taverns, where knots of bluff cavaliers bravely strove to keep the night alive, a sense of imminent things which some understood and others but vaguely dreaded, kept the glasses on the board. Yet, despite the blank of visible motion, a clandestine activity made itself known. For the dulled ring of steel on steel

echoed from the dingy houses, and a tense volume of indiscriminate, restlessly disturbing sounds throbbed and whispered above the false tranquility. The night was the night of August the twenty-third—St. Bartholomew's Eve—in the year of grace fifteen hundred and seventy-two. Paris lay crouched for the deathly spring that was to crush a myriad of her citizens,—conclusive proof of the error of their faith.

At two in the morning the signal would be given.

In a smug hostelry that catered to a parched faubourg, a little band of gallants made merrier as the night wore on. In the cavernous fire-place a snapping blaze shot roaring up the chimney as merrily as though the time were steel mid-winter. At a large table in the center of the room, with oaths of pleasure and disgust, some six or seven battered troopers played their cards and drank the recent toast. The air was drunk with fumes from the cups that flanked the table, and before more than one pair of eyes danced a reeling medley of giant shadows, forking flames, and plump-armed, brunette hostesses. At a smaller board a monk sat in conversation with a trumpeter. Of the gamblers these two took small notice, and they were in turn overlooked.

The monk had thrown back his cowl, revealing a massive neck and bullet head, around which ran a fringe of grizzled hair. Over the low forehead and leering face crept a thread-like plexus of blue, congested veins. Unable to accommodate his legs under the table, he had placed his bulk parallel to it, and lay much more than sat in the straining chair. His opposite was a pale stripling of twenty-odd years, with a fair, clear-cut face and bravely placid forehead, over which fell a tumult of yellow hair.

"My friend, you must know," the monk went on to say, "is a coward and a countryman. So when the rascal came to him and asked a passport, not liking to take upon himself the weight of the rogue's death, he gave him one. And a mighty fine passport it was! Listen!"

And he began fumbling about in the thick folds of his gown. After a minute's search, during which his face grew so red that it seemed as if the blood must necessarily break out, he produced a begrimed and crumpled scrap, from which he began to read; smiling all the time, and once winking at the trumpeter:

"To him who reads: The bearer of this is a heretic. His pretences and appointments are a rank disguise. He is believed to be at the

head of an ungodly and damnable plot to overthrow the pillars of the true faith. He who writes is (for most just reasons)," and it was here that the monk winked, "unable to remove this stumbling block from the road of right. May the reader be more fortunate!"

"Good! Well, just one hour and fifteen minutes after I read that, the Stumbling-block was dangling one ear up and one ear down,—listening for heaven and hearing hell. And this is the identical hemp." And he began playing at cup-and-ball with the knot of his waistcord and the hollow of his hand. "My friend," he resumed, "is a coward, but—it was a pretty stratagem, hein?"

But the trumpeter was watching him with eyes that ill-concealed the anger burning behind them.

"So?" exclaimed the monk. Suddenly facing the table and planting both elbows upon it with a force that sent a glass to the floor, he leaned towards the trumpeter, saying as he did so: "And your little tale of love! You had better this night have been weeping your farewells, instead of babbling to me by the hour about your little girl. A heretic, and in love! Five bottles of Chambertin that you never see her again!"

At the crash of glass, the card-players had desisted a moment, to scan the head-to-head at the other table. They saw the anger fade from the trumpeter's face, contempt assume its place, and finally they saw the face again placid.

"A man who shoots straight," said one.

"But one who seldom shoots," added another.

"Good!" the trumpeter had said in the meantime, "but make it a fortnight. Five bottles we are married in that time!" And he called the hostess, into whose hands they gave money for ten bottles of Chambertin; the winner's share to be returned.

And now a strange silence, broken only by the crunch of settling embers and the setting down of tankards, with now and then a half-voiced word, came over the room. For at the card-table the game had begun to weary, and at the smaller board the monk had fallen into deep thought. A drizzling, mist-like rain was falling without; and the sound of its patter on the roof, the trumpeter noticed with a smile at the unruliness of his thoughts, resembled the crackling of the fire.

The monk arose, and stood motionless,—as if listening for distant noises. The trumpeter heard nothing. It now lacked but little of two o'clock. The monk shook

himself, as if conquering a dream, looked doubtfully from the trumpeter to the troopers, and then moved slowly across the room. The man into whose ear he whispered a few hasty words, turned in his chair and looked searchingly at the trumpeter. He found his glance steadily returned, but noted an involuntary movement of the trumpeter's hand towards his sword hilt. At this he smiled brightly, and rising with some difficulty, approached the trumpeter. In the passage he wavered somewhat in his steps, but his eyes were clear and steady.

"Your friend," he observed to the trumpeter, who had risen hand-on-hilt to meet him, "has done me the doubtful honor of taking me into his confidence. He disagrees with what you consider your duty to God and the church, and—all the rest of it. In other words, he states the melancholy fact that you are a heretic, inviting me to kill you. Considering the time and the situation, I feel it my duty to do so,—though regretting the source of the information. Being somewhat merry, I offer you fair fight and assurance of safety (which you will scarcely need), for the next succeeding days (about which, *if you live*, I will tell you a secret). As a Captain—"

But the trumpeter's sword was already out, and the first passes were over the

table, until they swung by degrees into a fair space. The Captain's arm was much the heavier; but, the trumpeter showing a power of easy skill, the passage bade fair to be a good one. The hostess, hearing the ring of the steel, ran in from the kitchen; and then, displaying her femininity, stood at the threshold with her hands over her face, ever and anon peering affrightedly through the interstices of her fingers. And while the Captain and trumpeter had it back and forward and about, the others sat tensely and silently watching. But with each lunge of the Captain's sword the monk swayed forward, as though the hilt were in his own hand. Then in a shorter time than the telling, came the end. For the trumpeter, with a hurried parry and a swift return, laid open the Captain's arm.

While the hostess ran for lint, and the troopers stood chattering around the Captain, the trumpeter leaned breathless against the wall, with the mist of the fighting still on him.

Suddenly he roused himself, and cried, pointing to the monk, who from his corner lowered on the group: "Search the monk! Read what you find."

And after a broken pate or two, they found and read the letter. And though the monk stormed as he might, he failed to

explain it away. For the Captain was inflamed with the defeat and with the wound; and the others, heated with wine and aching from the generous, lusty blows the monk had dealt about, would not listen.

* * * * *

"In the street it will attract small notice," said the Captain; "carry it out there. He will have companions before morning." And the waistcord of his gown dangled from his neck as they carried him out.

The clock struck once and once again as the tenth bottle of Chambertin rolled empty across the table.

Samuel G. Camp.



The Still Hunt.

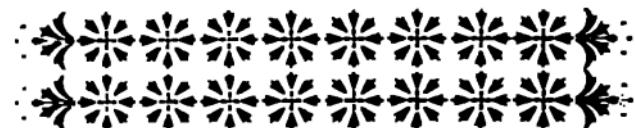
SING HO, my lads, for the queen of craft,
A lithesome birch canoe,
With her sides so thin, each puff of wind
Will thrill her through and through.
And ho, my boys, for the bending blade
Of a paddle, straight and true,
As we swiftly glide o'er the mirror tide
Of the deep and glistening blue.

Sing ho, my lads, for the huntsman's pride,
A gun of hardened steel,
With a mouth as cold as the deepmost hold
By a Spanish galleon's keel.
And ho, my lads, for the leaden tongue
That darts, swift pain to deal,
Midst a burning breath of hell's own death,
And a burst of thunder's peal.

Sing ho, my lads, for the antlered stag
That rears his royal head,
And, scouting harm, in wild alarm
Bounds for his forest bed.
And ho, for the singing ball, my lads,
That spills his life-blood red,
Till staring eyes turned to the skies
Proclaim the monarch dead.

Sing ho, my lads, for the hearth-fire's blaze,
And the roaring winds that blow;
For the cups we drain to the glad refrain
Of a rollicking song or so.
And ho, my lads, for the toasts we drink,
To the joys that hunters know,
— Thro' lake, o'er crag, to hunt the stag,
Sing ho, my lads, sing ho!

E. L. Fox.



The Augury of the Birds.



T was the day before the Country Club held its gun shoot. Forker and Miss Laurence were shooting for practice,—at least Miss Laurence was. Forker was shooting because she was.

“That was my last shot,” she said regretfully, as she threw away the shell and blew the smoke out of the gun-barrel.

“But your bag is nearly full of shells!” he protested.

She took one out, cut it open, and showed it to him.

“You see there are four wads, but no shot in these shells.”

He looked puzzled.

“It was an idea of father’s,” she explained; “he was afraid I would shoot somebody while I was learning, so he contrived these shells, and put in the four wads so they would kick as much as if they contained shot.”

"Very ingenious!" he said admiringly.
"Won't you try some of mine?"

"My shoulder is beginning to get sore," she pleaded; "besides, I would rather watch you shoot."

He acknowledged the compliment by bringing down the next six birds handsomely.

"It is rather awkward for you to mark score, and load, too; won't you let me load for you?" she requested.

He handed over his gun and cartridge belt. She loaded deftly, and he always found his gun ready, when he turned around after marking the scores.

"Do you believe in the 'Auguries of the Birds?'" she inquired, as she blew the smoke out of the gun.

"Auguries?" he echoed.

"Do you mean to say you never heard of auguries?" she asked. "Romulus and Remus consulted them about founding Rome, you know. Besides, it is the only sure way to find out whom you are going to marry."

"But I don't need any 'auguries' to tell me whom I want to marry," he protested.

"One doesn't always marry the person one wants to," she remarked provokingly.

• He hesitated.

"It is very simple," she urged; "I name a girl, and you shoot at a pigeon. If you kill the pigeon the girl is to be your wife."

"Suppose I miss them all?"

"Then you will be a bachelor."

He agreed to try it.

"The first will be Anne Lawton!" she announced.

He groaned.

The pigeon flew away unscathed.

"Next is Fanny Ames!"

"She squints," he objected; "besides—"

Another pigeon flew across the fields.

"This is Laura Falkney; now be careful!" she admonished, as she handed him the gun.

"But," he protested, that was before I met—"

He heaved a sigh of relief as the third pigeon flew off.

"This is the last pigeon, Mr. Forker!" the boy called out, as he put it in the trap.

"Can't this one be you?" he requested.

"I would rather not," she said, demurely dropping her eyes.

"But you proposed it!" he urged reproachfully.

"Oh! very well, then, since it was my idea," she said, blushing, as she loaded the gun.

The pigeon arose from the trap. He shot. The dog brought the pigeon and laid it at Forker's feet.

* * * * *

It was on their wedding trip that he told her he deliberately missed all but the last bird.

"Do you remember my shells?" she asked.

"With the four wads and no shot?" he inquired laughingly.

"And do you also remember that I loaded your gun?"

He nodded.

"Well, Jack, the last shell was the only one that contained shot."

Thomas Watson.





Rondeau.

WHEN twilight comes, the shadows fall
In forest glade 'neath tree-tops tall,
And struggling moonbeam's mystic glow
In silvery sheen is spread below;
A glistening robe is laid o'er all.

The thrush hath hushed his madrigal,
No more we hear his blithesome call;
The gloomy owl is hooting low,
When twilight comes.

Each blooming bud and flow'ret small
Yields to the night-queen's powerful thrall;
And where the earliest roses blow,
'Tis there the pixies dance, I trow;
'Tis there they hold high carnival
When twilight comes.

E. B. Hill.





art, of whatever nature, is a kind mistress ;
igh these dreams of youth fall by their
lessness, others succeed, grave and more
ial ; the symptoms change, the amiable
endues ; and still, at an equal distance,
ise Beautiful shines upon its hill-top."

—Stevenson.



T is told of an artist, since
become famous, that, on hav-
ing his first drawing accepted
and receiving payment there-
for, he set himself this prob-
low much, from henceforth, will be
ome? To which problem he made
suer: This drawing having con-
one hour in execution, there being
aking hours in my day, and, say,
undred working days in my year,
re will the sum of my income be ten-
ied into three hundred, multiplied
e amount of this check. But, the
ler continues, it was many, many
: before the artist had his second

drawing accepted, or received payment therefor.

Thus far the story is nothing but commonplace. It is, and solely, the subsequent success that lends the element of the unusual. Who is there among us who has striven in undergraduate literature, fondly imagining it to be art, who has not suffered experience similar to that earlier one of this now-crowned artist? Who is there among such, who, on that day when he first saw himself in print, or, for cold type is destructive often of illusions, on that when he knew that he should so see himself; who is there whose ambitions did not then mount high, who did not then in his inmost soul dream even of a world fame? And if he went not to the point of casting up in dollars and in cents the assured return, was it not only because he lacked the third multiplicand — the check in hand?

Gradually has come, or is yet coming, an awakening from these dreams, save perhaps to one or two from the many who may happily be destined to realize them in a measure pitifully small, yet in a measure. Let these be envied! But for those of us who never will realize these dreams in any degree whatever, who never will have the third multiplicand — the check in hand — of what use will these literary efforts be

to them? To say that we shall have increased powers of appreciation, is to say what is perhaps true, but insufficient. In a period essentially formative we have gone far toward the formation of a literary habit. But why go on? Is there no point of view other than the utilitarian? Have not the happy hours which we have passed within the House Beautiful, through means of day-dreams and others, been reward and justification sufficient in themselves? And though the House Beautiful may not be quite what it has been in the past, though it may grow less of a lofty, airy structure, and more prosaic, will it not still "shine upon its hill-top"?

R. H.



Yale Verse. Compiled by Chas. Edmund Merrill, Jr. Maynard, Merrill & Co.—College verse needs no apology for its existence. Undergraduate life is peculiarly fitted to foster its production; the result, though unpretentious, may fairly claim a more distinctive place in college literature than either essay or story, because as a rule it is more unconventional and less labored.

It is with great pleasure that we announce the publication of a selection of Yale verse, compiled by C. E. Merrill, '98. This little

volume comprises the best verse that has appeared in Yale periodicals during the last decade. Its aim is to do for Yale verse what *Cap and Gown* and other series have done for college verse in general: to rescue from forgetfulness that portion of it which deserves the effort. It has a peculiar claim upon the consideration of Yale men, not only for its intrinsic merit, but because of its thoroughly representative quality. We find Yale verse just what we might expect it: sturdy, robust and virile, with a slight tendency toward Philistinism, but evincing oftener an honest appreciation of the artistic, and a very genuine desire to reach it. With what measure of success this effort is crowned is a matter for outside critics to determine; Yale need not fear, however, to submit this selection to a comparison with the better class of magazine poetry. The amatory verse, of which we note a deficiency, has a ring of sincerity, and is occasionally graced with a touch of true lyric fire. Of the nature poetry we cannot say as much; it does not give evidence of enough first-hand observation and criticism. Decidedly the best thing in the book is "Horace at New Haven," the local color of which is very enjoyable.

It is a matter for regret that the editor has seen fit to confine the choice from his

n work to two or three selections. A
uch large number would have been no
lation of good taste, and would have
terially raised the already high standard
the book. Apart from this criticism, we
re only to express our appreciation of the
alty to Yale which prompted his under-
ing and carried it through to so success-
a conclusion.

H. C. R.



The Dancing Rabbit.



HE RABBIT danced and the Owl looked on.

"Wonderful," said the Owl. "graceful," added the Tortoise. "the same he better spend a little learning to run," advised the who knew a thing or two. And the Deer "Here, here!" But the Rabbit continued to tain nightly.

During one of their rare intervals of friend the Fox repeated his advice. "But I'd ha train," objected the Rabbit. "Yes, and diet : too," said the Fox. "And give up some of my times?" queried the Rabbit. "Surely; but be safer, and therefore happier in your m answered the Fox. "I tell you it would pay."

The Rabbit, however, knew as little abou verb. sap. as he did about running, and conti to practice new steps and dream of encores.

All this was well enough till November. strangers suddenly arrived—Hounds and Men Guns. The Rabbit had not been able to join i general exodus of his friends, and would have left alone on his little stage but for the unwe audience,—and the approval in their barks sou selfish and shivery. "I can dance," he fa suggested. "But you can't run," yelped the who cleared the footlights. And that dance e in a heavy tragedy.

Many a man who is a bit of a rabbit his giving pleasure to his friends and finding i delightful stage on which to dance, forgets he learn to run. He trusts to all sorts of things continuance of his success, and ignores the one t that would make him safe, "and therefore," a Fox put it, "happier in his mind." Life Insu surely means training and dieting of a certain and giving up a few good times, too; for not so superlatively good can be had for nothing. these sacrifices are a thousand times repaid! V the November draws on and the Hounds of A sity and Sickness begin to howl near at hand, a life insurance offers a sure escape. Learn to buy from the Mutual Life of New York the sa that will carry you out of the reach of N d-time enemies.

THE NEW YEAR.

Once more ring out, ye deep-voiced bells,
The dial of the year clock tells
Another hour; and now behold
A long-forgotten time-piece old
Threatens with solemn tones anew
To sound, and claims the common view.
The pendulum, each ponderous swing
Becomes once more a noted thing.
Strip not the mistletoe nor holly,
Strip not the trappings of the tree,
Away with brooding melancholy,
And all the cares that trouble thee;
Think not thoughts of the coming time,
The panes are thick with figured rime,
The Christmas snow lies smoothly tight,
And sparkles in the wintry light;
Come, to the mitten, horse the sleigh,
We'll make of it a merry day!
With mingled bell, with shout and cry,
Swift through the silent scene to fly,
Till day's great orb sink slow to rest,
Well buried in the purple West.
Then by the gormand fire full fed,
First thawing ears and noses red,
Meanwhile with laughter loud and long,
Or with the snatches of a song,
The nimble-footed minutes pass:
Stir the bowl and clink the glass.
With mirth and music, song and cheer,
We'll greet the pealing of the year.

—*Red and Blue.*

UDALL & BALLOU,
• SILVERSMITHS •

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• • •

We furnish Silver Cotillon Favors.

AN OLD BOOK.

How satin-smooth, and soft and warm it seems—
This relic of a half-remembered age—
To touch; and every firm, cream-yellowed page
Would kindly yield the wealth with which it teems.
Some good quaint wit, perhaps, would pour its beams
In genial glow; or precious lore of sage
For which a life's full force might well engage;
Or, better, some sweet far forgotten dreams.
What hand has taught these leaves to lie outspread—
What long accustomed touch at last subdued
The Afric leather's prodigal-bold glow?
As one who steps with wonder-softened tread
On some infrequent spot that seems endued
With mem'ries, thus I wonder and would know.

—*Williams Literary Monthly.*

H. C. R.

TIFFANY "BLUE BOOK"

Messrs. Tiffany & Co. are now prepared to send a copy of the '99 edition of their "*Blue Book*" to any address without charge.

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Tiffany & Co.

Union Square
New York.



The Yale Courant

Founded in 1865

Vol. XXXV

Feb. 11, 1899

No. 8

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THE YALE COURANT is published Saturday of every other week, at New Haven, Conn., by the students of Yale University. Subscription price two dollars per annum. Single copy fifteen cents. Contributions must be left in the box in the first entrance of White by 6:30 p. m. on Tuesday of the week preceding publication. THE COURANT is on sale at the principal news-stands in New Haven.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office of New Haven, Conn.

At the Gates of Happiness

"Something survives that scorns corruption's bands,
Something that worked thro' us its high commands;
There is a spirit that moved behind the brain,
And somewhere there's a House not made with hands."

I.



HE great doctor stood in front of the broad, low window which opened out upon the fire-escape. Behind him was a small, bare room, a room rendered the more bare by the very attempts which had been made to beautify it. It was a hospital room, an endowed private ward in the great hospital.

Of late he had spent as much of his time as could be spared from his many duties elsewhere in the building, in this same room, gazing at the figure on the bed, or standing in front of the window, with his thoughts far away.

He heard the slight rustle of skirts behind him, and the click of the door as it was softly closed. He did not turn. It was probably the nurse. In another moment the door was opened and closed again.

There lay spread out before him a strange kind of country. Off to the left were long rows of houses, monotonous houses, a tiresome sameness in the multitude of windows and iron railings and stone balustrades. In front of him the country was open, stretching across carefully paved streets to the wide river and the heights beyond; and below him laborers were at work on the foundations of more monotonous houses.

Away to the right were the new buildings of a noble university. The graceful columns and rounded dome of its library were touched and lighted by the western sun, which crept in under the portico, drawing long shadows on the walls and windows, and seeming to seek the knowledge closed within. "But, pshaw! what a foolish notion! What can the sun want to

know? That great world that sees our beginnings, our beings, and our endings! What a childish thought!" And he half turned away.

Beyond the buildings of the university the sun gilded the dome of a wondrous tomb of a man who had said little but done much, and of whom the people thought a great deal. It seemed to be a promise, a light across the sea of mystery and of life, across the failures of men's cravings after knowledge and power, across the sufferings and sorrows of the multitudes who lived almost in its shadow; to the many souls lying in misery within the great white hospital, itself the work of man. And then the doctor thought of that other building, more beautiful and more grand, which in time would rise to complete and strengthen the gathering of college, hospital and tomb.

Then he became acutely conscious of the figure behind him; the figure on the bed, whose story he knew, and whose life and hope appealed so to him. Then it all faded away, and something brought back old memories, something insidious, intangible, overpowering, yet sweet and beautiful, something that had associations of years ago: years spent in a rollicking, happy childhood, in a beautiful garden open to

the blue sky and filled with flowers; flowers everywhere, all around against the tall red walls, hanging from the trees and vines and trellises, and in one corner a bower all covered. His mother was there, and he knew the rippling laugh and the smile of the very dearest thing on earth to him. Oh! the days spent there with her, and the hours of confidences the flowers and butterflies heard, in that time before his studies, before his long and seemingly endless application to his work, and before his sorrow. Whenever he had a vacation or a meagre chance he would come back to the garden, so lonely now, and sit in the same place, and the flowers and butterflies would do their best to make him forget his loss. On summer nights, when the moon-beams, spun cobweb-fine, as if drawn from a silver distaff, embroidered the garden, and the air came sweet and soft as those caresses he used to know, he would bow his head and murmur a prayer that he might have it in his power to make some one some day as happy as his mother had made that early life of his.

And the visions of those early days came stronger and stronger, and now he could catch the fragrance from that garden, the flowing, undulating fragrance, so thick and heavy, so overpowering, in its strength

and freshness, that he almost had to force his way through it. Then new memories,—and he knew now. He saw the bushes of them, and the arbors covered with them, and the wall decked out with their blossoms. The Roses: it was the perfume of a Rose.

He slowly turned from the window, as if reluctant to give up those precious memories of his early happy time. There was the room behind him, and all just as he knew it: but in the shadows stealing through the windows he saw more. Now on the table, in a tall glass, erect, proud, its petals just blown open, as with a fairy's breath, a single red rose. He looked toward the face on the bed: the face so pale and bloodless, within its surrounding of white, silvery hair, that it appeared almost a part of the pillow itself. The face that all had come to know and love so well, whose pictured expectancy touched all, and whose heart's desire and battle for love all knew. The eyes were open now, and gazing at the flower: eyes that had of late been open so seldom, and then only with a questioning, a mute longing, which could only be answered by a shake of the head.

He wondered if the rose brought back memories also to Mere Plancon, as she was known, scenes in dear old Provence, in

the days when Jean was young, and all the world looked bright.

For they all knew her story.

She was brought one day, after an accident. She had suffered much, and had been there long: but she could never be well again; from being a matter of weeks, it had become only a question of days, and now, only hours. Something was broken inside, the great doctor said, and it would not be for long.

From time to time, little by little, in bits of loving confidence, she had told them her whole story, and they had all grown to love her. But more than all, the great doctor, whose early life had been so full of love, and whose later life had been so desolate. The love that he had seen in Mother Plancon touched him, and drew them closer, and he thought of his own childish days. For the love of man to a maid is grand: but the desire of possession is the secret of its strength; and the love of woman to man ripples like the sea on the waves of its own emotion, crying, love, love me, ever.

But the mother love of a true woman for the son of her soul is stronger than the love of man, more tender than the love of woman, for it asks nothing in return: just gives, gives, gives. And the great doctor worshipped it in its perfect purity, and

prayed that Mother Plancon would live until Jean came.

But how little we know !

II.

Years before, in dear old France, in Provence, where the hills are rich and green, and the sky is blue and the fields are true,—ah ! the very memory of those fields!—they had lived. Father and Mother Plancon and three little ones: Jean, the youngest, then Jacques and Margot. How happy they were, how bright the fields looked, and how far off the evil day seemed ! They did not give it an instant's thought—then ! But it came. They could always recall that day, every detail of the scene. After a terrible drought in one July, there came a three days' drenching rain. When the desolate little family returned from the churchyard, the west wind had laid the thirsty poppies low, and scattered their scarlet leaves, like tears of blood, over the fields. The hay looked sodden, and drenched blue butterflies lay in the crevices of the wall. That night how black and cross the shadows were ! and there was no one big and strong who told them stories, or to kiss the mother's rosy cheeks and send them all laughing to bed.

In a few weeks they had sold their

things, and went to Nice, where there were some of Mother Plancon's relatives; and here, after the great shadow had passed, they lived and were happy. Then Jacques fell in love with a maid from Brittany, and marrying her, went away. It was a sad day, but not an evil one.

Jean now was a big fellow; and Margot, well, she was the despair of every fellow for miles around; until one day there came a big, fine Hussar, in a light blue uniform with silver braid, who quite won Margot with it all, and before long he carried her off. And this was the second sad day.

Then the clouds began to come. The big, grand soldier was not a good husband, and poor Margot's letters home were quite pitiful. It went from bad to worse. When Margot was last at home they hardly knew her. Oh! what a brute he was, that fine fellow in the silver and blue! Then she went away again. In a short time the letters ceased, and people said it was a broken heart. How much people know sometimes!

And this was the second evil day.

Already Mother Plancon and Jean had talked of going away. But at the end of every talk she would say: "But there is Jacques;" and they staid. He had become a sailor. He had always loved the sea,

and when he went to Brittany his hopes were satisfied. He had not been home since his marriage; but how much interest the mother and brother took in his letters, and in all the news about his ship in the papers!

One day Jean brought home a paper. They read it together. The good ship "Vivette" was long, long past due; two of her overturned boats had been picked up on the western coast, and she was given over to the great angry sea for lost.

That was the third evil day.

After this it was long before the cloud passed from over the little home: and when things seemed brighter, the world looked cleaner, and the birds sang less out of tune, Jean suggested that they leave the land that had proved so false to them, and try that land of promise, the great America of which they had heard.

At length they decided to go. Through the leave-taking and the journey, Mother Plancon became more and more dependent upon Jean. What a fine fellow he was, and how well he had managed everything! They grew closer and dearer to each other during the trip, every day strengthening the loving bonds which already held them so closely.

The smiles played often around Mother

Plancon's mouth, and her eyes sparkled in the way they used to do when they had fascinated Jacques Plancon in the days of long ago in dear Provence.

Then at last America and New York became a reality. They found a little home, and things looked bright again: for they had each other; and what was the world, after all?

A year or two passed. Jean had a good position with a steel construction company over on the east side, and was advancing fast. He was a skilled mechanic, and by steady and careful work was winning the confidence of his employers. Already he had been entrusted with the partial supervision of some construction work, and had acquitted himself creditably. Each time had taken him away for a few days, and his return was looked for most eagerly by the little mother, who lived for him, and whose only joy he was. The evil days and the shadows which once had hung so heavily for them were very far away now. These were the days when Mother Plancon sang to herself as she lovingly tended her geraniums in the window boxes.

But withal the evil spirit had marked them, and the respite they had was but a mockery. One day he came again, and Jean was summoned hurriedly from his

work to the great hospital, where the dear little mother lay still and pale.

The doctor saw the surpassing love of the two, and allowed Jean many privileges in the length and frequency of his visits. They would talk long and earnestly; and while Jean held the thin hand in his own, she spoke to him of his work and of his hopes, and encouraged him to always do his best: for she would not long be there, and he must work for what was to come.

One day the chief engineer was taken sick, and Jean received the chance of his life. He was to go to the far west, and take the engineer's place in the finishing and placing of the last strands in a great bridge. What a chance it was, and how he felt the honor! He could hardly believe it when he was summoned to the office and heard the manager himself say so. The walls seemed to swim about, the fire glowed redder, and the papers on the manager's desk started off a mad dance. In all, the manager sat there, a bright light in his eyes, and a kindly look around his mouth, and it was all the truth. But he could not go. He thought of the little mother in the hospital, and said, no.

The manager told him to go and think it over; and that night Mother Plancon heard it all.

She smiled as her hand played with the curls on Jean's forehead, and called him a silly boy to let her make so much difference with his work. But she loved him all the more; and finally, with just a little tremble in her voice, told him he must go. At last, after much entreaty, and the promise from the nurse that she would write a letter each day, he went.

At first it was a daily pleasure to compose the letter, full of help and inspiration, from one so weak to one so strong, and the doctor often aided by putting in a word of encouragement. Then little by little they saw that Mother Plancon took less interest; and Kate, who wrote the letter, had to do more and more.

Mother Plancon grew weaker day by day, and longed more and more for a sight of Jean: but not a word of this in the letters. The pain grew worse, but not serious, the doctor thought.

Now Mother Plancon lay white and still. She seldom spoke, less seldom opened her eyes, and hardly ever moved. Jean had been sent for. She was saving all her energy, every precious particle of life in her, so that she might be alive when Jean came. Her one dread, her one consuming terror, came to be the fear that she would fail to know him; that the fever would make her

delirious, and that she might send him from her without recognizing him.

Of late the doctor had used his influence over her to make her easier; and often when she was suffering, rather than give her medicine which might sap the little strength she had, in easing the pain, he would press his long thin fingers over her eyes, smoothing her forehead, and say: "Be easy, Mother Plancon, the pain has stopped now;" and she would settle back, the lines of pain would fade away, and she would go to sleep.

A day or two before he had used this power when she was suffering intensely, and had said: "There is no pain now;" and she had rested easily.

It was a power he had noticed when quite a child, a fascination he had over his animal pets, and which became even more noticeable when he was a student in Paris. He had seen others use it, and had heard of its abuse by some, so that he came almost to hate it. It was, he knew, a power which grew both in the master and in the subject, a mighty power for good, a blessing for the suffering, but a hideous and terrible power when used wrongly.

He had not availed himself of it in his new surroundings; but noticing its gentleness and the peace it gave the sufferer, he

had repeated its use, until now he had Mother Plancon under complete control.

III.

As he stood in the weakened sunlight of the early spring afternoon, and saw the grey eyes partially open, looking at the now full blown rose on the table, his own eyes grew dim, and he wondered if Jean would get there in time.

He knew the grey eyes did not see the Rose, so full of life and beauty, nor the bare walls of the room. They were looking out and beyond, away off, over the western prairie lands, following the thread of steel track as it traced its unending way across plateau and valley, brook and stream, until it came to the great river, the river which was being overcome, whose breadth and depth were being conquered by her boy, by her Jean, as she saw him; and then, without turning her head, she gave a little gasp of horror, of pain; raised herself for a moment, and then fell back. He stepped quickly to her side: she was still breathing. In a few minutes she slowly opened her eyes; and there came such a look of terror, of shrinking from some awful thing, that the doctor laid his hand upon her head, and said as she attempted to speak: "Ah, dear Mother Plancon, it is all right: Jean will come;"

and she closed her eyes again. "In an hour he will be here." All was quiet; there was hardly a flicker or tremor to the eyelids, covered with a tracery of bluish network.

"Strange," he mused, as he resumed his place by the window, "a bit of delirium, a second's giving away of her will power, probably." He took out his watch: it was two minutes after four. "A little before three, where Jean has been," he thought; and then slipped it back in his pocket, as the ticking seemed unnecessarily loud.

His assistant came quietly in. The doctor turned expectantly.

"No word yet, sir," he said. "Ellis has gone to the station;" and then with a beseeching look, "will there be time?"

"I think so, but little to spare; and George," he whispered, "let me know at once—anything."

The door closed softly. He was one of the younger men at the hospital, and one of the helpers. He took unusual interest in the case. Mother Plancon liked him, had taken a strange fancy to him, because, she said, there was something that reminded her of Jean.

The doctor saw a messenger boy come along the street, and go around the corner. The smoke from a Central train crept up the river and against the sky. The nurse

entered quietly. "George would like to see you at the elevator," she said; "I will wait here."

The doctor went out, and quickly passed down the long corridor. George was waiting for him at its end.

"Well, well! what is it? Has he come?" he asked, in a strained voice.

"Only this:" and he handed him a telegram.

With unnaturally steady hands he tore off the end, and unfolded the bit of yellow paper.

"My God!" he groaned, "it will kill her!"

"Oh, sir, what is it?" He received the paper as answer. Through a mist he saw the words: "*Plancon killed by falling beam, two forty-five to-day. — Dowd.*" Dowd was the foreman.

The doctor had sunk on the bench by his side. He saw it all. Mother Plancon must have been a witness at the time when she had cried out, and he, he had comforted her with a vain promise. She was strained up to the point of breaking; there were perhaps ten minutes more, fifteen at the most.

He had dimly thought of something when he had noticed his growing power over her. He shuddered now at the thought. He knew he was supreme to make her believe

Jean had come. But was it right? He had never deceived her. Before God, he had never intended a lie. He shrank from it now. But then her love: the thing which she had been looking to for weeks. Not moving, for fear of exhausting herself for the time when she should need it all. There she lay, every nerve and fibre thrilling with that one thought: when Jean shall come! He strove to shake off the temptation, the vileness of the deceit. It was *not* right! No! Heaven as a witness, he would not be so mean! And then he saw her joy. How the grey eyes would *kindle*, and the face light up! Ah! the happiness of it! The intense loving desire with which she was filled! It decided him.

"Come," he said harshly, "you must be Jean;" and he outlined what he intended to do.

"No, doctor, no! the deceit, the mockery, and she so pure! I cannot!" He drew away.

"Come, it is the only thing!" Grasping his arm roughly, he drew him towards the door. "For her!" he whispered, as he went in.

Mother Plancon was sitting up; her eyes wide open. Her face lit up in expectation. She seemed to be quivering with pent-up emotion. The doctor went to her, and laid his hand upon her eyes and forehead.

"Be calm, Mother Plancon," he said; "he has come: it is Jean." His voice grew stern and hard. "Remember,—I say:—it—is—Jean,—Jean—come—back—to—you."

He turned away, and opened the door. The figure outside came in, with a joyful cry, and knelt by the bed. Kate, at sight of a familiar face, sprang up, and would have cried out, but the doctor looked at her sternly, with his finger on his lips. He stood by the half-open door, bending slightly forward, his eyes fixed and staring on Mother Plancon's face. His mouth was strained and hard. At the cry, she had turned, and when her eyes fell upon the face before her, she seemed transformed. Such a look of love overspread her face as only one who has loved as she had could conceive. Her eyes lighted with recognition. She clasped the boy, the curly head before her, to her bosom, and covered it with kisses. "Ah! my Jean, my Jean! I thought I saw you fall, fall with an awful beam across you, and you never stirred. But it was not true. I knew you would come. Oh, the good God! how happy He has made me!" And she fell to crooning over him.

Then she raised his head, putting one hand under his chin and brushing back the dark rings from his forehead, she turned it

towards her, and with her head drooping bit by bit, and the voice running on in a monotone:

“Ah, yes: it is my Jean, and just the same. And now the good God has made me happy, I am ready. We have—loved each other, my Jean, eh? Yes,”—the voice sank lower, the lips pressed the curly head before her,—“ready—Jean—ready!”

The head dropped down, and the arms fell limp. A smile still lingered, and played about her mouth, as of old. The crimson sun stole in, and bathed the folds of the blanket and the sobbing head on the edge of the bed.

The Rose was placed on the shrunken breast; its velvet petals caressed the bloodless cheek beside it. The darkness grew, and the perfect peace came.

H. B. B. Yergason.





Judith.

IS my brow still white — unseared by stroke of
Azrael set as warning
Where Jehovah wills his creatures learn to look
with fear and scorning ?
Then his doom has in abeyance some undreamed-of
cup to drink from,
Lest men say he sanctions murder, fiends of inmost hell
might shrink from.

Not because I slew a tyrant ! nay, for there I had his
warrant,
Clear as noonday, all-sufficient, urging on the deed
abhorrent ;
Beating time to every heart-beat, while I waked and
when I slumbered :
“ Thou wert chosen, thou wert chosen, ere the stars in
heaven were numbered.”

Had I straightway shown obedience that was due the
heavenly vision,
Grasped man’s weapons, called my people, made them
know God’s sole provision
Whereby they might break their fetters, — led them in
their great endeavor,
Through my hand his hand had triumphed, and his
praise been mine forever.

But I reasoned thus — how falsely, ye shall judge — since
mine the calling,
To no warrior arm nor prophet voice nor princely
daring falling,
Surely means must match achievement, woman-craft
meet male defiance,
Strength be rendered unavailing, faithlessness be sole
reliance.

There, enough ! ye know the story, how one trusted
who betrayed him,
How I slew him unsuspecting, while he called on me
to aid him ;
How at last his dying gaze beat down my false pre-
tence, and showed me
What his mighty heart had hidden, — all the wealth of
love he owed me.

Howard Chandler Robbins.



My Debut.



S the "speaker of the evening" took his seat, the hall of the old Commercial Hotel grew dusty with emphatic stamping, while vice-presidents on the platform shook hands and nodded smiles. Then the chairman drew the net, and the "three cheers for the candidates" was deafening. Yes, the speaker had done well—reconvincing two-thirds of the audience and duly adding to the stubbornness of the rest. In Dunkirk, people voted by lineal descent. Probably the whole place contained not five men open to conviction, but there were some open to persuasion, and in their behalf we made the campaign vigorous.

It was my first experience in politics, and I found a seat on the platform uncomfortable. More than half an hour passed ere I could be at ease before the staring eyes of Dunkirk. By that time the chairman had begun calling on the local candidates.

First, the Hon. Charles Stone showed, by his increased oratorical powers, how well he had been doing his duty as State Assembly man. The next speaker was Thomas Hunter, "a rising young lawyer, whose election will secure the county a competent District Attorney." Starting from the independence of our blessed country, Tom touched upon all its splendid achievements, and brought the whole to a grand climax with "and the party done it!"

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the chairman, "we will have one more speech before this meeting adjourns. You all know the candidate for Sheriff. From boyhood he has grown up among us; and if ever a man were fitted for this responsible office, that man is Charles M. Hudson."

It was lightning from a clear sky. Had they called upon me to remove the roof, I would have been less perplexed and astounded. And yet, that the chairman had called my name, and that he now stood smiling and bowing at me, were real facts, not to be doubted.

Dizziness came upon me as I stood before the audience. To make myself think was as hopeless as it was necessary. In vain despair I pronounced the word "The," and waited. Even my opponent seemed to pity me. I was making myself a jest for the

whole county. I was spoiling the meeting. These things crowded in upon me as I stood there—speechless.

But the pause could not go on forever. I resolved to rush from the platform. Convulsively I seized my hat. It was a white hat, of lofty dimensions, and rendered useful for campaign purposes by certain patriotic inscriptions. The moment my hand touched that hat my thoughts became concentrated. It occurred to me that I could call for three cheers for the candidates.

Walking forward, and holding my hat at arm's length in front of me, I said, "Gentlemen and—" then I remembered that "Ladies" should have come before the "Gentlemen," and in correcting myself I let "Gentlemen" slip again,—I don't know why. "Gentlemen, I wish—you—would join with me in"—here I waved my hat downward—"would—join—me,"—I got no further. The gentlemen were arising in a body. Stamping and cheering they rushed out and down, following the direction of my hat, to the place of refreshment usually found in hotels.

"Charlie," said Tom Hunter, "you have made the hit of the evening."

George Green.



HE four had waded through a mass of copy five inches high, and the Wag could restrain himself no longer.

“The Golf Team either is, or is not, entitled to wear the University ‘Y,’” he began. This sounded sane enough, so they let him proceed.

“Now, in my day—”

“But you must admit that you are merely of mushroom growth,” quoted the Autocrat, crushingly.

“How about the Hockey team?” said the Critic.

“Or Basket Ball?”

“Or the Debating team,” said the business-end-of-the-sketch, looking in for the moment.

“How could they wear a ‘Y’ on a dress shirt front?” said the silent member, becoming interested.

"Not to the point, as the man said—" began the Wag, seeing his chance.

The Autocrat was warming up. "Not that I am in favor of being dictated to by every 'has been' who has graduated from Yale," he is occasionally a little tart in his choice of words, "but I do think this promiscuous giving of 'Y's' is going to cheapen them; and I hope—"

But under the new faculty time rule the meeting was bound to adjourn, and as they passed down the hall, the Wag could be heard arguing:

"But it either is, or is not, entitled to wear a 'Y.' " If he finally made his point, nobody heard him.

C. E. H., Jr.



Wisdom in the Woods.



HE *Sylvan Sentinel* had thrown its columns to a free expression of forest opinion as to wisdom in general and its most marked exemplar in particular. A jury carefully chosen to represent all grades of the local community was to render a final decision.

The balloting grew from perfunctory to interesting, from interesting to that all-absorbing where it monopolized conversation, to the exclusion of weather conditions and the game laws. The field narrowed down to the Bear, the Fox, the Squirrel, the Owl, the Ant and the Serpent; the Tortoise being a creditable running, but eventually fell by the wayside where the Bear and the Fox soon joined him. The others fought long and hard. When the polls were closed, the Weasel, who was of a speculative bent, offered even money on any one against the field. Not

The decision read as follows: "We have found our task difficult. The Owl, the Serpent and the Ant have all of them the weight of age-old reputation. The Owl, however, seldom allows his gray raiment to show results, the Serpent has formed habits of self-sacrifice to the greatest good of the greatest number (which militates with all true wisdom), while the Ant has become so engrossed in mere detail that he has forgotten his duty to his neighbor. The Squirrel, on the other hand, enjoys life even when weathers are at their hardest, is as cheerful when busiest as if he had no duties to perform, hustles and laughs, lays up for winter pleasant memories as well as nuts, — at the same time having won the title of our wisest fellow-citizen."

Amid the plaudits of the multitude, the Goose, who was editor, of course, presented to the successful competitor a life subscription to the *Sentinel*, including therein all holiday issues and colored supplements.

The man who insures in the Mutual of New York is the squirrel of his community. He can afford to be happy and enjoy life, for he has robbed the squirrel of want and the present of worry. A life subscription to this oldest and safest "Sentinel" of your interests is indeed a proof of wisdom.

A SONG OF THE LAND-LOCKED SAILORS.

The grime is on our foreheads,
The dust is on our feet,
The shore wind plucks our garments
To lure us down the street;
To lure us down the street, lads,
By warehouse, wharf, and quay,
Where, past the tangle of the town,
Lies, waiting us, the sea.

The way was long ashore, lads,
And slowly ran the time,
With weary stretch of dusty roads,
And weary hills to climb;
But now the strong salt breezes
That drifting landward come,
Bear us the welcome message
That calls the sailors home.

Then get ye from the taverns,
And pay mine host his dues,
Aswing around their anchors
The ships expect their crews.
They chafe like tethered horses
That struggle to break free,
And wait the landworn mariners
Who hasten back to sea.

— *Williams Literary Monthly.*

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• • •

We furnish Silver Cotillon Favors.

THE PESSIMIST.

“Dried leaves and nothing more
 Are in the woods to-day,”
 He said.
 “Dried leaves of last year’s store
 Blown by the winds when they
 Were dead.”
 “This world is like the wood !
 Dead leaves of driest thought,
 And creeds
 Outworn, and lacking blood !
 Faith, courage—gold has bought
 And feeds !”

He wandered where the trees were bare
 Mid last year’s leaves so sere and brown,
 He never saw that spring was there,
 And yet his footsteps everywhere
 Trod the arbutus down !

—*Trinity Tablet.*

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Tiffany & Co.

Union Square
 New York.



The Yale Courant

Founded in 1865

Vol. XXXV

Feb. 25, 1899

No. 9

EDITORS

Henry B. B. Vergason, '99, Chairman
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Howard C. Robbins, '99
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THE YALE COURANT is published Saturday of every other week, at New Haven, Conn., by the students of Yale University. Subscription price two dollars per annum. Single copy fifteen cents. Contributions must be left in the box in the first entrance of White by 6:30 p. m. on Tuesday of the week preceding publication.

THE COURANT is on sale at the principal news-stands in New Haven.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office of New Haven, Conn.

Yale Courant Prize Story.

* * * *

Lisette.



ER name was Lisette. Whether she had a last name, I do not know. She was essentially a daughter of the prolétaires. And yet with all the evil influences around her, I do not think that she ever for a moment meant to do what was wrong. It was simply the culmination of her tendencies.

How well I remember the first time I saw her! I was then a newsboy for an evening daily, and my route lay through the thickly settled foreign quarter of the city. Nearly at the end of it was a little, broken-down, unpainted, plank house, inhabited by Lisette's parents. They were not, I fear, too respectable, — but then Lisette can scarcely be blamed for that.

In front of the house was a bare plot of ground, divided in the middle by a worn, uneven, brick pavement. Up near the house were a few scrawny geraniums which Lisette had set out. Lisette even as a little girl dearly loved flowers. But that afternoon — what a picture!

In front of the house was a crowd of street children, ragged and unkempt, yelling, laughing, and throwing sticks towards one of Lisette's geraniums. And there was Lisette, her black eyes sparkling and her cheeks red in anger, facing the gang in an attitude of protection. Was it her flowers that she was protecting? No. It was a poor, lean drab of a she-cat, with eyes so plaintively pitiful, gazing up towards Lisette, frightened at the concourse, yet, in a motherly fashion, smoothing the wet fur of her blind kittens, born so lately into a world so inhospitable.

"Help me, please, boy," she said.

How could I refuse? I laid down my

papers, and helped little Lisette place the mother cat, with one kitten after another, into the leaf-lined tomato box which Lisette had provided. Then I carried the box around to the back of the house for her, and set it down in the shade of the cellar door.

"Thank you, boy," she said.

And on looking back as I turned the corner of the house, I saw little Lisette, patting the now happy and grateful pussy; and I heard her saying softly, "Poor old mamma cat! How sorry I am for you!"

After that she always used to speak to me when I passed by in my gig. One day the family moved away. Soon afterwards I gave up my paper route, and entered the Medical Department at Berkeley. In the midst of my studies there, Lisette passed entirely from my mind.

But one evening in my senior year, with a number of other medical students, I went to the Euterpian Carnival. It was a masquerade. It was more than a masquerade: it was a revel.

Among many maskers, there was one I noticed especially. She was dressed as the Queen of Fairies. A dozen men were around her the whole evening; and among them I noticed Woodbury, son of the millionaire lumber dealer of 'Frisco, and Colburn, son of the railroad senator. When the unmasking came, it proved to be Lisette.

I could not take my eyes off her, I was so surprised. I sat so that I might look unnoticed. She was gay. Seven or eight young men were about her at the time. She was talking. Two other women came up. They, too, were beautiful, but different. Lisette was fresh, sympathetic. They seemed tired and pitiless. Lisette was a wild flower, just plucked. They were the wolf's-bane, but more deadly. Yet in their way they were equally beautiful. Passion showed in the faces of all: in the two, long uncontrolled; in Lisette, uncontrollable. In the two showed exquisite sensuousness, cold and deadly in attraction; in Lisette, exuberant and bubbling forth. Long ago the two had learned to play their part with surety. Lisette did not yet know how. Thank God, she never learned!

For a moment she was alone. I approached her. Lisette knew me instantly.

"O boy, isn't it beautiful?" On my route she used always to call me "boy."

"You are beautiful, Lisette. Be careful."

Her smile faded for a moment.

"I feel so strange to-night. It is all so new and beautiful!"

"Lisette, go home early, won't you?"

She smiled. "By and by!"

I came away then, for it was so sad that could bear it no longer.

That was less than a year ago. On graduation I entered the County Hospital as an assistant. Three months ago I was appointed house doctor in the maternity ward. This afternoon, when I was finishing my rounds, the ambulance brought in a patient. She was very sick, and they placed her on a cot in my ward. The nurses called me, and I went immediately to her. It was Lisette. She recognized me.

"Help me, oh, help me, boy," she moaned. I was still "boy" to her. I gave her a quieting powder in a teaspoonful of wine. It seemed to ease her pain. In a frightened way she seized hold of my hand.

"Thank you, boy," she said. And as I looked into her eyes, I saw the haunted, plaintively piteous look which I saw in the eyes of the old cat. Then that look faded away, and she seemed to be thinking of long ago. Evidently the sedative was doing its work.

Suddenly she looked up, and faintly smiled.

"How sorry I was for her; wasn't I, boy?" She paused. I noticed she was growing weaker. "I never thought I would be like her; did you, boy?" she whispered. "Poor old mother cat!"

She fell into an unconscious state. In less than an hour she had died.

John Pease Norton.



The Spirit of the Storm.

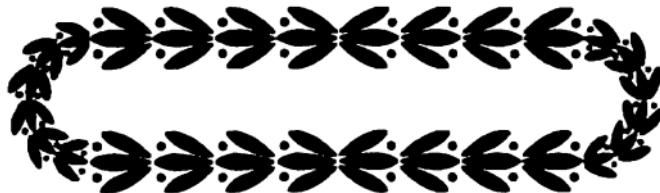
I SAW a face of chiseled marble white
 Float o'er the blackness of a Stygian cloud;
The moon enwrapped it in a silvery shroud;
'Twas but the Night Wind brooding o'er the Night.

I heard afar a song of Death and Blight,
 Now crooning low, now shrieking harsh and loud;
I saw a face of chiseled marble white
 Float o'er the blackness of a Stygian cloud.

Great rushing masses blotted out the light,
 And onward sped. That visage calm and proud,
 Which I had seen, was low in anger bowed,
And bade its minions rise in furious might.
I saw a face of chiseled marble white
 Float o'er the blackness of a Stygian cloud.

E. L. Fox.





The Little One.



THE gnawing, hungering pains still haunt me; and the cool waves, the soft, undulating waves, always calling, surge without: but already I feel the Little One throbbing in my veins. Soon I know the old peace will come for a while, and drive out horror and pain and desire, until it fills my senses, and I can write.



And now the opium has done its work, and I am a man again for a time. The pain and the madness are all behind, and my reward waits in the waves beneath the stern. But I must write this before I go, write it as a justification, perhaps, in her eyes. It is for her who sent me here. It is short, only the story of my life work and my life curse: but I think she will understand.

I was a painter once, a plodder, perhaps,

with not a tithe of the glorious wealth of imagining which the Little One brought me too late, but still with great hopes before me. The story of that life is of little concern. I was famous and wealthy enough, but not happy. A passion for the beautiful burned in me that transcended the world and life itself. Truth, morality, love, nothing stood in its way; and I would have sacrificed my best friend to obtain my desire. I thought it right, and still think so: for beauty was happiness to me, and happiness is the only end of man. But my friends were of little account. Their world was too self-centered, mine too ideal. All the vulgar commonplace of their life was agony to me. Although I hid myself in the midst of beauty and lavished thousands in pursuit of my desire, its taint still crept in. The world and I were not congenial, and to escape it I took refuge in dreams.

And it was this that drove me to the Little One. A single pellet, and I was unchained from that old, sordid life, and swept away on dreams of wondrous beauty into the existence I thought my ideal might have gained. And when I slipped back again to the earth and the sunlight, there was always the Little One waiting beside me, ready to banish unpleasant consciousness again, and weave beautiful mysteries in my

brain. Of course it could not last always. I had read De Quincey, and I knew the inevitable which must come. But if all the degradation and the anguish and the horror which did come, could have been called up before me, and the choice made mine, I could only have chosen the Little One. For in those days I lived a life such as few shall live, and the price was small.

The dreams I know, and how as time went on they became more terrible and the pleasure less pure; but of my real life I remember less. There were no more pictures and tapestries then, and the useless luxuries of my artist life all faded into the past. And later I remember only attic walls; and at last a greasy den, where Chinamen grunted and wallowed in their sleep, and men of my kind were hollow-faced, and brown with dirt. But the Little One still inspired me, sometimes filling my brain with visions of dark horror, but always breathing into my dreams beauty such as waking eye never looked upon. You poor, pitiful dilettanti, you who talk of giving up all for art: do you think you know the depth of that all — how much a man may lose? I became a beast in my sober moments, that I might feel at times the full strength of the art within me and realize my ideal in dreams.

And thus the end grew upon me. My waking moments were full of misery, and at last the horror of my sleep became too great for human mind to endure. Worst of all, the heavenly beauty in which I had lived so long, slowly changed to sights and sounds fantastic and grotesque beyond words. And so, seeing that the reason for life was gone, I determined to end it consistently, and as an artist and a lover of the transcendently beautiful should.

I had given Fong Lee all I had to pay for my daily opium. He was a gaunt Chinaman, whose face often troubled me in my dreams; and when I asked him for money, he struck me. But I got some when my plan was complete,—stole it, perhaps,—and bought that which I needed.

Children jeered at me when I reached the street, and the noise troubled me. It had been years since I had been there last—or months, I forget now. I thought women pulled away their skirts as they passed, and men I knew crossed to avoid me; but I was far above them, and lived anew in anticipation of what was to come. They turned me out of my old studio, and I fell on the stairway: it was so long since I had walked. But then the hour came, and I pressed into the hall with the rest, and listened to the twanging of the violins and

the bustle of the audience with trembling eagerness. Music was what I longed for, swelling, throbbing music, that would take me out of myself as did the Little One once, and it was in music that I wished to end it all.

They would have put me out of the hall as well, but a woman interceded for me, a tall, beautiful woman, like those I had known in old times, but with a greater sympathy in her eyes. So I stayed, and breathed in the old, familiar air, and felt the swirling in my brain grow less.

It was as if I had been gone but a week. The very trick of the leader's hands, as he rapped on the desk before him, was the same, and I had thought to see him white-headed after all those weary years. Then they began, and my very heart throbbed itself into unison with the full pulse of the orchestra. It was Liszt's Rhapsody, and in the old days it seemed to sound the wild freedom of earth that I had longed for, and tasted, and lost. Now, the singing of the violins carried me back, and I lived and dreamed as when the Little One was my slave. It ended in rapture: but, try as I might, I felt myself slipping back, and the fumes of my old, wornout brain rising about me, as I feel them now, until I stood "on alien ground." There was a little

silence; and still thrilling with the glory of the music, I looked at the woman beside me, and saw that she, too, felt. In an instant sympathy had joined us. She did not speak, nor I: but both understood.

Then the Unfinished Symphony began, my chosen knell. I uncorked the little vial I had brought with me, inhaling with pure delight the bitter smell of the almonds, and made ready. The sad, grand harmony, ever working upward, bore my feeble senses with it, and I felt my grip on consciousness loosening. Then was the time: and it was not fear that delayed me, only a throb of the great symphony, or the touch of a woman's hand. But I wavered. The music surged, louder and louder, into the full strength of the orchestra; the vial slipped from my nerveless fingers, and all thought and resolve left me. Then the old, horrible dreams came wheeling down in ghastly file, thousands of their dread shapes, until the sweet music died away in the distance, the lights were gone, and I was deep in my lonely torture again.



I awoke to smell the crisp salt of the sea air, and feel the slow heave of the ground swell beneath me. They told me that I was on a tramp steamer, just cleared for

Buenos Ayres, but not one word of my coming. However, dazed as I was from the opium I had taken before the concert, I knew the woman had sent me. She wished to remove the taint from a kindred soul: but she did not dream of the strength of my curse. It grew upon me in great leaps, as I sat on the steamer's deck, looking out over the gray sea. That old hunger for opium that I knew, tripled a hundred times, came down upon me in mighty surges that shook my soul. Biting, gnawing pains coursed through me, and my racked body ached in every tissue; but it was the hunger, the ever burning desire, that made life a frightful burden I dared not throw off. Now that the Little One has made me a man again for a time, I can scarcely comprehend the power that held me back from the ever-waiting sea. But through pain, through aching desire, the great thing that I had saved from the wreck of my life grew stronger as my mind wasted away. I, the lover of things beautiful, felt that I could not die like a slave, driven to death by the pain I despised. I had not the power to undo my life work. Now, though I see that a monomania possessed me, I revel in its strength.

But all this weary pain was not long ago, but to-day. To-day I wrestled with

devils of desire, and screamed in my agony. To-day they said I would not live a week, and I blessed them for it, and then a greater blessing befell. How I learned he had it, I do not remember; but I watched him, pasty-faced with fear at what he knew not, watched him like a snake until I learned his secret. It is night now, and he lies in there, bound hand and foot in his own galley. It was easy to do, for a terror seized him, and his great mass shook like jelly.

There was not much opium in his store, but enough that I might write this, and then die as one of my mold should—in accord with the principle of my life. For this I have endured much; and now I have taken the last pellet—and now the sweet dreams come, and the soft, the undulating waves call me, and I go to my reward.

Henry Seidel Canby.





In War and Peace.

ARINGING clash of steel on steel,
'Mid din of battle sounds.
The eager eye — the quick drawn breath,
The glory of a score of wounds,
A nation's pride — and death.

The silence of a dreary watch
Through days that seem as night.
The message on the lingering breath,
The lowered shades against the light,
A wordless grief — and death.

W. H. Field.



GRAY Winter is dying :
Who'll mourn for his loss ?
The brown leaves are sighing,
Gray winter is dying ;
The swallows are flying
The bare fields across.
Gray Winter is dying :
Who'll mourn for his loss ?

E. B. Hill.



A Drop of Water.



HE foremost of the Arabs stumbled suddenly, and pitched heavily forward upon the sand. His companion, who had been following closely in his footsteps, stopped, hesitated, looked abstractedly across the flat expanse of desert, and then began feverishly to unfasten the leather water-bottle from the girdle of the prostrate man. He held it up, shook it slightly, and listened. There was not a sound. Cautiously he tipped the bottle more and more, until it was completely inverted: but not a drop of the precious liquid greeted his red, restless eyes.

He put his hand to his breast, and drew forth a similar bottle from the folds of his long, flowing robe. Yes! Thanks be to Allah! there were still a few swallows left; and a rasping laugh came from his blistered throat as he shook the bottle and listened to the life-giving gurgle within. Then he

raised it to his lips. An instant later and it was snatched violently from his hands, several drops of its precious contents splashing out upon the thirsty sand, where it was immediately swallowed up. With a cry more nearly like that of a despairing animal than a human sound, he sprang upon his companion, bearing him heavily backwards to the ground; and in the shock of the fall the bottle slipped from the other's hand and rolled some distance away, where it lay wavering and distorted by the intense heat. Both saw what had happened; and filled simultaneously with a nameless dread that it might be lost to both of them, lay still for a brief second and watched it.

Then the struggle began again. Over and over the brown figures rolled, the hot sand burning like fire wherever it came into contact with the naked skin, and their breath coming in quick gasps from between their cracked and swollen lips. The intense physical strain was plainly telling upon their strength; and seemingly urged by a common impulse, they paused a moment, each retaining his hold upon the other's body. The wind shifted the finely powdered sand, and drove it persistently into eyes and open mouths. The heat became unendurable; better to die fighting than to be slowly roasted to death by the blistering

sun, and that with water almost within their reach.

Again in the blind fury of their struggles the distance was slowly widening between them and the half-emptied bottle, so that when, in another minute or so, they paused again, it lay several yards away, and was already beginning to parch and crack in the frightful heat that poured down upon it. A harsh, rattling sound broke the fascinating stillness. The legs of one of the Arabs jerked convulsively once or twice, the muscles of his neck twitched slightly, and slowly rolling over upon his back, he shuddered and lay still. The other man struggled painfully to his knees. He looked wonderingly at the dead form beside him for an instant, and then burst into a hoarse peal of laughter, that jarred appallingly upon the solitude of the place, and hushed him instantly.

In the mad terror of delirium that had now settled down upon him, he began slowly fighting his way across the waste of sand that separated him from water and a few more hours of life. It was a last supreme effort to shake off the already tightening grasp upon his throat. His eyes were red and bloodshot, and from between the tightly drawn lips his dust-laden tongue lolled horribly. Once he looked back, but

what he saw there only urged him to fiercer effort, and with almost superhuman endurance he dragged himself inch by inch on towards the goal. A few seconds, that seemed an eternity to him, and the fearful struggle was at an end. In a frenzy of delight, he seized and raised the bottle to his lips, only to fling it away again with a bitter curse: for even in that short time the fierce heat had done its work; and through the half-opened seams, drop by drop, the water had leaked out and vanished deep into the hot sands.

The grasp on his throat tightened; he tried to cry out, but his swollen tongue seemed to be choking him, and no sound came from between his lips. The delirium gained headway fast, and he began to dig furiously in the loose sand where the bottle had lain, as if he would follow and overtake the priceless fluid before it was lost to him forever. Gradually the flesh was worn away from the finger tips, leaving the bone exposed: but he seemed to take no notice, and only dug the more desperately, on and on, until at last the overtaxed brain gave way, and, like a mortally wounded squirrel, he collapsed suddenly, and pitched limply forward upon the sand.

A puff of hot, suffocating air blew some sand over him. More sand sifted into his

nostrils and trickled down into his blackened throat. A beautifully mottled lizard paused an instant, eyed distrustfully the strange object in its path, and then darted swiftly away, scattering the sand at every step. And over all, a vast Presence from the world beyond, hung the appalling stillness of the great desert.

H. A. Webster.





A History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century. By Henry A. Beers. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

It is certainly with much pleasure we announce Professor Beers' latest book with the above title. As he tells us in the preface, it is the outcome of a series of lectures delivered in one of his elective courses, which have been robbed of the air of the class-room. To which we add, that they are told with all the weight of scholarly power, written with the hand of a master, and throughout them the fine feeling and charming humor which have made "A Suburban Pastoral" almost a classic.

Perhaps the best criticism of the present volume is that it is the most perfect reflection of the author that has yet been presented to us. Throughout, it shows deep and discriminating study, keen human insight and appreciation, and an inspiring love of the subject, tempered, not with the

narrowness of a fanatic, but with that great virtue, the calm judgment of the *true* scholar.

The subjects of the eleven chapters into which the book is divided are interesting enough to tempt even the most skeptical, who, becoming absorbed in "The Augustans," "The Spencerians," "The Landscape Poets," and others, will find himself carried on in the developing and influence of romanticism until he will seem to be reading a very romance itself.

The introductory chapter, one of the clearest and most successful expositions of romanticism of which we know, would be more than an excuse for the publication of the book, even if there were nothing else to recommend it, which is far from being the case. In it, beginning with Heine's definition that romanticism means the reproduction in modern Art or Literature of the life and thought of the Middle Ages, Professor Beers quotes and discusses many another, and shows how elastic this one is, and how it has been influenced and changed. Ending the chapter, he says: "It remains to add that romanticism is a word which faces in two directions. It is now opposed to realism, as it was once opposed to classicism. As, in one way, its freedom and lawlessness, its love of novelty, experiment, "strangeness added to beauty," contrast with

the classical respect for rules, models, formulae, precedents, conventions; so in an another way, its discontent with things as they are, its idealism, aspiration, mysticism, contrast with the realist's conscientious adherence to fact. "Ivanhoe" is one kind of a romance; "The Marble Faun" is another.

Certainly the University is fortunate in numbering among its faculty one who has put forth a book which will appeal not only to the scholar, but to the general reading public, and one which is sure to have a widespread interest. It is with much eagerness that we look toward what will naturally be a fit companion volume on the Nineteenth Century, which Professor Beers promises.

H. B. B. Y.

* * * *

The Heart of Denise. By S. Levett Yeats. Longmans, Green & Company.

There is upon the road, or was, at any rate, a melodrama called "The Span of Life." And like most of its class, though to an unusual degree, it was remarkable for the number of wonderful and altogether improbable escapes made by the hero and the heroine. The former especially, when to all intents, appearances and purposes, he had been done

away with, had a habit—most annoying to the villain—of turning up just when that gentleman's machinations were about to reach their consummation. In the last act, if I remember rightly, this much abused villain is once again rubbing his hands together for joy, and gloating in his unholy glee, when crash! and the hero, left apparently fixed for all time in far Australia, plunges bodily through the window. Then, though you cannot hear him for the applause from the gallery, the villain steps forward towards the lights, tugs at his mustache, and hisses "foiled!"

Now there are some people, mostly in the gallery, who will tolerate this on the stage, and call it "fine work;" but even few of them would tolerate it, just as it has been spoken by the actors, in a story, short or long. For there are conventions, restrictions if you will, that obtain and must be observed in each of these different forms of presentation. I do not mean by taking this exaggerated illustration that if this plot were presented in story form, instead of being acted, the hero would be forced to send in his calling card before making such a sudden demand in the glass market: but that the glare of the foot-lights and the red light thrown from the first balcony are theatre properties; and that their attempted

use anywhere else, as in this collection of stories by Mr. Yeats, is ill-conceived.

Mr. Yeats might prove a good dramatist, and then again he might not. Upon that point the evidence of this odd assortment of tales, brought together under the title of the first, "The Heart of Denise," is naturally not conclusive. But upon another point it is quite conclusive, and Mr. Yeats stands convicted of some very cheap work; for, in spite of his many good qualities, he has fallen to being most melodramatic in two or three of these stories, so melodramatic as to be quite suggestive of the "penny dreadful," or, to bring it nearer home, *The Grand*.

However, the book is not such very bad reading as might seem from the foregoing. Not only do the stories indicate an exceedingly fertile imagination, but also a good deal of daring, in that they are of such a varied assortment of types, and treat of action, not without some attempt at local coloring, in such widely separated times and climes. They range from the type made popular by Mr. Weyman, to a story of India, Kiplingesque in form and in style.

R. H.

SEASONABLE.



DIMINUTIVE Chipmunk, cayorting along the fence of a barnyard, was thus addressed by the resident Turkey, a portly fowl, whose request would suggest that he had no troubles of his own:

“My chattering friend, your useless energy gives me ennui. Sit down, and tell me the story of your life.”

“Not so, good Mohammedan,” said the Chipmunk. “I haven’t time to unfold my tail. Just now I am busy over an addition to my store. I must gather—”

“Chestnuts,” gobbled the Turkey.

But the Chipmunk kept right on hustling, while the Turkey lived at the Farmer’s expense. Then came the day before Christmas, and the aforesaid Farmer got largely even with his barnyard boarder, and did a little gobbling on his own account. The Chipmunk, who had tremblingly watched the tragedy through a hole in the fence, scuttled off home and told his wife: “It’s better to save chestnuts than to be stuffed with them.”

The moral is that the man insured in The Mutual Life of New York (The Best Company) does far better to allow his dividends to accumulate than to eat them up in premium payments.

**"WHEN IN THE NIGHT WE WAKE AND
HEAR THE RAIN."**

When in the night we wake and hear the rain,
The boughs, leaf-laden, shake and rise and fall,
The brown brook ripples down the lovers' lane,
The greensward wakens when the rain-drops call;
The flowering bushes shiver, dripping wet,
The down-pour, fed from towering clouds of jet,
Wakens the robins in their lofty bower,
The roof re-echoes 'neath the heavy shower.
Sweet sounds! They tell of days so cool, so calm,
Of fields' sweet breath, of tender, blooming things,
Of greens and browns, the tired eyes' gentle balm,
Of trees, harmonious with birds' carolings.
A soothing reverie drives off care and pain,
When in the night we wake and hear the rain.

— *Vassar Miscellany.*

F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

J. W. NIEDERPRUEN.

**he "Heublein" Cafe and
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151 Church St., cor. Court, New Haven, Ct.

* * * *

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**UDALL & BALLOU,
• SILVERSMITHS •**

9 Fifth Avenue, - - - - - New York.

* * *

We furnish Silver Cotillon Favors.

A GYPSY LULLABY.

Down amid the whispering grain,
(Swinging low — soft and low)

Where the bending poppies blow,
(Blowing red — nodding slow)

For thy stars, the fireflies' gleaming,
Nestling winds to lull thy dreaming,
Baby mine, Baby mine.

When the fleecy clouds blow chilly,
(Blowing pale — drifting low)

Drift where branches swing snow-laden,
(Swinging low — hushed and low)

For thy stars, the embers, glowing,
From thy father's camp-fire blowing,
Baby mine, Baby mine.

—*Smith Monthly.*

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Tiffany & Co.

Union Square
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Founded in 1865

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Hayes' White Lady.



HE steady breeze that had been blowing all day suddenly died, and the lagoon became glassy. The pounding of the surf on the reef outside sounded up sharp, like the buzz in an auditorium when the overture suddenly stops. The pearl fishers, dreading the cold rain of the squall, scuttled to cover.

"The old blubber-hunter's come in none too soon," observed Hayes, watching the crew of a whaler that had just swung to

anchor, swarming aloft to stow the upper-hamper. And indeed so quickly had the squall come upon the fishers, that the last Kanaka who dived, leaving a fair world above him, had come panting to the surface to find the shore deserted, and himself in the very van of swirling dust and pebbles. The face of the lagoon whitened; the old whaler, which had been floating broadside at the edge of twilight, rushed a hundred yards and brought up with a jerk on her cable, making the water fly in a circle of spray from the straining rope. Then a world of water and darkness beat down upon the clattering palms of the island.

The day broke clear and beautiful, and the increasing heat and the flies had robbed Hayes of a half-hour's sleep that he thought was rightfully his. He lay awake, his lids covering a pair of smarting eye-balls, and his tongue smacking sourly in his mouth. Gradually he became aware of someone standing respectfully near him, and regarding him apologetically, though fixedly.

"Confound the fellow," he muttered, shutting his eyes the tighter. "He'll be serving breakfast before we go to bed, next." And he rolled over, and feigned a snore.

It was not effective. He could still feel those almond eyes fastened on a spot in his pajamas.

"Well, what is it?" he demanded angrily.

"Boat tum 'om ship," said the figure.
"He say, 'you got doctor?'"

Hayes was up in a minute. "The deuce you say!" Only his remark was stronger.
"And you let 'em land!"

Many of the neighboring islands of the Carolines had been almost wholly depopulated during the summer by dread smallpox; and as there was no doctor nearer than Manila, Hayes was naturally anxious.

"He say man hurt on boat 'tambad,'" explained the servant, simply.

Hayes took his Winchester, pumped it once or twice to be sure he could rely on it, and walked down to the shore, keeping well to the windward of the landed whale-boat.

"Now, what is it?" he called, when within conversing distance. "No, that'll do," he said, raising his rifle, as the boatswain left the group of squatting Kanakas. "I never was pertic'lar about orchestra chairs. No, sir! Gallery's good enough for me."

The sailor halted abruptly, and immediately explained that a native seaman had been hurt during the squall, tending mainsheet; and as the captain had no hands to spare, he wanted to leave the sick man in exchange for an A. B. (all natives are more or less sailors), adding that he would pay

the bonus due on account of the difference in condition of the two men.

Hayes cautioned the man to stay where he "dam-was," and went back to the huts.

The pearl fishers were a heterogeneous lot, with no home ties when a chance of bettered condition offered; and he had no difficulty in getting a volunteer.

Then he rounded them up and talked to them. Their part in the program was to guard the beach, to prevent any other boat from landing, while he took ten of his best men with an extra canoe to the ship.

They nodded understandingly; and when the whaleboat had pulled fifty strokes from the shore, he embarked.

A hundred yards up the wind from the battered whaler, he stopped his men, and hailed the fore-deck.

"The game's a go," he called to the man in authority, and named his figure for the bonus. "I'll put my nigger in this extra boat, and send her down; you put yours in her, and turn her loose. We'll 'tend to him after that. And I warn you, that if he aint O. K. as billed, I'll shoot him, and no questions asked."

The figure waved assent: it was no use to yell up wind; and the exchange was made.

They picked up the drifting boat, away below the ship, and towed it gently to land.

The man was really hurt, and so Hayes had him carried to his own hut.

The coral floor was cool and damp, and the trades sighed through the paneless windows by day, and at night Hayes had him carried out upon the porch where the air was better. And so, although the man's chest was grievously crushed, he began to get well.

The pile of shell down by the beach grew larger as the season advanced, and Hayes began to look for the coming of his schooner before the typhoons set in. One day, while he was sitting upon a block of coral in the scant shade, superintending the diving bodies, he felt a soft hand on his shoulder. He turned, and saw the sick man leaning wearily against a *purao* tree.

"Get back to bed, you fool! We can't spare time to bury you, now."

The negrito grinned. "You good man to *Tui*. Me work, too." But the cough that followed was hardly a good recommendation.

"Not on your natural, Mr. Tuohy, or whatever your Irish name is. Bed's good enough for you for a week or so, yet." And as the man still lingered, he pointed to the hut with the single word, "Git!" and the disappointed figure went wearily back to his mat.

A week later, the *poi* and *feis* being particularly unpalatable, he decided to set his cook to diving, and to substitute *Tui*, to the latter's intense delight. He seldom talked, preferring to serve silently and gratefully the simple needs of the white man.

Hayes sat one evening down by the shore, hearing the wavelets lapping drowsily upon the pebbles. In the distance, some big fish, a shark, perhaps, splashed once, and was still. The palms clattered and scratched soothingly in the faint night breeze. A battered crescent had come up, disreputable and yellow, over the trees near the end of the islet.

"When you goin' home?" said a voice; and the soft hand again caressed the shoulder.

"Pretty soon," said Hayes. "I'm not sleepy, yet."

"When you goin' home to—to—White Lady?"

Hayes started.

"Perhaps never;" and then wonderingly, "How do you know there is a White Lady?"

"Seen um in leathah box," said *Tui*, simply. Native intuition teaching that further remarks were unwelcome, he withdrew to the shadow, and watched until his master rose to go to the hut, some time later.

Another evening he had come as quietly to Hayes, as he sat smoking.

"Boat tumin' soon?" he cooed.

"I do' know," said Hayes, unconsciously using the pigeon English of *Tui*. "Why?"

"Me tell you, then. Dese mens ve'y bad."

Hayes' attitude became one of attention.

"Dey load boat, kill you and cap'ain, den sell shells in Kali-fo-nia."

The truth was out. The diving had been at a much greater depth during the last few weeks, and the grumbling had increased proportionately. A few days before, he had knocked one of them sprawling for his insolence, and since then the atmosphere had cleared somewhat.

Yet here it was. These men would go to work quietly and load the shell on the schooner. When that was all finished, they would be joined by the native crew on the boat, and stick a knife into him and the captain. After that, the half white under-officer would steer his course for California, and the black devils would be fortunate if they ever got a cent for their trouble.

"All right, *Tui*; you good boy."

During the next few days he did some heavy thinking.

When the schooner finally crept in, under squatted mainsail and staysail, Hayes took

Tui, and was alongside by the time the great anchor soused overboard. The captain ordered grog served to the crew, to celebrate the day, and then he and Hayes went to his room for an hour. When they again appeared, the crew were informed that they might have shore leave for the day, in order to join Hayes' natives in a *luau*, or feast.

It wanted now only three days before the bags of shell were all on board, and Hayes felt that the time for action had come.

"How many men can you count on, Captain?"

"Six: all on watch to-night."

"And I seven. What time will you make it?"

"About four bells; it's darkest then. I'll have a boat big enough for all."

And so when the men were in their deepest sleep, Hayes shook *Tui*, and together they took the Winchester and the bag of cartridges, and whatever else Hayes wanted particularly to save. Then they tiptoed down to the beach.

The bags of shell were heavy, but together they managed to pile them in a circle, waist high. The night was very still, and they could hear the ship's clock in the pilot-house striking the hour. Ting-ting, ting-ting, and after a second the big bell took it up.

"Now, *Tui*, it's time to get your pals; and

be blasted careful,—some of your friends don't sleep any too sound."

Tai disappeared silently, and as silently came back after a few moments, followed by the seven trusties, each carrying an armful of stones, in addition to his native weapons. So quietly had they come, that Hayes, who had been trying to make out the bulk of the ship, did not hear them until one of them grated a stone a little loudly in setting it down.

He turned like a flash. "Oh! it's you, is it? Now go down to the water, and help the boat; they'll need you pretty soon."

And presently the pebbles crunched softly as the bow landed, and all was quiet again. Then the sound of men panting under a heavy burden, and many forms came out of the darkness, staggering under the weight of the brass carronade from the ship. The east was less black now, and once the captain spoke.

"Use the lead stuff for any ship's boats, and the small plunder (pointing to a lot of pebbles) for Mr. Hayes' friends in the huts; it'll scatter quicker."

They lay down then, and waited.

At dawn, a boat from the ship came creeping past the fort, evidently making for a landing nearer the huts. It was crowded

with natives, and the half white under-officer was in the stern sheets. Hayes stood up and hailed them.

"The captain's disappeared, Mr. Hayes, and we thought maybe we'd better let you know about it."

"Thank you, kindly, Mr. Dago, but he's where you can't get your ugly hands on him." And then noticing that the natives were skillfully edging the boat nearer the shell pile, he cocked his rifle. "And I might suggest that I have a friend here who's not overfond of strangers, and perhaps you're close enough, anyway."

The under-officer remained standing, but Hayes heard him say something in a low tone to his men.

Several heads raised slowly above the gunwale, and Hayes saw the barrels of as many pistols.

"Now!" he called, and ducked down.

The carronade roared, and those who were able swam desperately to avoid the sharks. Before the smoke had cleared away, it was loaded again, this time with the small plunder, and was trained on the yelling crowd from the huts. Hayes' Winchester barked eight times.

"Get your truck loaded, and let's get aboard," said the captain quietly. "Those fellows will be back before long."

"How about this stuff, here?" said Hayes, pointing to the pearl shell.

"Don't need it. Anyway, it'll give the Dago something to cart away when he's rescued—if it don't rot before that time." And he chuckled at his humor.

In an hour the schooner was slapping the big waves outside the bar, shaping her course east-north-east.

"You goin' home to—to White Lady?"

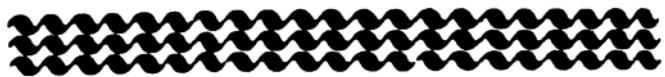
"If she'll have me," said Hayes, smiling.

"I tink she will. You good man."

And in these latter days, *Tui*, in all the glory of a brass-buttoned coat, listens with pride to the jingling chains of the black team as he drives Hayes and the White Lady through Golden Gate Park of a fall afternoon.

Charles Edward Hay, Jr.





Alastor Discovers the Elixir of Life.

The splendid strife is done,
The victory is won,
Death, the great Destroyer, into darkness hurled;
Heaven's serenest blue
Shares our triumph, too:
Life is yours; rejoice, O waiting, wondering world!

Birds and bees and flowers,
Scorn the speeding hours!
Haunting every heart-beat waits no gaping grave;
Misery is banished,
Dread's dull fret has vanished,
Swept from earth's fair shores by life's triumphant wave.

Ah! the way was drear,
Darkened oft with fear
Lest where others faltered my weak feet should stray;
Heroes, east and west,
Martyred in the quest,
What had I to save from failure more than they?

Clouds were overcast,
Comrades shrank aghast,
Thunder crashed above me, storm-winds smote to earth,
Yet I still pressed on
Where the gleaming dawn
Thrilled with crimson promise of the morning's birth.

Now the strife is done,
Now the prize is won,
Death and all his minions into silence hurled;
All their long annoy
Lost in endless joy:
Life is yours; rejoice, O waiting, wondering world!

Howard Chandler Robbins.



The Education of Parker.



“*But what good will it all do?*”

The question was a rather startling one. It was thoroughly unexpected and unprecedented in its line.

“*What good!*” exclaimed Avery, “*why, I don’t know that I can set a money value upon it.*”

“*Now you are willfully misinterpreting my words.*” At this, Parker pushed vigorously upon his paddle, and otherwise gave evidence of his dissatisfaction.

“*Go easy, there, George; no harm done. Just explain what you mean by ‘good.’*”

“*I mean this,*” he said, shoving away. “*I do such things as are of use. Take my golf, for example. I play six hours a day at that; I play with men who understand the game. When I paddle, I paddle with a man, and don’t stop for conversation. I am building up a body capable of withstanding*

the stress of life; while you — well, you do paddle a canoe pretty well."

"But you neglect your mind. Men are all right: but you need variety, you need the criticism and inspiration of women. Socially, you are throwing yourself away. You'll soon get to running in the same old rut, and then —"

"I read books," said Parker.

"Yes, you do; and I know what you're reading now: it's the rankest love-story imaginable," said Avery, with wicked emphasis.

"It was highly recommended," muttered the other, apologetically. His face, as he turned to reply, was inscrutable. No color could show beneath that dull mahogany, which had been accumulating every day for two months, but just behind his ear Avery noticed the old tell-tale flush.

"You need not apologize, my dear boy," he said. "It's all very well to read love-stories, but far better to act them out yourself, just on a small scale, you know."

"You would have me flirt, then?" asked Parker, freezingly.

"Why, suit yourself as to that. It seems to me that there's but small distinction. As it is, you read one love-story after another, and fall in love with your heroine, Clorinda, or Agnes, who perhaps are blondes, but next

week you have found a flashing young brunette to adore. I am more consistent, and love only blondes."

A few drops of cooling water, skillfully twisted from the paddle in front, interrupted this flow of speech, and for a full minute they moved in silence.

"But Miss Norton plays a most excellent game of golf," ventured Avery.

"Just what you say of all the girls you play with," said the other.

"But she can beat me." This more hopefully.

Parker stopped paddling, and twisted around.

"And she is pretty, intelligent, and can play golf? Can she paddle a canoe?"

"Yes, fairly well."

"She will be here in the morning, did you say? I will play with her."

"That's the right spirit, old boy. Only don't be too sure: she may not play with you." And Avery grinned maliciously, behind his friend's broad back.

* * * *

About a minute before the time of the morning train, Avery and his sister, with several other members of the country club, were waiting the arrival of Miss Dorothy Norton upon the rough platform, which in

summer was generally preferred to the tiny square room set apart for that purpose.

Just as the rails began to hum under the wheels of the oncoming train, and while all were watching the curve below, Parker came sauntering across the road behind, and joined the party. He looked quite uncomfortable in white ducks and high collar. He had evidently been lying in wait behind the thick hedge just opposite.

"Why, Mr. Parker! Where did you drop from?" asked Miss Avery.

"I just came." This was quite apparent. "I came to welcome our new member, with the rest of you. Is there anything strange in that?"

Happily, the train, coming roaring about the curve, prevented further conversation; and soon they were helping a young lady with a happy, expectant face, to alight. She greeted all alike, with little exclamations of joy. When they introduced her to Parker, she held out her hand mischievously, and said:

"I'm sure we shall be the best of friends. Miss Avery has often spoken of you." She did not divulge till later, just how much Miss Avery had said.

"Miss Avery is very kind," said Parker, doubtfully; and the procession started towards the club-house.

"Do you play golf, Miss Norton?" Parker was soon heard to ask.

Dorothy was quite startled. She had been told, that before she could hope to have a game with this devotee, or draw him out at all, she must beat everyone else on the place, and prove her ability beyond shadow of doubt. She had accordingly decided upon a rather definite course of action. And now his tones seemed to betray a strange anxiety to play.

"Yes, of course I do; are the links near by?" she asked.

"Quite. If you say so—" "We can play after dinner?" she finished eagerly.

"Just so," he replied, smiling.

Dorothy won the first game by two strokes. The second time, Parker braced up, ceased to make allowances for the fact that he was playing with a girl, regarded his own movements rather than hers, and came out ahead.

"Well, Miss Norton, you *do* play golf, don't you?" said he.

"Yes—sometimes," said Dorothy, demurely.

But in the following fortnight, she played oftener than was her wont.

"Something's got to be done," said her friends, one day. "We all know that she was to convert Mr. Parker, but this—"

"I suppose it's all my fault," said Miss Avery, conscience stricken. "I put her up to it, and she just won't stop. Poor Mr. Parker, I'm sorry for him. There may be trouble when she leaves off."

"The thing of it is, they both rather enjoy it," Avery put in. "Even George, who doesn't know what is happening to him, and thinks it's all because she's such a good player."

"Yesterday they didn't play, but went up the river in his canoe," said another.

"The girl is simply rushing on to her doom!" and the speaker's voice was tremulous with envy.

But even at that moment, far up the murmuring river, a red canoe, carrying Miss Dorothy and Parker, poked its way into a clump of wild grapevines, which, hanging from a leaning willow, made a small round arbor. The girl grasped the branches, and brought the boat to rest.

"Delightful!" she said.

"I've often been here alone," said Parker. "It's a quiet place in which to read. No disturbing element within three miles."

"Mr. Parker," said Dorothy, watching the drops fall from the glistening paddle: "I believe I owe you an explanation."

"I owe you one, also," said he.

"But mine comes first," she said, in a

low, faltering voice. "You must not take it amiss. I thought it was for your good. I started out merely to make a more sociable fellow of you, and nothing else. I am sorry if I have offended." And she looked deep down into the waters that flowed beneath.

"You have not offended." Parker seemed needlessly embarrassed. "As I said, I owe you an explanation, too. It is this. I perceived the plot, and entered into it for the purpose of proving to Avery—well—anyway, I thought I enjoyed your company on the links because you were such a good player. The other day I realized that it was because I—"

Here Dorothy gave a violent shove, which sent the canoe rocking into the stream again.

"I am sorry," said Parker, beginning to paddle slowly. "It was a beastly way for me to repay all your kindness. I'll never speak of it again, if you say so."

But somehow he did speak of it again, notwithstanding.

H. A. Gilbert.



Never Too Young.



HAVE just left the Russian Embassy," wrote Franz. "Madame de Ponowski, who knows Careni well, tells me he has at last decided to marry, and is now on his way to Schwarzheim, presumably to ask your mother for your hand. In spite of his forty years, we all know that Careni is one of the youngest men in Vienna. Let me know whether to console or to congratulate, though I don't believe your mother will refuse to marry her daughter to the most attractive and promising diplomat in the service—"

Victoria—Victoria Marie Charlotte de Kalezy—dropped the note on the floor, and turned to look at her mother. It was chilly without, and the Dowager Princess de Kalezy sat very close to the fire, as she busied herself with the tea things. The fire and the pink-shaded lamps shed a soft and charitable light about her. The Russian

Ambassador had said that in her house she was the most beautiful woman in Vienna ; and that in or out of it, the most charming in Austro-Hungary. No wonder Princess de Kalezy arranged her lights and shadows to make herself look thirty-five instead of forty.

"Tell me," said Victoria, "what do you think of Prince Careni?"

"He has been a great duellist, and he is a great beau, and is going to be a great statesman."

"Hm!" mused Victoria, "is his reputation warranted by his vices or his virtues?"

"My dear," answered her mother, "he is a gentleman."

"Which means," snapped Victoria, "that he belongs to a class of people whose sins are forgotten, as quickly as their virtues are forgiven."

"My dear," the Princess retorted, "he is certainly no worse than his own generation, and a great deal better than yours. I thought you rather liked Careni; at all events, you seemed well enough pleased to be with him."

"So I was," Victoria answered; "but to-day Franz—"

"Prince Careni," announced a servant; and Victoria, gathering up her gloves and crop, left the room.

While the Princess turned her beautiful

profile so that pink light fell full upon it, Victoria was walking slowly down the hall.

"Bon jour, ma Cousine!" said Franz, as she reached the door of the study. "I have come to watch developments."

"Bah!" answered Victoria, dropping into a chair; "what difference does it make? Marriage merely means a little more liberty meted out to a woman. We will play together the way we did before I came out, and go to parties as comfortably as if I were engaged to you."

The door opened. Careni and the Princess stood on the threshold.

"Victoria, Prince Careni has done me the honor to ask"—and Princess Kalezy hesitated. Franz knocked a Japanese jar off the mantel-piece—"has done me the honor to ask my hand in marriage."

Medill McCormick.





Falling, ere he saw the star of his country rise ; pouring out his generous blood like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage ; wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit.—Webster.



HERE is a certain mournful pleasure in turning aside from the active duties of life, in forgetting the busy hum and bustle of our daily work, to contemplate the lives of those who, having acted the parts assigned them in the world usefully and honorably to themselves and their country, gave up their lives for some great principle.

In examples worthy ever to be imitated and extolled, no land surpasses that of ours, and no place in that land has sent forth greater or nobler men than our University. More than this, no one in all Yale's history has better typified the spirit,

“For God, for country, and for Yale,”
no one has stood more honestly for all that was best and truest in this life, and no one

having equal promise sacrificed more than did Nathan Hale.

Born on the eve of the Revolution, he graduated from Yale; and, after teaching awhile, gave himself to his country at the beginning of that strife. Acquitting himself with much credit in his military duties, and winning praise and promotion from General Washington himself, at a time when our land was at its greatest peril, absolutely forgetting self, he undertook the despised duties of a spy. Being told that his success was extremely doubtful and his danger imminent, he was urged to reconsider his decision. He replied, that "conscious of all this, as he was, he could not consent to withhold his services."

Through treachery he was captured; and after the very mockery of a trial, and treatment worthy only of the meanest criminal, he was executed.

His home coming was no triumphant progress through cheering crowds. There were no friends, no admiring classmates there, no bands to play.

His home coming was in the early morning. The night shadows just beginning to fail before the sun. The birds in the trees were only just heralding the growth of one more day. There under the overhanging noose he stood, the truest, noblest, most

patriotic soul that ever went forth from under the elms of Yale.

Ought not we who admire above all that which is manly; to whom all that Yale stands for will ever be a most precious heritage; we who to-day enjoy in peace that which was brought about in war; a war rendered triumphant only through the spirit of '76; an heroic, self-sacrificing spirit, of which Nathan Hale is a most perfect example; ought not Yale, and those who are of Yale, at least in some way, publicly pay the tribute we owe, and which is so long overdue? Is it not fitting that just at this time, when having again shown that Yale never fails in the hour of need for men and arms, and there still remains some of that proffered help ready, to use it as a nucleus for as great a tribute as is permitted one man to pay to another? It should be a heartfelt tribute, a manly appreciation of true nobility of character. A tribute to one who represented us in a time of greatest need, and who was the truest Yale man.

The time is fit. Shall the spirit lack to place under these elms, on the fairest site we can offer, an everlasting honor to such an one? Let it not be said in the future, as has been mockingly said in the past, that we have failed to honor Nathan Hale. And on that statue, in plain letters, for all time: Nathan Hale. Yale, 1773. "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

H. B. B. Y.

QUI S'EXCUSE S'ACCUSE.



PROVERBS and epigrams are not always to be trusted. The boiling down process they must undergo not infrequently results in a boiling out of most of the truth, leaving only the dregs of a specious though unreliable advice. Mulvaney, for instance, made some epigrams that could scarcely find place in a philosophy of life, however much they might add to an encyclopedia of humor.

The above preamble has to do, however, with only the minority of the world's proverbs; as a rule, their wisdom is worth remembering and following. The Frenchman's "Qui s'excuse s'accuse" is a very truth, translated or not. Let a man begin an unsolicited defense, and accusers may save their breath. It is the same old truth that was voiced long before: "The wicked flee when none pursueth."

The man who excuses himself for not insuring his life accuses himself of culpable neglect. It is futile for him to try to prove that he does not need insurance — he has ever before him the examples of rich and poor who all have profited by its benefits; he need not say that he "can't," for all the world knows anything can be done where the proper will enforces the desire; he merely proves that he is more selfish than wise, — and blind to his own best interests.

Sound life insurance is to-day a necessity to right living. The man who would make the most of his opportunities provides through it for the protection of those he may be called to leave, for his own support in his advanced years, for a return upon monies invested as profitable as sure — and the man who would seek all this through the insurance contracts of The Mutual Life of New York seeks it where the testimony of long years of trust faithfully subserved shows that the finding is most assured.

THE SINGER: *To Lloyd Mifflin.*

From out the golden spaces, where, among
 The splendours lotus-pinioned, long he lay, —
 Down to the monotone of modern day
 The gods have sent a Singer, ever young.
 The glowing gates of Song concordant swung
 To music as he passed; their winged way
 The Harmonies that hold eternal sway
 Sped through the Void, whose deeps reverberant rung.

He comes: with eglantine his locks are bound,
 And poppies red; his pipe of dulcet tone
 He plays serene, and makes melodious moan;
 While, see! the uncouth swain has heard the sound,
 And listened, reed to lip — his fields are flown
 And Heliconian fountains sparkle round.

—Stanford Sequoia.



COLLEGE men everywhere are invited to send for the Washburn Souvenir Catalog. It contains nearly 300 portraits of artists and collegians, besides giving some account of the construction of Washburn instruments and a complete list of net prices. First-class music dealers the world over sell Washburns, or instruments may be obtained from the makers

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THE PLEDGE.

You lift a great goblet of gold, lad,
Brim filled with a wan sunset wine,
When the long night has grown gray and old, lad,
You pledge for your true heart to mine.
But give me the stroke of your hand, lad,
From your light life and strong heart and true,
For a rogue is the knave of the land, lad,
That's false to his hand and to you.
For the wine is old and bright the gold,
But the pledge of the hand is true.

You say you love me well, lass,
Of the queenly heart and head,
And your woman's truth you'd tell, lass,
With your lip's warm trembling red.
But let me hold you but so, lass,
With those eyes so brave and true,
And gaze where whole heart faiths glow, lass,
And all that was me grows you.
For the lips are sweet, and the kiss is meet,
But a woman's eyes are true.

—Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

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The Yale Courant

Founded in 1865

Vol. XXXV

March 25, 1899

No. 11

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Sidney B. Dean, 1900, Assistant Business Manager.

THE YALE COURANT is published Saturday of every other week, at New Haven, Conn., by the students of Yale University. Subscription price two dollars per annum. Single copy fifteen cents. Contributions must be left in the box in the first entrance of White by 6:30 p. m. on Tuesday of the week preceding publication. THE COURANT is on sale at the principal news-stands in New Haven.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office of New Haven, Conn.

A Knight-Errant of the Beaches.



HEN a man has been steady and industrious all his life, when he has never looked twice at any girl but one, and that one has dismissed him because he has none of the daring knight-errant in him, he has a perfect right to be desperate. Poor Dickey Sandpiper was conscious of these sterling qualities when he offered himself to a thoughtless

fledgling in her first season on the beach, and the shock of refusal was the more severe on that account. Could the reckless birds, who out of sheer bravado let sportsmen creep within range, offer her such a position as his? No, indeed. He would show her the emptiness of useless daring. He would tempt Providence and court bird-shot. The summer season was nearly over, and the beach would soon be deserted; but then one gunner was all he needed.

The ways of amateur sportsmen Dickey knew by heart, and this knowledge had kept him unharmed for the four uneventful years of his life, so now it would insure him a speedy death. Full of self-pity, he flitted out beyond the breakers, and scuttled silently along the shore to where the road came down to the beach. Here he saw a man with a gun, and near him a girl.

"Good! He must kill me, of course; but not until he has missed me a few times before his friend with the parasol." Dickey was in a savage mood.

Then it was that the great idea came. Perhaps it was inspired by the sight of the cold-hearted young thing in her first season, as she skipped daintily along high water line in search of sand fleas.

"Before I die," said Dickey viciously, "I'll show her that I can fool a hunter as

well as the next bird, even if I am lacking in romantic ideals. As well? Better, if I know myself. And then? Then I'll be shot. And she—perhaps she may be a little sorry."

A little farther down the beach a narrow, rocky ledge ran out from the shore, and Dickey began to work his man slowly toward it. The man would fire: Dickey would dodge, fly far out to sea in an ecstasy of assumed fear,—you must remember how desperate he was,—and then wheeling, he would skim in, and lighting with a flash of his silver lined wings, he would trot briskly away, saying "Peep" every few steps, in a careless, confident manner. The man followed him along the beach, crouching low as though behind imaginary breastworks. If some sportsmen knew how ridiculous they appear to their game, they would never fire gun again.

Dickey lit out on the point. The man hesitated to follow him, but the girl urged him on. This was something new to Dickey. The hunters' lady friends usually scolded them for shooting. As the man came in range he fired again. Down dropped Dickey behind a ridge of the ledge, and the charge of number ten flew over his head. More cries of terror, a wheel or two just to make it natural, and he was a little farther out along the point.

The man was really interested now, so Dickey adopted new tactics. He flitted wearily out to a reef, sixty yards off, and settled down. The man seated himself as near as possible and waited, too. The tide, however, kept right on, and Dickey watched the waves roll in and meet behind the ledge on which the man and the girl were waiting. A half-hour more and the water was too deep for wading.

Dickey's time had come. He took a last long look at the familiar beach, with its fringe of drift and its background of bent. He saw the hard-hearted little jilt still hunting for sand fleas, and he hoped she had seen what he had done and that she would feel very badly about what he was going to do. Then he shut his eyes and flew straight at the hunter.

"O dear, why doesn't he shoot?" cried Dickey; "I want to die, but I don't like this suspense." Then he opened his eyes, stopped short, and lit not ten feet from the gun. No use trying any more; it was not his fate to die this day. For he knew the ways of summer gunners,— and this one had his arm around the girl's waist, and the girl's head was on his shoulder.

With feathers ruffled by shame and anger, Dickey managed to flutter ashore and to sneak into the bents, expecting every

second to hear a derisive titter from his romantic young friend. Suddenly a little ball of feathers, balanced on two dainty black legs, appeared before him, and a tearful voice said: "O Richard! what a heartless thing I have been! I ought to have known you were brave and clever. You may have me, if you will promise never to be reckless again."



That evening, as the moon rose over the eastern headland, Richard and his fiancee strolled along the beach to see the tide-bound couple come ashore. The man carried the girl in his arms through the low waves.

"Do you know, dear," she was saying, "if we hadn't been cut off by the tide, I don't think you would ever have asked me. I really believe that ridiculous little bird knew what he was about."

"And that," said Dickey, as he settled down in the bents for the night, "is all they know about it."

Walter Bruce Howe.



Evensong.

THE lingering light, across the hills,
Looks down with watchful eye,
To see if Peace be on the land,
And Night, with rest, is nigh.

The twilight stills the breeze, and slow
Across the vale is spread ;
The flock is straying silently
As shadows of the dead.

From out a chapel, far away,
The solemn vesper bell
Is echoed faint, and fainter still,
Good night ! and all is well.

W. H. Field.





The Way of the Transgressor.



HE sun was shining through the trees which crowned the wild, irregular hills to the west of the city, and the lights and shadows made walking uncertain. Professor Luigi Trotta, in his descent, slipped on a rolling stone and fell forward, saving himself only by rasping a thorn bush. He swung around, smiting forcibly against the bush, and his botanical basket fell off his shoulder. It started to roll down the side slope, but soon sight on a bush.

As Trotta bound up his hand with hasted jerks, a ray of sunlight straggling through the foliage struck it, and the gleaming spots of light made him realize theateness of the hour. The shadows had darkened the hollows that the flowers closely hidden. Trotta picked up the basket and examined the results of his son's work.

"I'll have to bring the class itself out here to-morrow," he said, with a sigh. "I've got to humor my one class, I suppose. The rascals know well enough I'm ruined if I can't keep them." He fingered the fresh tears in his patched clothes ruefully. "Bianca is angry," he murmured, "because I don't go to see her; and how can I show myself in such a suit!"

The darkness increased, and the professor hastened his steps along the path through the thick woods that spread down into the valley. Just as he was passing a rocky defile, a man stepped out, and stood leaning on a carbine, quietly looking at him. The bandit, for such he proved to be, was evidently a man of authority and of success. His picturesque costume was adorned with the spoils of many travellers.

"I don't believe you're worth searching," he said, as he raised his carbine; "so up the mountain with you, and we'll see what sort of a ransom you'll bring."

"I won't bring any," replied Trotta, trembling, as he remembered the fate of unransomed captives. "I'm a poor professor. I've no one to send to."

"Your classes will have to get along without you, then," said the bandit, motioning him up the path. "Are they as

ragged as you?" he asked, with a contemptuous glance at the professor.

"My botany scholars come from the best families in the city," replied Trotta indignantly, his professional pride overcoming his fear. "If you should see them on one of our expeditions—"

"I wouldn't stop to admire them," interrupted the bandit, laughing; "not if I had any men around. What a prize! When were you going to take them out again?" he asked, slyly.

"I was going to bring them out to-morrow," replied Trotta mournfully, as he remembered his position.

The other watched him a moment. "You go ahead and bring them out to-morrow," he exclaimed, gesturing with his gun so that Trotta instinctively dodged. "I'll free you, and give you a third of all the ransoms. Nobody will ever find out," he added, raising his voice in excitement. "No one knows we're in this part of the country. I'll take good care you're not suspected."

Trotta drew himself up and began a scornful refusal, but the words died away. "Only the widow would ransom me," he said to himself. "It's a choice between marrying the widow and this. And this would give me Bianca."

Trotta turned to the bandit, who had advanced several steps toward him. "Where, and what time?" he asked.

The next morning the botany class were clambering over the hills with their boxes and baskets, searching for flowers with a zest which would ordinarily have delighted the professor. This morning, however, he did not notice it, and led them about and up and over the range of hills with a nervous haste which gave them no opportunity for their usual tormenting. By the time they had reached the summit they were climbing more steadily and slowly. As they descended the other slope, however, they scattered, and made little excursions here and there, delighted by their unusual freedom.

They had almost reached a spot where Trotta said he had found certain rare flowers, when brigands, appearing from every rock and tree, surrounded them. Taken by surprise, as they were spread out along the path, laughing and singing, the boys were quickly overpowered and bound, and their boxes and baskets thrown among the trees. The professor struggled and protested, till his scholars feared for his life, but the bandits merely bound and gagged him tightly, and then drove them all off to the camp, several miles distant.

The captives were allowed to eat a lunch; but before they had time to discuss their position and the chances of escape, two of the band came up and tied them all to trees. "It's necessary with such a lot of you," one said, smiling grimly. Then, taking his knife out of his belt, he proceeded to cut off their ears, putting each pair carefully by itself with the name of the owner. "It hastens the ransom," he remarked calmly, as one boy struggled in vain to break away.

When he reached the professor, the latter grew frantic. "Just ask the captain," he pleaded; "he'll stop you. Why, I—don't you know—I—I—I've a special arrangement with him?" he added in a whisper.

"Special arrangement!" said the one with the knife, in surprise.

"That is—I'm the professor," Trotta said hurriedly. "I'm not going to be ransomed."

"So much the worse for you, then," replied the other, performing his task with a practised hand.

The professor had scarcely quieted down some hours later, when one of the band untied him and led him before the captain. The latter received him smiling, and held out a basket, in which the unfortunate professor beheld all the ears of his party piled together.

"I am very sorry I forgot to give orders to spare you," he began, politely. "It was done sooner than I expected; and now one of my stupid men has piled the ears together, so that it will be hard to identify them. I've ordered his own ears taken off for the offense. I hope you will be able to pick out yours," he added, handing the professor the basket. "You are entirely welcome to them, if you can find them."

Trotta gave one dismayed look, dashed the basket to the ground, and fled. As he was led back to his friends, he heard the captain calling: "you could preserve them in alcohol, you know."

During the next few days, while they were waiting for the ransom, the professor's thoughts were busy with his prospects. "My ears! my ears!" he would moan. "What will Bianca say! There's always the widow," he would reflect: "she wouldn't care. But I could buy her out myself, now; and I did it all for Bianca." His thinking often became audible speech as he reviewed his troubles.

He could always comfort himself with calculations of his third of the ransoms, and plans for its disposition. His companions were surprised by the pleasure he seemed to take in reckoning up the profits of the brigands. In his boyhood Trotta had had

the habit of talking in his sleep. It had been very harmless, then; but the memory of it now made him so nervous that he hardly dared to sleep, and he longed for the re-appearance of the man who had gone for the ransoms.

The third afternoon the bandits had relaxed their guard, as the captain had gone away to oversee another affair. Their prisoners were chained; and they had long been free from attempts at rescue, for they invariably killed all their captives, if attacked. The sentinels came down from their perches in the trees, and grouped themselves with the others, spreading out on the grass their great mantles. The bright colors of their costumes lit up the dark green of the forest, and their rings and medals chinked lazily. Wine and cards were produced from their stores in hollow trees, and the bandits were soon all engrossed in their games.

Suddenly shots rang out, and the sentinels on one side fell. Soldiers rushed forward, and the bandits found themselves almost cut off from their prisoners. In the excitement they abandoned the latter and retreated, firing as they went.

Trotta, as he was unbound, seeing his chances of future wealth disappearing, in wild despair started to run after the retreat-

ing bandits. He was gently stopped by an officer, who supposed his troubles had turned his head.

"This is the way you want to go, my friend," he said, turning him around and leading him off. "You don't know what's in store for you. I've a commission to lead you to somebody who's waiting for you."

"The widow," gasped Trotta.

"The fathers of these fellows had decided to send the ransoms," continued the other. "It's so hard to get the government to do anything. But this friend of yours managed to get the soldiers. She must be an heiress. You're certainly a lucky man."

Trotta looked at him reproachfully, but said nothing, and followed him on.

His silence annoyed the guide, who began again impatiently: "You don't realize your position, professor. Here you've escaped free from those villains, with all your party, without paying a cent ransom. There's a rich, pretty woman fairly flinging herself at you!"

Trotta caught his breath, and glanced at his companion. Then he sighed: "Oh! I forgot she would be veiled!" He remained as silent as before, but his expression became anxious and almost hopeful.

The officer led him to an inn on the road to the city, outside of which a carriage was

standing; pushed him into the parlor, and left him alone with a woman.

She sprang toward him, exclaiming, "Oh, my Luigi, are you safe?"

"I owe all to you," he replied, embracing her resignedly.

"It cost me most of my fortune," she added, looking away; "but what does that matter, now I have you!"

Trotta couldn't repress a quiver. He picked up a paper she had dropped, and put it on the table.

"I was just reading," she said, "about that elopement yesterday. A Bianca Caruso ran off with Salvatore, the tenor, and the opera last night had to be postponed."

R. B. Anderson.





To an Opal.

A FAIRY sunset on a fairy lake.
A fire at night upon a fairy sea.
The message of my tender heart to thee,
Throbbing and burning for thy true love's sake !
Oh ! if a lifeless stone such color take
From air, and light, and mist ; might it not be
That warmer tinges from my heart, from me
Twould gain, and for me passion's pleading make,
Show her a light that naught on earth can pale,
Tho' life be long, and all else fade and fail ?
Tell her of trials borne by her love alone ?
Cast all my being at her spirit's throne ?
On to thy mission with right grateful speed !
And yielding not to thee, she's cold indeed.

H. L. R.



THE harp that long in slumber mute hath lain,
Needs but a stroke to rouse its melody :
The hand with careless touch at will can bring
A thousand colors from the midnight sea :
So oft the faintest breath can wake to life
The varying chords and hues of memory.

W. S. Johnson.



Art is Long.



HE first wild swirl of the storm swept with biting coldness through the narrow streets of the city, howling beneath ancient archways and buffeting the grinning gargoyle on the roof of the cathedral, until its vane-guard died away among the mountain crags which rose beyond the walls. There the first flakes of snow whirled silently through the gloomy pine forests, and, sifting between the cliffs, danced in ever increasing thousands down the little path which led to the valley. The storm grew, and the fierce north wind moaned up the passes until little Hans, struggling downward, thought he could see the airy forms of storm sprites sweeping through the pine boughs and fading into frozen mist before him. The path was steep, and the driven snow swirled as though it would tear from his arms the burden that he bore; but the city was

below, and the new life he had waited for so long. The dreamed-of city, with cathedrals and great pictures, and men who would understand him because of his art and because of what he bore. Sometimes the tempest brought him to his knees, and beat him down with fierce buffets of wind; and again, in the lull, he wondered at the beauty of the mountain forest, and saw strange, weird faces peering from the rocks, and shadowy hands beckoning him among the pine boughs. Then a dense curtain of snow swept up from the valley, and wrapped him in a gray twilight of silence.

Doubtful of his way, and glad of any shelter, little Hans fought a road through the blinding flakes towards a deserted hut he had seen a moment before on the hillside. Pursued by the restless wind, he reached its ruined front, and flung himself exhausted on the earthen floor.

The storm howled without; but inside the hut Hans had made a fire, and, as the blaze crackled merrily, he forgot the cold and the storm and his old life, and thought only of the future and his master work beside him. It was the precious bundle, opened now, with the coarse homespun thrown back from the work which it had hid. The flickering firelight showed only the carven semblance of oak leaves, cun-

ningly devised: but as the flames mounted higher, the light danced upon a face just peering through, a girl's face, of strange, wild beauty, with something half human, half elfish, in the smile that seemed to tremble on her lips, some mystery of the forest and of things half tamed in her eyes. It was a wood sprite, a Dryad — he knew not what he had carved: but into the rich nut-brown of the wood his loving fingers had instilled a living breath of the wild forest; and the face he had chiseled had haunted him since first he learned the mystery of the mountains.

It grew colder, but lost in dreams of the future, little Hans did not feel it until the red embers darkened, and the fitful glow on the face of the carving died away until the wood was black as ebony. Then he uncramped his stiffened limbs, and searched for more fuel. To his horror there was none! The deceptive pile from which the first had come was only earth beneath, and there was not so much as a shelf or a loosened beam on the log walls for him to use. Thoroughly frightened, he crawled out into the storm to search for broken branches in the forest; but the wilderness of drifted snow covered everything, and the howling wind drove him back cowering. In despair he tore at the walls, but only a

few handfuls of bark rewarded him. Then, as the cold ate into his numbing limbs, his eye fell on his masterwork. It was wood: rich, dry oak from the mountain valleys; and in thought he saw the yellow flame licking about it with eager tongue, and felt the pleasant warmth on his face. The picture of his mother, waiting so anxiously in the home valley, rose before him, and life seemed more precious than his masterpiece. With trembling fingers he uncovered the dying embers, scattering his strips of bark upon them; and as the flames danced up again, he lowered his eyes, and prepared for that which was to him as a human sacrifice.

The polished oak slipped from his stiffened hand, and as he bent for a better grip, a wilder gust tore down upon the hut, spitting the snowflakes in dancing streams through the crevices of the roof, and flashing the blaze into his face. Half stifled, he sprang backward; and through the circling smoke of the wet bark, the Dryads' eyes caught his and held them. The disdainful lips that he himself had molded, the hair with the witchery of falling water upon it, the face from his own brain, which was yet something more, appealed to that in him which the cold could not reach. "This is not mine to burn," he murmured; and, filled with the calm of his resolve and

the restful peace which falls upon those whom the ice-king has touched, he stretched himself on the earthen floor, and slept the death-sleep of the frost.

Henry Seidel Canby.



To a Portrait.

EYES that pierce with mystic look,
What dost see in yon far world?
Sunlight gold in silver brook,
Autumn hues on hill unfurled?

Hair that falls in wavy tress,
Dark, o'er shoulders white as snow,—
From thee what strange silentness
Sheds abroad its prescient glow?

Lips that curve in firm, sweet line,
Half-way parted in a smile,
Oft ye seem to give some sign,—
Vainly! yet I wait the while.

P. H. Hayes.



“**W**AS reading the other day—” began the Wag, with affectation of great seriousness, as he removed his pipe from his mouth.

“Indeed?” I was tempted to interrupt, with incredulity.

The Wag took no notice of the interruption, save to remark parenthetically, “cheap wit and bad manners.” “Yes,” he continued, “I was reading an article on some aspects of college life which said, among other things that were practical and true and still others that were romantic and more true, that college is no place for incurables.”

“Well, that’s true enough, isn’t it?” I asked. “What fault have you to find in that?”

“Yes, it’s true enough. But still they are here, and they are at every college, I’d be willing to take my oath. What the

writer—he's a dean at Cambridge—meant by incurables, as I understand, is, the fellows who come to college, or are sent, without the slightest ambition to make anything of themselves, who never get it, and who just hang on aimlessly, lowering the tone of the student body, till, by some stroke of luck, they are fired, or, by mistake, they are graduated."

"There are precious few of that ilk here," I answered.

"Uhm-m; there's a number of them, though, and there oughtn't to be any. Wasn't it Bismarck who said something about there being a certain proportion of students who went to the devil, and that the rest governed Europe?" The Wag seldom takes pains to remember a quotation exactly. "Now I wonder if the first class couldn't be eliminated, or at any rate further reduced."

"Well, what would you have done about it? Would you raise the scholarship requirements, and try to do it in that way?"

"No; you'd be going wrong in another direction, then. Fellows would simply come to college a little older than they do now: while the tendency ought to be the other way, especially when so many fellows take two or three or four years in some profes-

sional school, after leaving college, before they finally begin to do something."

"Well, what would you do then?" I asked, somewhat testily.

"I'd follow a plan so out of use down here as to be really novel."

"What is it?"

"Why," said the Wag, "I'd leave it to the faculty."

"Really," said I, with all the severity the case demanded, "your plans grow more absurd every day." And the Wag subsided.

R. H.

M. D. or D. D.



URING the time that the eminent Unitarian divine, Dr. Ellery Channing, resided in Boston, his brother, a physician, was likewise a resident of that city. The story is told of them that one day a visitor called at the physician's door, which chanced to be opened by the householder himself. "Does Dr. Channing live here?" asked the newcomer. "He does." "Can I see him?" "I am he." "What, you?" "Yes, sir." "You must have changed very much since I heard you preach!" "Oh, I'm not that one. It's my brother who preaches: I practice."

Therein lies all the difference in the world. Is it the chronic weakness in human nature? Or what else is it that causes so many to say and think good things and so few to do them? How many men there are, for instance, who know what good life insurance is, and still they walk by on the other side. It is not that they need to have its truths preached to them, for they have seen those truths proven by facts in the benefits that have accrued to relatives and friends. What they need is to be stirred up to loyalty to their own inescapable convictions.

It is well to preach the gospel of sound insurance, but practice is the most effective sermon, after all; and when such practice results in joining those thousands of true believers who have insured with the Grand Old Mutual of New York, the sermon will have found its best peroration—it will be a sermon of real and practical good to the preacher, as well as to all within the sound of his voice or the influence of his action.

TRIFLERS.

A whirl of skirts and a lightsome laugh,
 Red lips, curled in a tempting bow,
 Brown eyes' challenge, provoking, sweet —
 I stooped in a moment and kissed you so.
 (For the mistletoe hung in the paneled hall,
 And a kiss is a trifle, after all.)

A trifle, surely, but tell me, pray,
 What have you done with my earnest plan
 To "live for the good of the human race,"
 To "think and work for my fellow-man."

Last night it mastered my every wish,
 And never a trace of it now I find;
 'Tis vanished and gone like a sun-spun mist,
 And naught finds dwelling in heart or mind

Save the haunting gleam of a curly head,
 And a mischievous, mocking, girlish face,
 And an echo of laughter, trilling out
 In eerie music about the place.

How should I know that soft, warm lips
 Could wield such perilous, ruthless might?
 And you — are dancing with someone else,
 The kiss and its giver forgotten quite.

(For the mistletoe hung in the paneled hall,
 And a kiss is a trifle, after all.)

—The Morningside.

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SPRING SONG.

The world is barren only for a while;
Winds of the young year gather in their sleep
Dream-roses garlanded, which thou shalt reap,
Sweet, when the dream comes true. Winter shall pile
Unmeaning hoard of fruitless days to while
The slumber time away, but at a leap
Spring shall supplant the miser and shall sweep
The silent earth with an awakening smile.

And I shall see it, and the year shall rise,
And love shall find where all the roses are,
To gather them in songs, and every sod
Of earth shall hold a thought of paradise,
And lead us to its portal, as the star
Of old led wise men to the feet of God.

—*Columbia Literary Monthly.*

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The Yale Courant

Founded in 1865

Vol. XXXV

April 8, 1899

No. 12

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THE YALE COURANT is published Saturday of every other week, at New Haven, Conn., by the students of Yale University. Subscription price two dollars per annum. Single copy fifteen cents. Contributions must be left in the box in the first entrance of White by 6:30 p. m. on Tuesday of the week preceding publication. THE COURANT is on sale at the principal news-stands in New Haven.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office of New Haven, Conn.

Obstructed Paths.

AWRENCE climbed the stairs slowly, dragging his hand on the bannister. He took out his keys and listlessly unlocked his door. There was a letter addressed to him, lying face up, on the floor, and he stooped for it without the faintest show of enthusiasm. Entering the room, he threw his note-book upon the center table and himself into an arm-chair. He held the letter in his hand, turning it idly over and over—he was tired, body and

soul. He had been up late the night before, and he had just been to a lecture that had bored him fearfully, which was partly, he felt, the fault of the lecturer, and partly, he would have admitted if pressed, his own.

At length Lawrence mustered energy enough to open the letter. "It's from father," he said aloud, as he inserted a knife blade under the flap, "and I can tell what it says, to a word: 'Enclosed you will find check. See that you spend it wisely. I hope you are making good use of your time,'— and nothing more." His lip curled. "Dictated and type-written too, this time," he added; "and that's practically all I get. The weekly formula is about the same as this monthly formula, except for the check, and it never changes unless the Dean writes father, which he only did once, that I've been cutting chapel and recitations too much. He never writes me what he's doing, and he never seems to want to know what I'm doing outside my regular work, like other fellows' fathers; so I don't tell him."

Lawrence placed the check in his pocket-book, and held the letter at arm's length, as if to better realize its brevity. Then with an almost guilty start, he crushed it in his hand, and threw it into the fire-place, for he heard a step at the door, and there was a pride,— or if not pride, something

akin to it,—that would have kept him from divulging the length of that letter under rack and screw.

"Any mail, Jerry?" asked Neilan, his room-mate, coming in with decidedly more animation than had Lawrence himself.

"Nothing for you," answered Lawrence slowly; "only a letter for me, from father."

"When are you going to get him down, and show him the place, Jerry?" asked Neilan, who had dropped upon the divan, looking up from his *News*.

"Oh! he says he's so confoundedly busy just now," returned Lawrence quickly, "that he doesn't know whether he ever can get off. So he's added to my check—to make up, you know. Let's have a good dinner to-night, and then go to the show."

"Well," returned Neilan, "I'd like to; but I'm enough dinners and shows in debt to you now, and the minute I start to pay up, you put me further in debt."

"Rot!" said Lawrence, opening a book. "I'll get the tickets, and don't you forget and go and make another date."

There was silence a minute or so, and then Neilan threw down his *News*. "Say, Jerry," he interrupted, "you know that fellow Conover, don't you, the shark?"

"Yes?" replied Lawrence.

"Well, I guess he's in pretty hard lines.

He was just ahead of me at the bursar's office, and I caught a word or two about the bursar's having no authority to extend the time of payment, and so on. He's a first rate chap ; he's sat next me all the year, and they say he's a bully good tutor, though I suppose there's no tutoring to be done now, in the early part of the term. Tough luck, isn't it ?" And Neilan, lighting his pipe, was lost in the delights of Psychology before he had time to notice that Lawrence made no reply.

Although the process of Lawrence's education might in the main have been typical of the education of a good many of the men around him, he was not altogether a typical product of that process. He had been sent away to boarding school not long after he was breeched, and had stayed there, though not at the same particular school, except for the intervals of vacation, and the measles and kindred ailments, until he came to college. His mother had died when he was too young to remember her afterward. For the year or more following he had been put in the charge of two aunts. Then his father, unmoved by the lamentations of aunts and nephew, believing him too much of a burden and likely to be spoilt, had ordered him off to boarding school, and he had gone ; and his father, having thrown himself into

his daily labors with a zeal that was fairly Berseker in its intensity, came soon to look upon the plan as fixed and permanent. His early vacations Lawrence spent regularly with his aunts, seeing his father not infrequently, but seldom alone without a third person. Then, when he had graduated from the absolute need of attending women-folk, he came to spend his vacations more and more with the other fellows; for while not precisely a leader, he was always plentifully supplied with money,—he was generous to a fault,—and the schoolboy mind is not altogether forgetful of obligations, and tends to pay them—if not in the same coin, then in some other. After he had come to college, where characteristics are become more fixed and the character analysis more shrewd, he was called “a little queer, never exactly grouchy, but—moody.”

And so instead of drawing closer and closer together in proportion to the decreasing ratio between their ages, as they should have done, Lawrence and his father drew farther apart, or at least more fixed in their separation, the fault of neither and the misfortune of both. Yet it wanted often, as Lawrence dimly saw, only some slight whim of chance to re-arrange things in their proper order. But he saw too dimly and was too sensitive to take the initiative;

while his father had little by little made of himself an undemonstrative automaton, and by main strength forced himself into a rut whose artificiality he failed to recognize.

Lawrence sat motionless for a few moments, and then, as if he had reached a decision, he got up abruptly, and began hunting around among the books upon the table and in the book-case.

"What do you want, Jerry?" asked Neilan, watching him over the top of his book.

"Didn't we have a prelim. list around somewhere?" replied Lawrence.

"Yes, I think it's in on my desk," Neilan returned, and Lawrence reappeared from the bedroom a moment later, the missing list in his hand, while Neilan went on with his work.

Lawrence put on his coat, and stopping in the doorway, called back: "Don't forget to-night!" and then passed out.

II.

There was a ball to be given at the Armory. Whether it was the National Guard, or the Associated Postmen, or neither, that were to give it, is quite immaterial. At all events, it was well and widely advertised, and the attendance which resulted was large; so large, in fact, that the bouncers, despite their

numbers and their having been chosen with a critical eye to physical fitness, from the first foresaw trouble and plenty of it. For a time, indeed, they were equal to the exigencies of their positions; but as the evening waned and the ball became less of a ball and more of a riot, they wobbled, metaphorically speaking and otherwise, in the shoes they were forced to fill. They bounced a few people at not altogether infrequent intervals, but they never chose any other than an unoffending spectator, the moral effect of whose enforced exit was therefore inconceivably great—or small, if you like that spelling better.

A number of pleasure-loving souls had strayed down to the Armory from the Campus, with the innocent idea of watching the gaiety. The object of special interest and the cause of great delight was Peter Mulvey, hanger-on of the college, doer of odd jobs, and wearer of old clothes. He was closely followed by Charley Telfair and Michael Stebbins, two local pugilists of the heavyweight class, who had figured in bouts at the Nonpareil Athletic Club. Mulvey proudly called them his watch-dogs, and the name suited their present duties admirably. Mulvey would scan the crowd closely for some one of sufficiently pugilistic appearance and condition; then having found such an

individual he would use one of two methods. Either he would run into the chosen victim, or he would step on his toes, and in either case he would tell him that he was "damned clumsy." The victim would then threaten to beat anything from "hell" to "whey" out of Mulvey—Mulvey stood a scant five feet two in his shoes. Here was where the watch-dogs came in. They would apparently rise up out of the floor, and declare themselves to be particular friends of his, Mulvey's, and quite ready and willing to do battle for him. It needed but a glance at the two for anyone with the slightest remaining glimmer of sense to decline the gage thus politely thrown down, and Mulvey and his watch-dogs would pass on in search of further game.

There were two policemen at the door, and they stayed there together, with an eye to safety and the integrity of their coat-tails. But they were minded finally to send word to the central station that a squad of their fellows had best be sent them at once, and at speed.

Some time before this, Lawrence and Neilan had been playing pool. They had played a number of games, and had already begun to think of some new diversion, when the attendant announced as he set up the balls, that there was likelihood

of the Armory's being a very warm place, to paraphrase his words, before the sun rose; and in lack of something better to do, they had strolled down. Arrived at the Armory, the two learned of the lark Mulvey and his watch-dogs were having, and they tried to find them in the revolving crowd. But Mulvey's cleverness had failed him for once, or his daring had become too great, and he had selected a gentleman who was too far gone to be intimidated, and who also had "friends." Two or three had rallied to the support of each side, and a general engagement had apparently just begun, when the sudden appearance in force of blue coats and brass buttons, stampeded the crowd like so many cattle. Lawrence and Neilan had been unwittingly approaching the scene of trouble, and now they were caught by the scattering crowd as by a bursted reservoir. A long-legged individual, unsteady on his feet, tripped and fell upon Lawrence, and Lawrence was endeavoring to disencumber himself without special regard to gentleness, when a hand at his collar fairly jerked him off the floor, and another menaced him with an ugly looking billy. He saw the folly of resistance, and so escaped the threatened blow. Neilan, who had been taken in much the same way, was less wise, and for his unwisdom received a

cut over the head, which let in some reason in return for the blood which it let out.

The police were too numerous to found a hope of rescue. Accordingly Lawrence and Neilan were piled in the patrol, along with the other captives, while their friends hurried off to make anticipatory arrangements for bail.

At the station-house the doors were closed, and the prisoners lined up before the desk, Lawrence and Neilan near the head. Neilan's turn came first. "Edward Fitzgerald," he answered to the question for his name, and stuck to it until "Edward Fitzgerald" was entered upon the book. Lawrence was next. He was about to make a similarly judicious answer, when his hat, which had been tightly wedged upon his head in the encounter with the gentleman who lost his feet, was lifted from behind by a patrolman, who looked at the name-plate and announced "Jerome Lawrence" for him. Taken off his guard, Lawrence could make no denial.

III.

On the second morning following the armory ball, Neilan went down the stairs two steps at a time, and plunging through the swinging entry doors, almost overthrew Conover, who happened to be passing. Neilan's activity was not due at all to light

spirits: for the cut on his head, which was only disguised and not concealed by much plaster and a hat, still gave him a racking headache. On the contrary, he looked quite as if he was running to escape something: a very plausible idea, except that nothing followed him out the door. Conover, however, looked, or had looked until the collision, exceedingly well content. His clothes, while they fitted him somewhat indifferently, were yet conspicuously new; and he had, too, almost the air of a man so thoroughly fit physically as to ignore for the time all other sides of life in the enjoyment of this. "Well," said he, laughing, when he had regained his breath, "that's pretty close to assault and battery. It's lucky for you I wasn't a Prof."

The two hesitated a moment, and then walked along together. Neilan had muttered his apologies, and now that Conover had a chance to look at him, he saw that something was wrong, and his tone changed at once. "What's wrong?" he asked, with a sympathetic impulse that he half regretted a moment later, in fear that he had better have said nothing. It came over Neilan, what a transposition this was from the day on which he had seen Conover in the bursar's office, and in a vague way, the very remembrance gave Conover, in his

eyes, a right and a power to enter and aid in the trouble which beset him now.

"Why, it's about Jerry and his dad," explained Neilan, after a pause.

"What is it?" asked Conover, with more assurance, seeing now that the trouble was not directly personal to Neilan. "Is it about his studies? I thought he was bracing up in them well."

"No," answered Neilan; "you know he's stood high all this year, and that ought to count in his favor. But it's all that affair at the Armory the other night. Don't you know they got Jerry's name by a dirty trick, and didn't you see there was a big, windy, dirtier lie in the papers?"

"He's stood high? Yes, I saw all about it; only," Conover added, self deprecatingly, "my dad's coming on this morning, for the first time since he graduated, and I'd clean forgot everything else."

"Well," answered Neilan bitterly, "Jerry's dad is already on, and he's awfully cut up. Says it's a disgrace, and so on. Jerry started in to explain, and then he got on a high horse, I don't know as I blame him, and won't explain a word more; but just takes all his father says, high tragedy like, only it's mighty real tragedy. I thought maybe I could help, but I only made matters worse by cutting in with this head on me, and so I

skipped. Jerry's a bit queer, you know, and he'll take it all hard, especially his father's saying it all comes of his having too much money ; and that isn't fair," added Neilan, more indignantly, "for he's always blowing it on other fellows."

"What did you say about Lawrence's standing high ?" asked Conover, thoughtfully.

"Why, just that he has, all this year we've had electives ; he's been almost a shark," answered Neilan, petulantly, thinking the question altogether aside of the mark, and merely a bit of unsympathetic shop-talk from a man who wore a watch-charm for high scholarship, "it ought to help him a lot."

Conover was silent for some time. They had left the Campus, and turning down a side street had unconsciously quickened their pace as they joined in facing the problem. Neilan was beginning to regret he had so unbosomed himself to Conover, when Conover stopped almost short. "I think I can help in this," he said ; "let's walk back. I can explain in a moment, and I've something I must ask you to do for me." They turned.

"I've sort of dimly suspected it for some time," began Conover slowly, "and I wonder I didn't find it out before. I suppose it was because I'd been such a recluse,

doing some outside reading. I was awfully hard up about three months ago—”

“Yes,” interrupted Neilan, “I saw you one day in the Bursar’s office.”

Conover flushed. “Well, I was just completely strapped, though maybe I don’t look it now. You see, Dad’s been fighting a patent case for years and years, and it took about everything, though he’s won now. And I suppose you told Lawrence about me: for he came over that very day, and said he needed no end of tutoring, back work partly, and asked if he couldn’t come to my room, because there was such a noise in yours, generally. I tutored him regularly for days, and it was about all that pulled me through. I suppose he won’t take the money back, but it looks as if I might pay him in another way. Now my dad is due on the train that gets here in about thirty minutes, and I want you to meet him, for I think I ought to see Lawrence’s father the quickest I can: don’t you?”

“Yes,” said Neilan, with fast returning spirits, “I do.”

“Well, you can’t miss Dad,” returned Conover; “he’s very short and stout, has a square clipped gray beard, and stands straight as a rod. He wrote me he was going to take a parlor seat, just to see what it was like, for once; and he’ll likely have a

big bag, with his initials, H. L. C., on it. You don't need to go quite yet; but when you do, I wish you'd take him to my room — here's the key — and tell him I'll be over soon."

"All right," returned Neilan, pocketing the key; and the two separated.

IV.

The arc-lights on the campus were shrouded in a grey cloak of mist and the rain beat upon the lighted windows with so baffled a sound that it made still more appreciable the good comfort within. On the corner of the divan nearest the fire sat Lawrence, leaning forward with his arms resting upon his knees, saying little and listening much. In one of the two big arm chairs of which the room made boast sat his father, and in the other sat Mr. Conover, short and stout and with a square cut beard as he had been described to Neilan, while beyond in a small rocker sat his son, less fixedly attentive than Lawrence, and apparently given over to his own thoughts, which plainly enough were pleasant. The air was thick with smoke and, as he talked, Mr. Conover stopped to draw great clouds from the cigar with which he gesticulated. Mr. Lawrence was listening with characteristic thoughtfulness, speaking only rarely, either in answer or in question.

"Ah, well," said Mr. Conover at length, rising to toss the ashes from his cigar into the fire and brushing others, that had strayed upon his coat, into the same place, "I've kept you up late enough, for it loosened my tongue, and my heart too, coming back this way. But I fear I've bored you far too long. Haven't I, Jack?" he added, turning to his son.

"Eh, Dad?" said Covover jumping up.

"Proof conclusive, I declare," laughed Mr. Conover with all heartiness, while Mr. Lawrence made effort to keep them longer. "He'd gone to sleep himself." "No!" answered Conover, flushing slightly, "not sleeping, only thinking."

"Well, come along," returned his father, getting into his coat with assistance, "it's bed time and past."

The lights in the entry had been turned out for an hour and more, and the faint glimmer that came through the bespattered windows served not at all to make clear the way. "Here," spoke up Lawrence, "let me show you down by match-light, we haven't a candle."

"No, that's all right," protested Conover, "I know the stairs like a book and Dad can hang on to me."

"That's it," laughed Mr. Conover, "if we go amiss we'll send back for a relief party."

Lawrence held the door open that the light from his room might aid so far as possible, until a cheery "All right! good night!" from below and the slamming of the entry doors told him that the departing guests had made the downward journey in safety. Then closing the door he stepped back into the room. His father was standing before the fire his hands locked behind him. Lawrence stepped up to him. "Are you going back to the hotel, sir?" he asked, as if repressing another question.

"Don't you suppose you could bunk me, Jerome," answered his father laying his hand awkwardly on the boy's shoulder and finding his words slowly, "if that's what you call it, here in your room?"

Jerome's eyes shone. "Of course I can, sir. That's what I wanted."

"Suppose then we don't turn in just yet," said his father seating himself, and then for a time there was silence.

When all is said and done words are but a matter of habit and of practice, and the barriers erected by years are not to be overcome in seconds. Even brave old Colonel Newcome himself could not have come back to the "Cave of Harmony" after those thirty-five years and joined in as he did and sung "Wapping old Stairs" as he did—in the Incledon manner with roulade

and flourish—had there not been merry fellows too in far India, with hearts in the right place, who could appreciate good cheer and an old ballad well sung, and through whom he could keep in touch with the world of good fellowship and mirth.

And so though Lawrence and his father sat in silence, the whim of chance had come, and their paths had at last been opened up, the one into the other.

Richard Hooker.

The Eve is Still.

THE eve is still; the fields
Moon-haunted, breathe of sleep;
Long since the village voices ceased,
And now the silence keep.

Ah! whither must I go,
While speeds the night's soft reign?
Past orchards, past the dreaming woods,
Out to the starry main.

For there the slow tides glide
To music born of the sea;
And the murmuring voice of the waves is hushed
In soul-deep mystery.

P. H. Hayes.



NATHAN HALE. YALE 1773.

Model for Statue by William Ordway Partridge.

Nathan Hale. Yale 1773.

Thus, while fond Virtue wished in vain to save,
Hale, bright and generous, found a hapless grave.
With Genius' living flame his bosom glowed,
And Science lured him to her sweet abode.
In Worth's fair path his feet adventured far,
The pride of Peace, the rising hope of War.
In duty firm, in danger calm as even,
To friends unchanging, and sincere to Heaven.
How short his course, the prize how early won,
While weeping Friendship mourns her favorite gone.
Pres. Dwight.

OR many years in the little town of Coventry, Connecticut, where Nathan Hale was born, a simple stone, by the side of his father's grave, in the church burial-ground, bore the inscription: "Nathan Hale, Esq., a Capt. in the army of the United States, was born June 6th, 1755. Received the first honors of Yale College, Sept., 1773," and "resigned his life a sacrifice to his country's liberty, at New York, Sept. 22d, 1776, aged 21." To-day upon the same site stands a monument, erected, not by the Government to which he gave so much, but by the people of his

town and those in the State who wished to honor his memory.

In his early home life he was surrounded by the taste, manners and faith of the Puritans. It was a quiet, strict, godly household, and Nathan Hale here grounded himself in all that was best and purest in his after life.

Very fond of out-door exercise, and also of study, he thus early fitted himself in body and mind for later years. It had been originally intended to fit him for the ministry; but the mother overcame the father, who favored such a profession, and Nathan Hale entered Yale in 1770. It is said that he passed the examinations with more than usual credit in reading, writing and arithmetic, and that he had an excellent acquaintance with Sallust, Cicero and the Greek Testament. His career at college was distinguished by good scholarship and good behavior; a great favorite with his class and with his professors, he made lasting friendships readily. He entered everything with unusual spirit and understanding; and combined here, as well as in his early life, the literary and the athletic. He actively aided to found and sustain the Linonian Society; and the marks of a prodigious leap which he made upon the Green were long preserved and pointed out.

On graduation, he took part in a Latin Syllogistic Dispute, followed by a Forensic Debate on the question, "Whether the education of daughters be not, without any just reason, more neglected than that of the sons;" and stood in the first third of a class of thirty-six.

Soon after leaving college he obtained the position of teacher in a school in East Haddam, Conn., where he remained during the winter of 1773-4, when his amiability, vivacity and intelligence, as well as his reputation of a happy, faithful and successful teacher, procured for him a place in the Union Grammar School in New London.

He was loved by all. His very nature demanded respect and admiration; and here, as later in the army, everyone with whom he came in contact became his friend and admirer. He was a man peculiarly engaging in his manners; and scholars, old and young, were attached to him, loving him for his tact and amiability. Although a firm disciplinarian, he was happy in his mode of conveying instruction, and highly respected by everyone.

When, on April 19th, 1775, the report of the battle of Lexington went through New England, Nathan Hale was a speaker in the town mass-meeting at New London. "Let us march immediately," he said, "and

never lay down our arms until we obtain our independence." He enrolled himself as a volunteer; and sending a letter to the school trustees, in which his inherent modesty asserts itself, dismissed the school the following morning, and surrendered his charge.

He enlisted as lieutenant in the Third Company of the Seventh Connecticut Regiment, commanded by Colonel Webb, and was almost immediately stationed in camp near Boston.

The first six months of his army life were passed quietly in camp, and with no opportunity to prove his patriotism, except in what is perhaps the hardest situation, that of enforced idleness. It was all spent in his accustomed cheerful, praiseworthy and careful discharge of duties as an officer and a man.

In April, 1776, with the troops under General Heath, Hale removed to New York. While here he conceived the plan of capturing the British sloop which was anchored in the East River under the sixty-four guns of the ship-of-war *Asia*. With a small boat-load of companions, he boarded her in the dead of night, and cut her out from under the very nose of the man-of-war, bringing ship and cargo safely into New York harbor. His life in New York was

of the same general character as at Boston, except that extreme vigilance was necessary, owing to ignorance as to the future movements of the British.

The disastrous battle of Long Island had been fought, and the American troops, filled with despair, had retreated to the island of New York. The militia began to desert. Pay was months in arrears. One-fourth of the men were on the sick list. In positive suffering from want of supplies; without confidence; without discipline; the American Army, fourteen thousand only fit for duty, in the early part of September, 1776, lay stretched from the Battery to Kingsbridge.

Facing them, almost surrounding them on Long Island and in the Sound, was a British Army and Navy of about twenty-five thousand men, magnificently equipped, ably officered, and confident of success.

It was a question of infinite moment to Washington and the dispirited army as to what General Howe would do next. In any one of twenty different ways they might advance victoriously without check.

After trying all regular sources of information, without success, and the officers not being equal to the problem, General Washington reasoned, that someone must enter the British camp. The officers agreed with him, and Colonel Knowlton was in-

structed to select someone for the task: a task not alone dangerous, but one made up of all that is low and sneaking, the ignominious duty of a spy. No common soldier could go. It needed an intelligent man, one with a quick, cool head, a good draughtsman, and one whose appearance would belie suspicion. Knowlton appealed to a gathering of officers for someone to undertake the mission. The appeal was received in silence. He entreated them individually, and one after another declined. When Washington's position and the fate of the American army seemed all but lost, Nathan Hale, who had but just lately recovered from a severe illness, his face still pale, without his accustomed strength of body, but with his spirit firm and ardent as ever, rose just within the circle of officers, nearly all of whom were his superiors; and saluting Colonel Knowlton, said in his clear, strong voice: "I will undertake it."

He was deaf to all entreaties and appeals to reconsider his step. In vain they gathered around him. "No," he said. "I think I owe to my country the accomplishment of an object so important and so much desired by the commander of her armies; and I know of no other mode of obtaining the information than by assuming a disguise and passing into the enemy's camp. I am

fully sensible of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation. I wish to be useful; and every kind of service necessary for the public good, becomes honorable by being necessary. If the danger of my country demands a peculiar service, its claims to the performance of that service are imperious."

He assumed the disguise of a schoolmaster, and took with him as proof of his calling his college diploma, which was signed by the Reverend Doctor Napthali Daggett.

He was about two weeks in accomplishing his task, surrounded at all times by dangers which seemed almost unavoidable. From the midst of them all, Nathan Hale started—undetected and unharmed—on his return to the American camp. He entered a tavern near the shore of the Sound, to wait for a boat to convey him to the mainland; and on hearing a boat approaching, he walked to the shore only to find himself a prisoner in the hands of the British, betrayed by a traitor who had recognized him in the tavern. He was sent to New York to General Howe. The proof against him was conclusive. He did not attempt to explain, to deny, or throw himself on the laws of war and demand trial by a court martial—that right accorded to every military offender save a mutineer. No subterfuge, no double deal-

ing, no treachery, appealed to him to free himself. Open and sincere as he was by nature; incapable, save for the high patriotic end he then pursued, of delusion, and already weary probably of the burden of deceit; he frankly and at once acknowledged his mission, confessed himself an American officer and a spy, proudly yet respectfully stated his success, sorrowful over the loss of his power to serve his country, and calmly and fearlessly awaited the verdict. It was that he should be hanged "the next morning at daybreak." He was delivered into the keeping of Provost Marshal William Cunningham, a man than whom none more infamous for cruelty ever disgraced the annals of any prison upon earth; who after brutally questioning the prisoner, ordered him rigidly confined.

Hale asked that his hands be loosed, and that he be given writing materials and a light, so that he might write to his parents and friends. The request was refused. He then asked for a Bible. This, too, was refused; as was his last request for a clergyman, who might pray with him. The lieutenant of Hale's guard was so touched by the prisoner's position that he interfered, and begged earnestly that he might be allowed at least a pen and paper. It was at length granted. In the gloom of his cell,

by the flickering light of the single candle, to the grinding of the sentries' footfall upon the floor outside, without a friend, without one kind word, he wrote his farewell letters, to mother, sisters and sweetheart. In the dimness of earliest morning, Cunningham came for him. He took the letters, read them, and then—furious at the noble spirit which breathed in every line—he tore them into pieces, "that the rebels should never know they had a man who could die with such firmness."

As a spy, his execution was of course public, and accompanied with every contrivance which brutality could suggest to wound the sensibilities.

Through it all, Nathan Hale bore himself with the same nobility of character, the same firmness and self-control, the same dignity which had characterized him throughout his life.

Under the tree and rope he stood, his arms pinioned, his shirt and coat thrown open, leaving his neck bare. Straight, with head erect, he looked at the gaping crowd around him, among them not a single familiar face. The coarse voice of Cunningham, whose eye watched every movement, and who at the supreme moment was bent on a final degradation, hoping that the tumult of his soul might lead to

some strange, ridiculous remark which could be remembered as a self-made epitaph by "a rebel captain," scoffingly demanded his dying speech and confession.

One glance at Cunningham, one slight momentary contraction of his features into contempt, and he turned his look, filled with his energy and sweetness, upon the crowd, impressed at the unusual spectacle with solemn awe. With no quivering of the lip, no blanching of his cheek as he stood beneath the tree; with a voice full, distinct, slow, thrilling through his very being: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

H. B. B. Yergason.





THROUGH the courtesy of Professor James M. Hoppin, we are enabled to reproduce a photograph of the model for the statue of Nathan Hale, by William Ordway Partridge, which Professor Hoppin mentioned in his letter to the *News* some time since, and which we hope to see eventually placed upon the Campus. It seems to embody more perfectly the spirit of the student and schoolmaster, more nobly portrays the true manliness of Nathan Hale, than any we have yet seen, and to coincide more closely with the description of him.

"In height, he was about five feet and ten inches, and was exceedingly well proportioned. His figure was elegant and commanding. He had a full, broad chest, full face, light blue eyes, light rosy complexion, and hair of a medium brown. The elasticity of his muscles he cultivated most carefully, and was capable of many unusual

feats of strength and agility. His face was full of intelligence and benevolence, of good sense, and good feeling. Every new emotion lighted it with a brilliancy perceptible to even common observers."

* * * * *

The lines at the beginning of the article on Nathan Hale are taken from a poem by the first President Timothy Dwight, who was a tutor in Yale at the time Nathan Hale was a student here.

H. B. B. Y.

The Truth of an Old Story.



ROBIN and a Nightingale once dwelt in the same hedge. The Robin carried the responsibilities of a family, and his head on one side; the Nightingale enjoyed a reputation for staying out nights.

Morning after morning the Robin would don his pink shirt and start out into the dawn in search of breakfast; and morning after morning his offspring, full-fed and noisy, would see neighbor Nightingale sally forth some hour or so later, just in time to find all the desirable worms had been taken in. To be sure he usually picked up something after a good deal of hustling, and used to say too that opera singers couldn't afford to eat heartily: but all of this never deceived the hungry little robins, who mightily honored their early-rising parent.

Madam Robin, however, was rather taken with the aristocratic habits of the Nightingale, and remarked: "Bob, dear, why can't you sleep late, like our throaty friend? You hustle around as though you were a common sparrow."

"My dear," he answered, "I flatter myself I know this woods, and I have long ago found out that it is the early robin who lights upon the plump worm."

This teaches us that a really good thing is most easily procured early. In line of which it is to be remarked that the man who insures his life while premium rates are low, finds the best return on his money, which is especially true if he insures with the best Company of all: The Mutual Life of New York.

A WINTER'S SUNSET.

The nipping wind blows wild and cold,
As slowly now the daylight dies;
Behold, through rifts of changing gold,
Our eyes gaze into paradise.

Through yonder woods, across the snow,
A misty road winds like a scar;
Below the shadows deeper grow,
Afar gleams evening's first-born star.

—*Nassau Literary Magazine.*

H. C. R.

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The Yale Courant

Founded in 1865

Vol. XXXV

April 22, 1899

No. 13

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THE YALE COURANT is published Saturday of every other week, at New Haven, Conn., by the students of Yale University. Subscription price two dollars per annum. Single copy fifteen cents. Contributions must be left in the box in the first entrance of White by 6:30 p. m. on Tuesday of the week preceding publication. THE COURANT is on sale at the principal news-stands in New Haven.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office of New Haven, Conn.

A Queen and a Few Dupes

I.



MISS STETSON was a girl of a peculiar but common type. She was a firm believer in the art of making the most of opportunities presented, and was equally interesting from whatever point of view considered. Carelessly independent of the stand she had on the record-books of the Recording Angel, she was as recklessly self-satisfied before the sallies of her carping critics.

Her reputation in general was proof conclusive of her success in her chosen art, and her pose and expression were equally indicative of her character.

Her shoes, her dress, her writing, everything connected with her, were but types of herself. Her study was a perfect reflection of its owner. Over the door leading to the bed-room were two crossed flags: one was yellow with a black P, the other crimson with a white H; and between them hung a large reproduction of the Yale seal. This Miss Stetson considered her masterpiece in decoration, and she regarded it lovingly that evening, as she sat at her desk, idly tapping her penholder on a blank sheet of note-paper before her.

She was thinking quite hard. It was evident from the line of her mouth and the vacant expression in her face as she looked at the stamp-box.

Directly opposite, on the wall, hung a large bunting, with PENNSYLVANIA sprawling across it; and on the hall door were the Cornell colors.

The table in the corner represented equally well, but in a more concentrated form, the cosmocollegian sentiments of the presiding genius. Copies of the Banner, Cornellian and Olio, with annuals of Princeton, Harvard and Pennsylvania, made a centerpiece;

and in hopeless confusion at either end, the Tiger, Record, Widow, Red-and-Blue and Lampoon, together with others, formed excellent flanking columns.

On the mantel were several steins and mugs: one in brown glaze, engraved with the initials H. F. S. surrounding a seal, and others in pewter, with men's names on their fronts.

Between these were a base ball or two, with scores of games pencilled upon them; miniature oars, football and baseball programs, dance orders and photographs of rooms standing in the background.

Over a chair was thrown a Princeton sweater; and on the window seat were a Harvard baseball cap, gloves and skates, keeping company with a half-finished Yale pillow, and a Harvard picture frame only just commenced.

In the midst of it all Miss Stetson sat at her desk, tapping her pen, and now and then glancing idly about, a sorely perplexed young woman. She had the day before received two letters, bearing the New Haven and Ithaca postmarks. The one asking her to come to the Yale Prom., and the other begging for her presence at the dance at Cornell.

Like the donkey in the story, who, placed between two haystacks of equal size and

temptation, felt drawn to each with such equal power that he hesitated to make up his mind which to take, or being unwilling to use his brains to the extent of arriving at any conclusion which might in the end be disappointing, stood where he was, and ultimately starved to death: so she stood half-way between the two invitations. Here the simile stops. Unlike the animal in the story, she had gone through a course of intricate reasoning, which only one of her nature could countenance, that would lead to no disappointment, and which in the end would prove of the greatest advantage to her.

Summed up briefly, it was something like this: "Tommy Agnew asks me to Yale. Tom is a Senior, and Yale is getting to be an old story, though it really is quite a nice place, and they do give one an elegant time. Jack, who has asked me to Cornell, is a Junior; and if I accept this he will probably ask me for something next year, which Tom couldn't, and which will be very nice. Then I've never been to Cornell, and that is another argument in his favor. I guess on the whole that Johnny wins." And win he did, if you choose to look at it that way, to the extent of a letter of acceptance that night, and the pleasure of showing the sights and doing the honors of Cornell for

Miss Harriette Fairchild Stetson, guest of many college dances, wearer of many college pins—each at its proper time, of course, chameleon of all the college colors, and changeling in general in the gentle art of having an elegant time at the expense of her own conscience, if she had one, and of the self-respect of her knights, if they but knew it.

II.

Three years after Miss Stetson's night of perplexity, Mr. Thomas Thatcher Agnew, Yale '95, sat before the fire in the Philadelphia University Club reading room, casually looking over that morning's "Ledger." At his elbow sat Atkinson, Harvard '96, and Bailey, who had only graduated the year before. Corning, '96, of Cornell, and two or three other men, were talking quietly together in the corner.

The smoke drifted lazily upwards, the click of the billiard balls came now and then from the floor above, and the swish of the Grill Room door breaking the hum of conversation within, were the only disturbing sounds.

In turning over the pages of the paper, Agnew suddenly stopped and read with interest a short paragraph which had caught his eye. With an exclamation, he turned to

Atkinson. "Say, Jerry, there's something which may interest you. You've spoken of Harriette Stetson." He handed the paper over, indicating the paragraph. "Do you know the man?"

Atkinson read it through quickly. "I should say I did. About four feet six, teetotaler, doesn't smoke or swear. Graduated from Swarthmore or a Manual Training School, I don't remember which, years ago, and whose greatest delight and supreme end in life is to while away his time among rare old editions of musty old books in a little hole at the top of his house. He's old enough to be her grandfather. Gee! but they'll make a dandy pair."

"Mrs. Algernon Fitzhugh Hobart, nee Stetson! I used at one time to think she was interested in me; I certainly was in her: but I've had my eyes opened since. She can't be depended on. Why, I've had her up to Cambridge for all kinds of things, and thought she was a red hot Harvard girl."

"Well, I don't know, but I'll bet she was more of a Pennsylvania hue. There's some blue mixed up with that crimson. I had her up to several ball games. She gave me a Yale pillow, and I invited her up for the '95 Prom.: she couldn't come; had some other engagement, she claimed."

Corning and the men with him came over from the corner, and introductions followed.

"I know what that engagement was, Tommy," said Corning. "She came to Cornell with me for the Prom., and went to the boat race the following year. She made herself hoarse for a week, over Cornell;" and he smiled.

"I imagine you must be talking about Harriette Stetson," said one of the men. "I can qualify in that event also, I met her one summer at Saranac. Apparently I was the only thing on the landscape for about two months, or long enough for her to get an invitation for the Amherst Prom., and you bet she came. She declared she had simply the grandest time of her life, and all that sort of thing. Unfortunately there are too many of that kind of girls floating around. Billy Howard tells a good story about one he asked to Princeton for the Pennsylvania game one year. She brought her own flag, one of those silk ones in a tube you know, and was a rampant Princeton girl, said of course she had a Princeton flag.

At the first touchdown she dragged it out and began waving it furiously in the midst of the Princeton side. Billy says his remaining college career was a nightmare, and his future life is blighted. It was a Pennsylvania flag. Probably in her rush she got

the signals mixed and picked out the wrong one. History and Billy refuse to relate what was said on the subject. It might prove interesting. It sounds sort of Stetsonish though."

"Hello," said Corning, "there's Howard at the desk now, let's ask him."

They trooped out into the hall. "Say Billy, who was the Princeton girl that pulled out the Penn. flag on you at the '96 game?"

"Oh that would be too rough on the girl, her life might become a failure just as mine has since that occasion," he answered cautiously. "I know more about her now. Subsequent knowledge has cleared up that action."

"Is that the girl?" They showed him the paragraph.

"It is," said Billy.

"Well! if there is anything I hate it's a girl that is 'all kinds to oncet,'" said Agnew. "Better see a pretty girl "rooting" honestly for Princeton than for Yale, if she does not mean it," and he slapped Howard on the shoulder. "Miss Stetson has a pin of mine now. How much jewelry of yours has she?" All made avowals of more or less seriousness, and finally Agnew said, "Well, seeing that the joke is on us, I wish we could have something on Miss Stetson," and he started

toward the grill room; "but as we can't, it certainly won't be to her." The waiter took the orders and went to fill them.

"We might write a circular letter to Algy what's-his-name, wishing him happiness, and suggesting that in order to make it complete he furnish the lady with dresses distinctive of every institution of learning in the country, and that he wear corresponding neckties."

"Let's send one of those worsted-open-work 'God Bless Our Home' effects, only have our initials entwined around the edge, and on a background of assorted college colors 'Blessed are the Hypocrites,' or something of that kind," suggested Corning.

"Better make it a collection of college jewelry," said one.

"She's got enough of that to pawn now."

"Well, fellows," said Agnew, "Here's to the true college girl, I name no names, we all know them, thank heaven, tall or short, pretty or plain, the consistent rooter for whatever color she chooses; all others pass. Can a leopard change his spots?" he inquired.

"No, but some girls can change their colors," they answered; and the indignation meeting broke up.

H. B. B. Yergason.



Fishing Song.

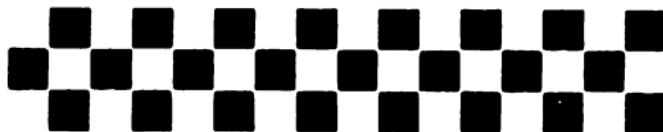
PIERRRE Lefarge de Doulazec,
A fisherman bold was he,
And he set his lines and he set his nets
In the restless, roaring sea.
He would not marry a fisher lass,
And he would not kiss a-one :
For the sea, he said, would be his bride,
When his fishing days were done.

But the waves roll high and the waves roll low,
And wave runs fast on wave ;
And underneath is the undertow,
And underneath, — the grave !

So there came a time when the sky was hid
By the flying clouds and rain,
When he set out with his fearless crew,
And never came back again.
For he was true to the oath he took,
A brave, bold lad was he ;
And he went down in a winter's storm,
To the arms of his love, the sea !

Oh, the waves rolled high and the waves rolled low,
And wave rolled fast on wave ;
And underneath was the undertow,
And underneath, — the grave !

H. A. Webster.



The Augury.



ESIDE an overgrown country road on the skirts of a drowsy New Jersey village stand the ruins of a pretentious house. It is almost hidden by a vagabond company of elm and chestnut trees, so crowded and starving as to show that they were planted by nature herself, and grew without the attention of men. A double hedge of huge, twisted lilacs leads from the gaping doorway to the forgotten road. Mandrakes and skunk-cabbage grow where the hollyhocks used to be, and back from the mouldering out-buildings stretches an orchard of apple trees, dead or in their second childhood. The road used to be the turnpike that led from one great town to another, and the house was a tavern, where the well-to-do were wont to sup and sleep after their first day's journey. To-day, only robins and swallows live there, building their nests under the eaves and lining them with soft green moss.

from the roof. In the fall, armies of black-birds settle on the trees and frighten the rightful owners away, just as the British soldiers used to do when Clinton sent them out to raid the Jerseys.

The inn has been deserted for over a hundred years, and a curious story is told in explanation. After the Revolution, two brothers, Brigham and Baxter Hunt, officers in Lamb's artillery, found themselves without an occupation and with no other fortune than their back pay. They were humble men, like many other officers in the Continental army,—the opinions of their descendants to the contrary,—and so they leased the inn by the turnpike, and settled down to spend the rest of their days in entertaining their guests,—for a price, and not with the "open hospitality" we have come to associate with colonial ancestors. They married, and their wives did not agree. The brothers were dragged into the quarrel, and the inn became too small for both sides to live in. The difficulty was settled when one brother shot the other and then killed himself.

The inn was kept up for a time after the killing, but it had a bad name, and the custom fell off for good and all when the rumor went abroad that Baxter Hunt's ghost had been seen at odd times, rumaging

about the tap-room in a shamefaced way. So the tavern was abandoned, and the robins moved in, and the trees sprang up in the tavern yard, and the story of the tragedy was handed down from father to son, with the usual additions and the usual confusion of facts.

The neighboring village went through many changes in fortune, and then settled down to an uneventful, sleepy life that made excitement of any kind welcome to its people. They had to look to themselves for amusement; and as the village lived on the prestige it had gained in revolutionary days, an historical society was founded. In course of time the society published a pamphlet on the deserted inn and the legend attached to it.

As the story was being handed down from father to son, it became indistinct as to which brother had killed the other. Some people said that Brigham was the murderer, and some that he was the victim. This point was regarded as unimportant; the main fact was that it was Baxter's ghost which had been seen in the tap-room.

Feeling became strong, however, when the story got into print. The descendants of one brother declared that the other was the criminal, and vice-versa. Each side felt confident, and wished the matter cleared up;

but nothing definite could be learned from the oldest people in the country round about.

The village regarded the dispute as public property, and entered eagerly into the spirit of the argument. At first the question was considered dispassionately, for people said it was an interesting bit of local tradition which it was the duty of every descendant of colonial ancestors to investigate fully, if only for his personal satisfaction. But a village is too small a place for calm discussion: people know each other too well, and live too near together. Presently hard things were said, and neighbors got into the way of cutting each other on the street. Nearly everyone joined one side or the other; families were divided, and even the peace of the village church was threatened, when the pastor, by a slip of his tongue, denounced Brigham and not Barabbas as a robber. People fell into the way of taking opposite sides on all other questions according to which side of the deserted tavern dispute they supported. Matters reached a climax at the election of the town council. There was a small but very vigorous riot around the ballot box, and the affair was humorously commented on by newspapers all over the country. This brought the village to its senses, and its people were ready for any honorable compromise.

At last an ingenious soul, a friend of tranquillity, suggested that the matter be left to the ghost himself. The idea caught the public mind, and both parties agreed to abide by the decision. It seems that the spirit of a murderer, the world over, brings calamity on all who see it. The spirit of a victim is of course disquieting for the time being, but has no serious after-effects. Now the idea of the ingenious soul was this. The next person who met Baxter Hunt's ghost—it had not been seen for years and years—should immediately make it known. If he went free, it would prove Baxter's innocence; but if ill-luck should overtake him, then Baxter was the real murderer, and his descendants would have to hold their peace forever.

Of course no one would willingly seek out the spirit; so the village decided to wait patiently until someone should be caught by surprise.

One night, not long after, the storekeeper rushed into his store, pale and trembling, and announced to the friends sitting on his flour barrels, that he had encountered the ghost. That night the store and everything in it was burned up. Here was a calamity, sure enough. Baxter was the rogue, after all.

Baxter's descendants took their defeat like

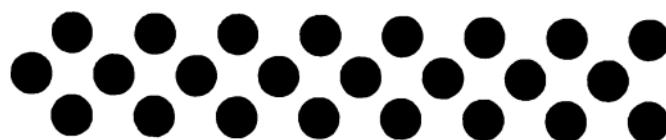
true sportsmen. Old friends shook hands, the village church once more stood united, and the village itself sank resignedly back into stagnation.

* * * * *

But the question is really an open one still: for no one but the storekeeper, who is also the postmaster, knows what came in a certain registered letter, billed from one of the great insurance companies at Hartford.

Walter Bruce Howe.





Measure for Measure.



ASCON did not understand lambs.

His understanding was clearly limited to swine. Swine were his specialty; and outside this peculiar province, Gascon was a stranger in a strange land.

Gascon's situation was an ideal one, inasmuch as he was completely satisfied. Nothing could begin to ruffle his serenity. He was as passive as a day in June, as free from care as the very pigs he tended on the hill. To pass the days as Gascon did, lying at ease beneath a shady chestnut tree, might certainly be called delightful, although involving a monotony disagreeable to those accustomed to the active paths of life.

The one diversion was, when the *Angelus* struck at mid-day, to uncover the willow basket that Mere Rosette had lovingly prepared. A wholesome luncheon covered with green grape leaves! How savory of garlic were the mutton patties! And then,

there was a bottle of mulled wine of last year's vintage, a ball of mountain cheese, a tart—a jam one, very toothsome and delicious. His wife supplied further amusement, for Gascon was in the habit of imitating the wild birds, as the swineherds in the picture-books are known to do.

The only reason that Gascon was not a poet amid such environment was because he probably had never thought of being one. His duty lay in minding pigs. Yet he could hardly have failed to appreciate the rolling meadows, the brook hidden by willow copses, the dales and pastures of fair Provence. For the whole south country is a Fairyland of scented fruits and velvet flowers. The sky is ever blue as a child's eyes, the grass is green and nourishing; and as for the round hillocks, they are redolent of thyme and lavender. And then, the sunsets—

Across the valley, on the commons, little Babette tended her father's sheep. Sometimes they used to stray beyond the valley to the hill where Gascon watched the swine. And then Bo-Peep would go to find them. Stopping for a moment near the chestnut tree, she would ask of Gascon:

“Do your pigs never run away?”

“They? they are too fat to run,” replied the swineherd, with a smile of pride.

Whereon Bo-Peep would dance away,

driving her naughty truants down the hill.

One day a pig—a little black fellow—went astray, and reached the commons where Bo-Peep was. When Gascon woke from his nap, he saw what in the distance seemed to be a small black mouse, stopping anon, but tending toward the flock of sheep. It took some time for Gascon to get through his head that this was Domino, the widow's pig, who had so daringly surpassed all precedent. Shortly he arose, rubbed his eyes, and started after Domino.

"Don't drive him home yet," said Babette, when he had arrived. "Let him stay awhile, enjoying the new soil. I will bring him back to you toward evening."

"Oh, you needn't bother to do that," replied Gascon. "My brother Gaspard, the ox-driver, passes at about sunset. He can take the pig along with him."

"Well," said Babette, with a little sigh, "if you wish it, I will speak to Gaspard."

Gascon went back to lie under the tree. An idea came to him as he remembered that the pig had stopped at intervals and rooted in the earth. "Somebody must have been spilling corn," thought he, as he took up his switch and rose to drive the swine back to the village.

Next day, while Gascon was as usua

busied with his charge, the same pig started to wander down the valley, pausing every few steps to eat, as he had done before.

Gascon filled both his pockets with dried corn, and started in pursuit of Domino. He was in such deep thought that he was somewhat startled when he heard Babette say slyly, "I believe that you are jealous of the pig."

Gascon being too abstracted to reply, merely turned round and started to retrace his steps; and as he went, he let the corn keep dropping from his pockets to the ground. And now he has forgotten all about the pig, who goes behind the swine-herd, revelling in the bountiful allowance of yellow grain. Gascon, upon arriving at the chestnut tree, was not surprised to see that Domino had followed like a dog — a habit that is not at all peculiar to the genus *Sus*.

However, Gascon was very much perplexed about something that did *not* happen. The afternoon was longer than a day without wine, as he slept not for keeping watch upon the valley.

The following day, Domino played truant once again. He had picked up the remnants of the feast, which in his hurry he had not previously devoured. And soon he found himself among the sheep.

When Gascon came, Babette said, "I saw long ago that Domino's a sheep, but in pigs' clothing."

"Oh, then," said Gascon, "he must be the black sheep of the flock."

This time the swineherd took the precaution to drive the pig ahead, as he again scattered some corn behind him. No sooner had they reached the hill, though, when the pig, seeing Gascon to be inattentive, directly turned, and showed an impartial interest in the long trail of corn. Gascon with consternation perceived the situation, but too late to interfere. The runaway, noticing Gascon's approach, led out in the direction of the commons, where both arrived at the same time.

"The first way was the better," said Babette; "that is, if you wanted Domino to travel homeward."

"I didn't think about the pig," said Gascon; "I thought that maybe your lambs might like a little corn to nibble."

Paul T. Gilbert.



HE Wag was alone in the sanctum. Ostensibly he had remained behind to file rejected articles and put out the light; as a matter of fact, he wished to meditate. For he had just been engaged in the mournful task of designating his successors; also the Autocrat had peremptorily informed him that it was "up to him" to write the leader for the farewell number, so putting the stamp of *finis* upon his undergraduate productions.

And as he filled his pipe, tilted back his chair, and gazed absently at the photographs of his predecessors on the opposite wall, there filed before his mental vision a long procession of importunate visitors. The ghosts of all his former work, even unto those of four years' standing, had chosen this occasion to revisit their old haunts. The Wag nodded affably to a slender and diffident ghost that seemed ill at ease among

its more robust successors. He recalled the tale well enough: it was the first, and into its composition had gone no small measure of Freshman ardor and aspirations. With what trembling fingers he had pushed it through the inexorable slot, with what impatience awaited developments!

Yes, there had been improvement since then: steady, perceptible growth had rewarded earnest effort. But how far, how desperately far off the "white ideal" still seemed! How it had dwarfed and mocked and belittled all his achievements,—how story after story had managed to miss in cold type the radiant, tremulous something that had graced it *in conceptu*! And it was just this indefinable something that made the difference between life and that which was less than life. It had not yet been given to the Wag to "miss the artist's sorrow."

And as he lingered in the darkness, other faces came to him, strange and unfamiliar, from the years unborn. These, too, he knew for his own, and he rejoiced in their austere strength and beauty. And he looked among them wistfully for the face that should be lighted with the light of the White Ideal. But they answered his mute query in their own way, smiling, and pointing beyond, and beyond, and beyond . . .

"Who knows but this — the crimson-quest —
May deepen to a sunrise?"

The Wag quoted the closing lines of the most mystic of all poems musingly, reverently. For in the darkness he had dreamed of the accolade of the White Ideal, and he did not despair.

H. C. R.

* * * * *

David Harum. By Edward Noyes Westcott. Appleton's.

There can be small doubt of the position now occupied by *David Harum*. It is, and not without right, the book of the hour. Precisely what is its actual literary value is another question, and one for which, at present, I have no concern, for various reasons. Most potent of these is the fact that the pathos connected with the publication of the story, I mean Mr. Westcott's death before it appeared, is yet too strong to permit a fair and impartial judgment. I therefore attempt none, and what follows you may consider very partial or not, at your own pleasure.

For sheer enjoyment in the reading — what better test can there be — no novel written by an American author in some years compares with *David Harum*. Its humor and its healthy optimism — these are the

qualities which most commend it; especially the optimism, which is, like Stevenson's, another proof that a brave heart can rise above any circumstances and all. As a character sketch it is said to be remarkably true to life; it is certainly highly amusing.

One of the most distinctive characteristics of *David Harum* is its easy spontaneity. For this reason it is like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, after the threshed out, cut and dried, assorted into sizes, realism of Mr. Howells—Mr. Howells, who is, as they continually drum it into unwilling ears, the representative American man of letters. Comparison between *David Harum* and such a story as *The Landlord at Lion's Head* would indeed be idle. Yet if Mr. Howells could exhibit some of this same spontaneity, how much better would America's representative be—that is if you accept Mr. Howells as that representative, which very likely you do not.

There is an old adage about its being bad form to look a gift horse in the face, and "ifs" are always ungrateful. Therefore let us cease to wish that Mr. Westcott had given us more, and let us be thankful that he gave us *David Harum*.

R. H.

UNWISE WISDOM.



NCE upon a time there was a foxy-red squirrel, who tried to live up (or down) to the reputation of his color. Having convinced himself that he knew more than his betters, he saved his muscles for mere play and friveling; and such nuts as he gathered, he gathered from the ground.

His father's father—grown grey in the lore of the woods—caught him at his lazy labor, and stopped in his own hustling long enough to tell him what he thought: "and for just a little real work," he added, "you could get the best that grow, whereas these things will go mouldy on you just when you need 'em most."

The young one, however, went his own way.

The winter that followed was one of the severest the forest had known, and the foxy, lazy, improvident squirrel saw the grey elder's prophecy come true. With the wife of his nest, he was forced to live on the charity of his neighbors.

Cheap things do not pay. Even for instant use they more often prove a wasting than a saving of money; and when it comes to use for the future, they are found of less than little account.

Life insurance may be for actual use to-morrow; it is sure to be called upon some day: in either event it is unwise wisdom to be possessed of any but the best, for from the best only can one get proper return.

The so-called "cheap insurance" may seem alluring in its trifling cost, but it will go mouldy on you just when you need it most; whereas such sound and tested contracts as are offered by the Mutual Life of New York will see you safely through the hardest winters.

SONNET.

I came from where the wooded mountains tower,
 Dark green and tinged with Autumn's gold and red ;
 And at their feet the great still lakes are spread,
 And clear brooks swiftly flow and lilies flower.
 I left where peace and silence ruled the hour,
 Unto the turmoil of the town I sped,
 The silent peaceful calm all-quickly fled :
 I came from God's domain into man's power.
 I heard the city's rumble and its wail ;
 Upon my cheek I felt the hot air blow ;
 And then I saw men's faces all so pale
 That grief and shame were in my heart to know
 The misery, the ruin and the curse,
 Here where mankind hath marred God's universe.

—Columbia Literary Monthly.

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TO A PICTURE.

Sweet nun, in pictured loveliness,
 What pious thought thy soul enthralls,
 As, crouched among the carven stalls,
 Dim set with monkish imag'ries,
 Thy rosared prayer, in breath's wing'd dress,
 Thou whisper'st to the cloistered breeze?

What grief, dissolved in prisme'd tears,
 Hath creased thy cheeks with woe divine?
 Have fast-bred visions made thee pine
 For strength and zeal to seek the fate
 Sought oft by saints of olden years?
 In penance findest love in hate?

Ah! painter, wondrous was the art
 Thy magic brush and palette wrought,
 When thou didst fashion life from thought,
 And, with the changing flesh tints, stole
 The hidden meaning of the heart—
 The lasting beauty of the soul.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

—*H. C. R.*

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The Yale Courant

Founded in 1865

Vol. XXXV

May 6, 1899

No. 14

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THE YALE COURANT is published Saturday of every other week, at New Haven, Conn., by the students of Yale University. Subscription price two dollars per annum. Single copy fifteen cents. Contributions must be left in the box in the first entrance of White by 6:30 p. m. on Tuesday of the week preceding publication.

THE COURANT is on sale at the principal newsstands in New Haven.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office of New Haven, Conn.

"Don Quixote" Simons.



SIMONS had been in trouble for three weeks. It began when the load of bicycles which had been sent by the Quartermaster General had been received by the Post Quartermaster, and rumors of impending difficulties had been set afloat, closely followed by orders from headquarters that those same wheels were to be put to immediate use by fifty of the regiment.

The fifty victims of misplaced confidence

had been picked by the Colonel, and Simons was unfortunate enough to become one of them. They had gone at different times in squads of ten, and had been given the wheels and the book of instruction which went with them, together with a special set of orders intended to cast light into the bewildered minds of the victims as to the care of the imps which had just become theirs.

For the first two days the victims struggled individually to obtain some insight into the actual management and a knowledge of the particular "cussedness" of the "beastly bits of foolishness," as Hayes said. Strange that the printed matter had overlooked so important a point. The whole business was better than any three-ring circus or any broncho "busting" that had ever taken place; that is, of course, for the remaining three hundred and ten, the favored ones, who formed the appreciative audience whenever they could be present. The fifty furnished the entertainment.

The first attempts were pitiful. Bronzed and rugged men, who could break the meanest beast on the plains, who had the endurance of the toughest of bad Apache braves, and who would follow the guidon anywhere, through anything, showed misgiving and fear for the first time. They

felt their absolute helplessness. A few attempted a bit of bravado, took the matter as a joke with withering contempt: but they made the mistake of their human career. Most of them imperilled or shattered absolutely their chances of redemption in the kingdom to come. Discipline was receiving a blow unthought of in the minds of the heads of the Department in Washington.

At mess, the evening of the first day, Sergeant Hayes ate with one hand, his right; his left arm was in a sling. "The Department has made mistakes," he said, "but this here is the damnedest they ever did." Forty-nine groaned a chorus of assent. The three hundred and ten jeered. Each one had a different hard-luck story of the day's mishaps; and the post blacksmith worked all that night.

At the end of the first week they could ride in squads from one end of the parade ground to the other, provided each man had twenty feet clear on each side of him, and all attempt at alignment was overlooked. The novelty had not worn off. Parties of the fortunate hung on the outskirts, made unkind remarks, and placed bets on the man who could retain his mount the longest.

At the end of ten days they rode in company formation; but it was nearer a flock,

and Simons was the black sheep. They let him have all the room he wanted. The forty-nine formed a hollow square around him, and he performed his gyrations in the center. When the ground rose and smote his hip and thigh, the line behind him wavered, broke, and passed by on the other side. The good Samaritans had become tired, and their job was becoming monotonous. The Colonel said that unless at the end of the next week he could ride around the parade ground three times without falling off, he would have to give up his place. The honor of Troop A was entrusted to him, and his animate collection of bruises labored far into every night for that honor. At times he prayed heaven that he might break his neck, but heaven was unkind.

So was MacLeish, who had once served in the Royal Scots, and was the literary man of the regiment. He dubbed Simons "Don Quixote," because he reminded him of the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, Simon's countenance being anything but joyous the two weeks of his trying experience. The title found favor at once and stuck, much to Simon's disgust when the point was explained to him.

The bicycle troop finally became an assured fact. The Colonel had apparently forgotten all about his threat, or had given

Simons up as a failure. They had taken several short practice spins out on the plains, and everything had been most successful. Always excepting Simons, however. His mount seemed incorrigible, and Simons took his mishaps with a stoical indifference.

One evening, after parade, when the bicycle troop had made an especially creditable showing, and Simons had collided with but one of his fellow troopers, the Colonel and Captain Hearn were returning to quarters.

"Goes pretty well, now, barring one or two," said Hearn.

"Very well, considering Simons has not broken his neck," assented the Colonel. "But you've had rather of an easy time of it around here and on the plains so far. If you should try the hill road and go through Mad River Canyon, you wouldn't find it so easy. Suppose," he continued, "you try that to-morrow; heavy order. The results will prove interesting and it will be the making or breaking of Simons."

Accordingly the next morning preparations were made and about half-past ten the troop rode out of the fort four abreast in heavy marching order, Captain Hearn in command and Simons in the rear, his hands clutching the handles like a drowning man

and a look of determination and earnestness on his face that would have done credit to a Crusader.

They turned off to the left and started up the winding road through the foot hills. The last sentry turned and watched the silent glimmering squadron of men and wheels as it glided across the intervening space before entering the first gap in the ridges which stretched shimmering and dancing in the sun a short mile and a half away. As Simons had passed he made a grimace at him indicative of his contempt for one so little versed in his job, and full of satisfaction at his own easy position of walking back and forth in the shade of the stockade.

The flag floated, lazily rippling now and then, out from the staff, and as Simons disappeared into the hills, the sentry turned and the mid-day silence settled down.

The road over which the troop made their way wound in and out among the hills, steadily mounting—always aiming at a cleft in the mountains through which the Mad River issued and which opened out about three miles from the entrance into a kind of plain, with the rugged, boulder-marked slopes rising on every hand. Here was their destination and where they intended to take their dinner before returning.

The continual up grade began to tell on the men and finally Simons succeeded in bringing the command to a grateful halt by running a mimosa thorn through his tire and puncturing it, making them wait while he repaired the injury.

Then they started on in a longer column, as the road narrowed, with a scout some distance in advance. It was merely as a matter of form, for although there had been rumors of trouble with the Apaches further to the south, there was not anticipation or hardly thought of it in that neighborhood. So they rode on, up, up, higher and higher, the sun beating down through the canyon hotter and hotter, and Simons cursing the day he had enlisted. The dust rose and enveloped them, stuck to their faces, necks and hands, covering them like millers, and rising higher hung over them like a cloud following them, apparently being drawn on in the still air by the commotion they themselves stirred, an excellent signal for any watching enemies.

As the dust-choked column passed along, in one or two places, one whose eyes were not blinded, and whose head was not bent, leaning over handle bars, might have noticed a shadow upon the hillside, behind some boulder or group of bushes, and a face peering out from the concealment: a face,

in spite of being smeared with gaudy war-paint, and belonging to an ordinarily stoical Apache, was imprinted in every line with the surprise and interest which the unusually mounted riders before him called forth. As the troop passed a turn in the road, the lean brown forms would dart out, scuttling along the slope, always in the direction of the cloud of dust,

It kept on, and in a few minutes stopped over the widening of the passage way. The men were only too thankful to dismount, and standing the wheels leaning against one another in groups of two — silent and covered with dust — throw themselves down beside them, while two men were detailed to descend the precipitous bank to the river, a hundred feet below, and fill the almost emptied canteens. The cloud drifted lazily about in dispersing itself, and partially hid the silent and motionless shadows which dotted the sides of the rocky amphitheatre. Instead of two or three, there were three hundred watching intently the motions of the queerly constituted beings before them. They took advantage of every irregularity, every crack and crevice, every twig and leaf; and while almost perfectly obscured, saw all that took place on the little semi-circle below them.

Apart from the wonderful bit of shining

wire which had borne them, the two men who went down to the river were but human, and an enemy of the brown shadows on the hillside. They never came back, and one of the canteens went careening down the foam-flecked torrent.

As the sounds of the almost simultaneous shots went ricocheting, echoing back and forth across the canyon, the men sprang from instinct to their wheels, just as they would have done had their horses been there. A few more shots rang out, and barely missed their mark among the moving figures.

"Fools!" groaned Hayes. "They aint horses. We haven't got anything to lie up against and shoot over."

Captain Hearn took in the situation at a glance; he saw that they were completely ambushed, and immediate escape was impossible. But the fact that they had been there some minutes before any hostile demonstration, argued that there was something unusual about them, no doubt the wheels.

A hurried order, and they were mounted, riding around in a closed ring.

Perhaps, Hearn thought, the sight of them on the wheels, and the stranger the acts while on them, would cause the Apaches to hold their fire until something more definite could be arranged. Perhaps a White Man's Ghost Dance, or anything to surprise or

frighten or awe those merciless fire-tubes, and the more merciless devils behind them.

Hearn started up "A Hot Time in the Old Town," to a slow tune, and ordered the troop to join in. Around they went, hoarsely shouting out the words of the song to a kind of droning chant, which accorded well on the stillness of the sun-steeped air.

The brown fiends on the hillside gazed in awe at the untoward spectacle, forgetful for the time of their errand, and mindful only of the new dance of the men in blue, which seemed to strike them as peculiarly their own. The song passed to "Swanee River," swelled to "Marching through Georgia," and died down monotonously to "A Hot Time" again. Then they repeated, all unmindful of the appropriateness of the last. Hoarser and drier, lower and slower, moaned the chant. The wheels began to wobble here and there. The terrible, pitiless sun poured its blinding rays of heat on the writhing bodies, and accoutrements were thrown off, one by one. The line kept on; the beady black eyes gazed on, fascinated; and the drooning continued, a crazy, confused, half mad moaning from parched throats and maddened brains. Three of the men reeled, one after another, and fell in confused heaps, narrowly missing wrecking the now irregular line.

"Get up!" shouted Captain Hearn.
"Get up! for your lives! and keep step in
the middle!"

Dazed, they staggered to their feet, and joining hands, began stepping in time to an imaginary cadence. A shout or two of approval came dimly through the trembling heat, from somewhere above. They all seemed to hear it. The wavering line straightened, the irregular shouting became stronger, the stepping higher; and then the incentive died, and the false energy departed, and the hellish round continued. Round, round, round, up and down, went the throbs of sound. The edge of the fall to the river seemed to fascinate the circle, nearer and nearer it swung to the edge. They were crushing the leaves of the flowers which hung out sheer and straight over the river. Each wheel went wobbling around the circle, and just before it came to the edge, straightened up and passed safely, only to continue its wild dance after the danger was past. They seemed to have lost all control or desire in the turning inward, and were helpless in the temptation of the flower-studded brink. Three more men dropped, writhing and screaming, from the line, and lay with arms outstretched, giving the sun stare for stare. Still the walls held their hail. Hayes' wheel reeled and

pitched, and with both hands out he went plunging over the edge, with all reason gone.

At the same instant, Simons shot out from the bunch when at the highest point, the place where the road entered over which they had come. From the first of the mad ride the little control he had over his mount seemed snatched away, and the whole thing, the whole crazy performance, had been conducted with absolutely no will of his own, and this wild plunge was only in line with all the rest.

As he started down the decline, he heard a command from Hearn, and the shouting swelled. He expected to be shot at: but not a sound save the tiresome, ever decreasing drone of the wretches behind him rose trembling through the canyon. He braced up; the devilish machine had absolute sway; on the straight road he steadied it, but that was all; beyond that he was powerless. He dimly remembered something of a circle of riders of which he had been a member. Faster: the continual down grade gave him wings. The whir of the spokes and rattling chain were one single sound. It was down all the way to the fort: but that made no difference, he couldn't go faster. Faster! Why had he run over that thorn in the morning? He had not put in

quite enough cement, he thought. Would it hold? Why *did* that river roar so? He saw the ring on Hayes' finger flash as he threw his arm out for something; and then a falling, falling. Ugh! What made that brave behind the sandstone boulder put that daub of red on each cheek over the yellow? It made him look like a half-starved ballet girl. Half-starved ballet girls didn't have such little beady black eyes. Then how did that dance go, the one with the red and yellow lights and floating drapery? Yes, that was it: the wheel was singing it. What a very devil of a wheel!

He shot out of the gap in the foothills. The afternoon breeze across the plain came rushing by. He was going faster than the Angel Gabriel would go on the judgment day, he thought. Still down a little decline, straight for the fort, straight for that beautiful bit of red and blue and white, floating up there against the sky. The stones and bushes flew by like those possessed. The wind hurt his eyes. His head was all right now, and the dance tune had stopped. The sentry looked in dumb horror, as the streak of blue shot down and passed like a phantom.

“Well, ‘Don Quixote’ ‘s gone clean daft; don’t blame the poor devil.” And he started across the road.

Simons knew he would have to stop sometime; but where or how, that was beyond his reasoning. The spirit of the wheel seemed good for hours. He had taken to the sidewalk: why, he never knew. Heaven had decided to turn kind, and the Colonel decided the whole matter. The door of the canteen opened, and the Colonel stepped out; he turned to close the door, and the humble member of Troop A, plus a dust covered Columbia, a rushing streak of nickel and blue, struck the regimental commander thoroughly, surely, and with a foreordained precision. It was the going together of two forces with a natural affinity.

Simons struck out and swam through immeasurable depths; they gradually lighted and when he came to the surface he opened his eyes.

The Colonel was sitting on the edge of the sidewalk replacing one by one a box of cigarettes which had become disarranged and which were lying around in the gutter. The wheel was kicking spasmodically in the middle of the road.

Simons stood up slowly and painfully, then carefully advancing in a more or less direct line to the Colonel, straightened up and saluted. The Colonel returned it in a matter of fact way.

“Party ambushed in Mad River Canyon,

Better send help. Cavalry. None of this dog-goned bicycle business," suggested Simons.

That night the relief party of three troops of cavalry found Captain Hearn and twelve others pursuing their circular way, under the stars, in raving delirium. The remaining thirty-four were a tangled mass of men and wheels. There was not an Apache to be seen going or coming. Nor were there any signs of them save the three at the river brink.

The whole affair proved the breaking of the wheel and the making of Simons, in that the wheel being unfit for service, Simons was relieved from duty in connection with the bicycle troop, and his changed countenance at the time of the order being conveyed to him made "Don Quixote" out of order and in poor taste.

H. B. B. Yergason.



Lazarus.

Thou voice of God ! whose sovereign note was strong
To pierce the stillness of the darkling tomb —
Yea, give the lie to death, and reach the soul
Through senses deaf to summons save of thee :
When the first silver call rang faint and far
O'er the mute wastes of unimpassioned night,
Cleaving the darkness like a song, and stirred
Strange echoes in the sombre caves of sleep,
My heart, obedient, drove the rebel blood
Pulsing like fire through every shrivelled vein, —
Each heart-beat a new anguish, — till the shroud
Grew to a nightmare weight on living limb,
And I arose, and faced the grim ascent.
Then, had the summons proved less clarion-clear,
Or every step brought no access of strength,
Faith had foregone her quest, and thou a pledge
Of triumph, wrested from vindictive hate :
For death, roused by the challenge of thy word,
Had hurled it back, and loosed the crews of hell,
Till in a sea of blackness and despair
They surged upon my track. And as I pressed
Desperate, in the dark, blindly intent
On footing blindly gained, scarce daring hope
That next step might not mark the final plunge
Over some headlong, sudden steep, I knew
What wizened hands were stretched to drag me down ;
What phantom voices mocked and jeered and dinned
Unceasing on my ears ; yet even they
Shrank stricken from the thing that next befell,
And almost I had wished them back. For lo,
Amid the gathering gloom slowly upreared
A Fear to drive men mad — one hideous pall

Blotting the night out. Of what monstrous strife
Ensued, I know not, for the vision fades
Till I can scarce recall . . . How came I here?
What make these ghostly vestments with my limbs?
And thou—didst thou not call, or have I dreamed—
Nay, this I have not dreamed, that thou and I
Have striven with death for mastery, and prevailed.

Howard Chandler Robbins.



“*Inter folia fructus.*”

RANGED high along the sunny aisles they stand,
The heritage of immemorial years;
Each burdened shelf and well-lined corridor
An answer to our faltering doubts and fears:
For still they bear, despite the trickster Time,
The plaint of hopes deferred nor less sublime,
And strenuous faith, triumphant through her tears.
Nor vainly, since with all-repaying hand
Truth meetes them, soon or late, their glad arrears,
That Best need fear the pranks of change no more.

Howard Chandler Robbins.





The Undeserving.



THE row-boat drew near the dock. Its lone occupant was clad in a short-sleeved jersey, and his arms and neck were of a mahogany brownness that was good to the eye. The girl on the dock watched him half quizzically. She was sitting with a book in her hand, under the shade of the boat-house.

"Hello, Dorothy," called the rower, resting on his oars, as the boat shot alongside, "you're just the one I want."

"Really?" said the girl, making pretense of dropping her book in surprise at the sound of his voice. In reality she had not looked at it since she first caught sight of the boat.

"Yes," answered Alston. "Ted Norman's gone and failed me at the last moment, worse luck! and I can't get anyone to take his place. You know it's our last race against the 'Sparrow,' and I guess I'll have to take you. You'll be ready at one, won't you?"

The girl only half suppressed an exclamation of delight. Then she picked up her book and answered rather indifferently: "I'm sorry, but I can't, Jim. I'm going riding with Ted, this afternoon. Think you'll win?"

"Oh, see here, Dorothy," answered the other, incredulously, "don't you know its the last race? You'll have to shake Ted for to-day."

"Indeed!" said Miss Caryl, quickly; "and suppose I don't want to?"

"Oh, come now, Dorothy, be a good fellow. I can't run the boat with only that fool of a Swede coachman. Tell Ted you'll go some other day."

"No, I'm afraid I can't;—whether I'd like to or not," added the girl, guardedly.

"Well, I didn't think you'd fail me so," replied the other, his tone indicative of mingled disgust and incredulity.

"Sorry," said Miss Caryl; "hope you'll win." And she opened her book to show that save for some unforeseen diplomatic development the affair was closed.

The oars were left buried in the water during a moment's indecision, and then the boat spun around and shot off without a further word from the oarsman. He rowed with a vigor that was very suggestive of ill-temper. Miss Caryl managed to keep him in sight without appearing to look up

from her book. When the boat had disappeared behind the point, she slammed the book together. "I wonder if he thinks he owns the world," she exclaimed, stamping her foot in vexation.

In spite of the fact that the Swede coachman served as crew, with what was, for him, unusual efficiency, the "Sparrow" won the afternoon race with considerable ease, for her opponent was not maneuvered with even customary good generalship. As a result her skipper was in an unusually bad temper when through force of habit he wandered round to the Casino that night. There was desultory dancing going on, and there were a few people in the ball room, but rather more outside listening less energetically to the music.

"How's the lone sailorman, Jim?" called out some one whom Alston could not see for the glare for the lighted windows. "Why don't you get civilized, and take up golf in earnest?"

"Golf be—" began Alston with vehemence, and then thought better of it in time. "Hello, Jim," cried Miss Caryl, coming out on to the piazza; "how did the race go?"—She knew, and it was perfectly plain that she knew, exactly how it had gone.

"We lost, thanks to you," retorted Alston, shortly. "Can I have this next dance?"

"No," replied Miss Caryl, counting up on her fingers, "not till the eighth."

"But that's mine," interrupted her escort.

"That's so," said Miss Caryl. "You'll have to wait for the ninth, then." And they passed on, leaving Alston by himself. He peered in the ball-room window to see what promise of enjoyment was there, and, finding it poor, he ascended into the billiard-room. There he found a game just starting, in which there was room for him as third member, and he consequently concluded that his luck had changed. Before the game was over, he had occasion to change that conclusion. When he had signed the check Alston went down stairs, and in the course of finding out which dance it was, was forced into dancing with some one with whom he did not wish to dance,—which improved his temper still more.

"Why," said Miss Caryl when Alston came up and claimed his dance, "you don't mean you've been waiting all this time just for this. I haven't seen you dancing at all."

"No," answered Alston with winning politeness; "I've been playing billiards, or I shouldn't have waited at all." It was evident from Miss Caryl's remark that she had not been in the room for several dances herself, but had been sitting them out—with whom, Alston thought he could make a fair

guess—and the thought brought no particular balm with it.

"Really, Dorothy," said Alston, resolved to be magnanimous and forgiving, when they had stopped dancing; "you put me out horribly to-day. I never knew you to do so."

"That's just the trouble," returned Miss Caryl, "I've done everything you've wanted ever since we used to sail boats in the brook, and I think its high time I asserted myself and made you trot around for me. Any-way, you ought'nt to have taken it for granted I'd break any other engagement to go sailing with you."

"Then you don't care to be friends any more?"

"Not the kind we've been before. You've always made me do anything you wanted—because I was fool enough to do it—but when anything was really going on you'd always forget me and go after others. Now I don't care whether you go after them or not, only if you want me to be good to you, you've got to be decent to me." Miss Caryl was very defiant.

"Well," said Alston hotly, "I don't think there's anything to say."

"No," answered Miss Caryl, still more defiantly; "if you see it that way, I don't think there is."



It was the fag end of the summer. Some of the cottages were already closed and their owners departed homeward. Alston was, as he put it, enjoying his last days of vacation, for, having loafed away the two months following upon graduation he was going now to begin work in earnest. But an impartial and narrow observer would have hazarded the guess that Alston's enjoyment of these days was not over keen. He was off by himself continually—a bad sign when there was such company to be had! In the late afternoon before he was to leave for the city, however, he was seen rowing—there was no breeze—with Miss Caryl. Alston was politeness personified; in fact he practiced a bearing of deference that, from its very depth, was plainly and painfully sincere.

"Well," said he, mournfully, "to-morrow at this time I'll be in the city, and twenty-four hours later I'll have had a full day's rehearsal as understudy to the office-boy."

"Ted Norman's gone back to-day."

"What? Why he said he thought he'd stay till October."

"He must have changed his mind."

"Do you know why he went, Dorothy?"

Miss Caryl was too busy with the tiller ropes to make answer.

"Look here, Dorothy," went on Alston, "did he go down to get any jewelry?"

"Jewelry?" said Miss Caryl; "not so far as I know."

Alston resumed rowing. After a half dozen strokes he stopped. "Wouldn't he have liked to?" asked Alston.

Miss Caryl started angrily. Alston was too serious even to be condemned. "Wouldn't he?" asked Alston again.

"Perhaps so," said Miss Caryl.

"Why didn't he get the chance?" asked Alston. There was more trouble with the ropes. "What was the reason?" asked Alston again.

"I'm not going to answer that question."

"Yes," said Alston, "you are—that is if Ted and I are alike—for I am going to ask the same thing I think he did."

* * * *

"So," said Alston, "I was the reason; I'm afraid I didn't deserve to be."

"No," said Miss Caryl, "though it doesn't alter the fact, I'm not sure that you did."

"But," said Alston, "I'm going to be."

"Yes," said Miss Caryl; "I am sure of that."

Richard Hooker.



Evensong.

(After an Old Poet.)

HUSH ! the vesper-bells are pealing,
And the monks devoutly kneeling —
Holy Mother, hear our prayer !
We have left the world forever,
Every earthly tie we sever
For thy guidance and thy care.
Knew we once the joyous wassail,
All the homage of the vassal,
All the life of long ago,
With its splendors we forego —
And its loves and lures grow dim.
Praise we thee and serve alway,
For our error's bensité,
While we chant our vesper-hymn.
Now the moon is softly rising,
The still night with light surprising :
Holy Mother, hear our prayer !
Thus thy guardian star rose o'er us,
Shedding promises before us
Of thy guidance and thy care.
No more earthly vows are spoken,
Lightly made and lightly broken.
All life's pageantry grows dim
While we chant our vesper-hymn.

E. B. Hill.





"When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone, and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad,
Even in cowslip time — when hedges sprout.
It makes me sigh to think on it — but yet
My days would not be better days, should I forget."



HE mussed and crumpled bit of paper fell out of the pigeon hole in the desk where I had placed it, after finding it over a year ago. I recollect how I had used it as an end of that, my first Kingdom, and now the weeks and months have been snatched away, and it is the beginning of our last little confidence with Miss Minerva.

It is the beginning of the final scene, the laying aside of college duties, duties which, through the performance in whatever line, however humble, make us truer parts of our life here, give us some little self-importance in the working of the great machine,

and draw us closer in that most precious of heritages, college friendship.

We may have learned to loaf, and spend money artistically; no doubt many of us have ideas on how to run the universe in the only proper way. Expansion or protection may be all right, or wrong, according to each man's light; most of us could not pass our entrance exams. to-day. But be that as it may, and let the fact remain that precious ideals of four years past in many cases only remain as the dead fragments of once beautiful illusions, let us hope that we are more manly; that the future, which seemed so far off then and so terribly near now, may have less terrors for us because we are more men, because we have lived in an atmosphere more or less ideal, and because we go forth broadened on the whole by that influence, and rich and strong in the strength of our friends.

It is more than a dream of youth that there may be here a satisfaction of the heart, without which, and in comparison with which, all worldly success is failure. It is the realization of the man, our realization; a realization made possible in its sweetness and fullness by our four years of communion. By fellowship in the deepest things of the soul, community in the highest thought, sympathy with our best endeavors,

and the soberness and steadiness it brings through the mutual responsibility which is attached to it. When we go forth together, and are ready to stand shoulder to shoulder, that very sense of comradeship will make us eager and strong for the charge; and we know that if we are weak, and fall, there are those near who will help us and lift us up.

As we look back, how small, how slight were the beginnings; how unconsciously they grew. Words, perhaps: but there is something better than words, for the best cannot be explained by them. The spirit grew, just as the trees and flowers grow unconsciously and with no effort of their own. And now to know that there are some here and there who trust us and whom we trust, some who know us and whom we know, some one on whom we can always rely and who will always rely on us, makes almost for another world around us.

"What is life's heaviest burden?" asked a youth of a sad and lonely man.

"To have nothing to carry," he answered. And so it is ever true, that he who does nothing for others does nothing for himself.

Although now we take this thing as a matter of course, and the bits of our early ideals lie scattered around us, it is still possible that if in a moment we think or

say something that is too beautiful to be true in us—if we have but endeavored to think or to say it to-day, on the morrow it may be true. It is an endeavor to be more beautiful than ourselves; we shall never distance our soul. And so in spite of past mishaps:

“We always hope; and still, in every case,
‘Tis better far to hope than to despair.”

So with the higher motive, in spite of our attitude of indifference now, later we will take this great gift of friendship with a new sense of its beauty and preciousness. We will walk the more softly because of real experience, and more than ever will we hold it sacred and tremble lest we lose it.

“Life must have its sometime sorrow; but the years
that drift along
Touch the minor chords but seldom: there are spaces
blithe with song.
And we gird ourselves for action, strengthened we arise
and go
From the sanctuary outward, where the feet tramp to
and fro.”

H. B. B. Y.



The Careless Crow and the Happy Hen.



"OW in the world do you stand it?" asked the crow, as he settled down on the barnyard fence. "Your life is monotonous, it is prosaic, it is even servile."

"Yes," remarked the hen, "some highfliers may look at it in that half-light. I should call it comfortable and sensible."

"But you have no view," objected the crow.

"Merely a different point of view, upwards instead of sidewise," said the hen.

"And you eat the same thing, day after day."

"True enough; but at least I know I am to have enough," was the hen's reply.

"And you have to lay eggs for others to eat." The crow's tone grew contemptuous.

"Temper duty with pleasure. Lay on, Macbeth!" misquoted the hen.

Disgusted with hens and mutilated Shakespeare, the crow rose and took an easy flight back to his picturesque life, remarking that he preferred his corn on the ear. His mate agreed with him that a stalk to bill existence suited them best, after all; and as they once more settled down to their work in the corn-field the farmer got one with each barrel.

When the hen saw them hanging black and bloody against the dingy white of the barn-door, she said, "Better the daily egg with peace in the coop than holding lead on a margin. Blood may be thicker than water, but give me water."

So the farmer remarked to the insurance agent: "I reckon you're about right. I'd ruther pay a bit for protection, like them hens, than trust to my own unaided wings when hard times come 'round;" and he looked over at the door of his barn.

The nest egg of a premium is a small thing after all to pay for a policy in The Mutual Life of New York, a policy which means food and raiment for all and peace in the coop.

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* * *

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A DULL MARCH DAY.

Dun, soggy clouds hang dreary
 Over a water-soaked land.
 How pass the time is a query,
 Such weather we can't long withstand.
 Over a water-soaked land
 Settles a saturant sky —
 Such weather we can't long withstand :
 We'll resolve into rain by-and-by.
 Settles a saturant sky, —
 That crow almost swims through the fog.
 We'll resolve into rain by-and-by —
 'Tis surely the life of a frog.
 That crow almost swims through the fog.
 The mist drenches one to the skin.
 'Tis surely the life of a frog,
 Whether without or within.
 The mist drenches one to the skin.
 A flower or bird can't be seen.
 Whether without or within,
 The atmosphere steeps one in spleen.
 A flower or bird can't be seen,
 How pass the time is a query.
 The atmosphere steeps one in spleen.
 Dun, soggy clouds hang dreary.

—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

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The Yale Courant

Founded in 1865

Vol. XXXV

May 20, 1899

No. 15

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THE YALE COURANT is published Saturday of every other week, at New Haven, Conn., by the students of Yale University. Subscription price two dollars per annum. Single copy fifteen cents. Contributions must be left in the box in the first entrance of White by 6:30 p. m. on Tuesday of the week preceding publication.

THE COURANT is on sale at the principal news-stands in New Haven.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office of New Haven, Conn.

As Gentleman Beggar.



JUST at noon on the first of April, I left my position as bank clerk and wandered out into the sunlight on Broadway, a homeless waif, kinless, careless, and perfectly happy. In college I had been a philosopher and dreamer, always rebelling against that public opinion which demanded that I must work; in the world so far I was a grumbler, testing in real laboratory practice the theory of the great opposition, and bewailing that the best

years of life should be spent in order to obtain the means to enjoy it. And now my mind was made up, my conscience satisfied; and, the last hawser loosened, I was free to drift out into the world, with the great South Sea of life before me, and my own laws only to rule my voyage over the depths of its sunny waters. Such it is to be a philosopher and young, with irksome toil behind and boundless freedom to live to one's liking ahead.

I sat in the sunshine of the park that morning, fighting the last fight with hereditary prejudice; and that over, making my plans and arranging the details of the life which I had marked out for my own. These were simple enough, and the very next day I obtained my paraphernalia, chose my locality, "fixed" the policemen thereabouts, and was ready for business. My needs were simple enough: a degenerate great-coat, a hat yet more desperate, a beard and wig artistically fashioned for my novel use, and a small hand-organ, with the internal mechanism removed as a tribute to aesthetics, completed my stage attire. Once assumed, and in a twinkling, John Hardy, graduate of Yale and gentleman, became an aged beggar, basking in the sunshine which fell on the walls of the old reservoir; outwardly one of the legion of

the dependent, who turned the crank of his soundless organ and counted the pennies which dropped into the can: inwardly a happy dreamer, watching from aloof the restless stream of the world go by, and thinking great thoughts.

Those were calm, blissful times; balmy days, when the music of life throbbed about me, and I shared in the thoughts of each passer-by; dull days, full of gloom and rain without, but of thought for the ego within the great-coat, busying itself with the problems of the universe. Fifth Avenue was as a great book before me with ever-turning pages, and I saw and studied men in every mood. When the stream of hansoms began to turn northward, and the arc lights flashed out up and down the Avenue, I would hobble away from my favorite corner, effect a transformation in a room near by, and, young again, as by magic, join in the northward procession to find books and comfort waiting for me in the apartments, which the inheritance I possessed enabled me to provide. There are gentleman farmers: I gloried in being a gentleman beggar.

Such was the life I had chosen, and gradually I gained much insight into the wilderness of human nature and the extent of human prejudice. Friends only were lacking, and these soon came among the

customers for the few papers which I began to keep for sale. They stopped to buy each morning, and soon a few remained to talk. My banker was the most noteworthy—a nervous, fiery man, full of restless energy as virile as though his hair were not already gray, he seemed the very antithesis of all that I imagined myself to be. He pierced, almost from the first, through my armor of rags, and detected the finer grain of mind within. Often, as the weeks passed on, he would stand by my corner, until I drew him up from his dusty world into the higher air of fancy and aesthetic thought; and again, his strong common sense and the quaint humor beneath would bring the aspiring towers of my idealism crashing to the ground. From my friend the policeman I learned that a bank owed its foundation to his brain and will. Strangely enough, I discovered, too, that he was none other than the uncle of the only one of my classmates I had really called a friend.

But even an abnormality, as I rather enjoyed thinking myself, needs some recreation. One Sunday, clothed in my more civilized apparel, I wandered out through the woods along the upper Bronx, and found a mossy bank which, hidden by ferns and wild honeysuckles, was worthy of Shakespeare himself. Here I settled

down to dream away to my heart's content, and read "The Duchess of Malfi" and reflected on womankind until I fell asleep.

A rattling of dishes and much merry laughter awoke me; and, peeping sleepily through the ferns, I found my knoll almost surrounded by a gay crowd of picnickers, squeezing lemons, spreading cloths, and every minute threatening to discover my retreat. There was no time to be lost, for lemon peels and jelly glasses were already raining down about me; so I pocketed my book, and wound through the undergrowth with guilty stealth, careful not to show my head. Behind the knoll was a steep bank; but, as luck would have it, I heard a step behind just as I reached it, lost my nerve, let go all, and rolled down like a frost-loosened boulder, plump into the midst of a girl and a pile of plates coming up. There was a crash and a scream, the girl sat down in a laurel bush, and I rolled on to the bottom in a grand whirl of china, loose stones and branches, with none other than Tom Durant in an ecstacy up above.

Of course that ended my flight, and I was led back in triumph, very dirty, very red, and very much determined to bolt at the first opportunity. But I changed my mind; for when Tom achieved sufficient presence of mind to introduce me, I found

the fair target at which I had launched myself to be his cousin, and my banker's daughter. Thereupon I determined to stay and pursue some researches in heredity, particularly as the daughter had all old Durant's clearness of feature, with a delicate beauty which I should have thought could never have been infused in the mold. Being of this mind, I apologized humbly for my intrusion upon her quiet walk; to which she replied that if the dress could be cleaned, my sin would be wiped out also: for it seemed that there was currant jam beneath the plates. Thus encouraged, I determined upon a bold move, and, with a really piteous tale of bashfulness and utter inability to entertain a picnic party, won her consent, and we were soon floating on the Bronx, out of reach of the babbler on shore.

It was my desire to make her talk, that I might try to discover the quaint humor and the strong common sense of the father; but I was soon interested in the girl herself. It was a strange conversation, for she seemed to know something of me and of my life, and I think at first we were each doing service as specimen for the other. Our talk drifted gradually toward that ancient battle ground of mine, "work," and I found myself setting forth the old arguments and drawing the same conclusions, which some-

how lost their force in the calm light of her gray eyes, and seemed to almost plead for recognition. She did not argue much, only looked at me and smiled, and putting her hand on her chin, asked me if I had ever been in love; and upon my answering that we were speaking of philosophy, not love, answered that love was philosophy, and whether such a thing would not make a change in my conclusions. Think as I would, or as I might, with those gray eyes always watching me, no answer came; and at last, very much disgusted, I gave it up, took the oars and rowed home. I evened up with Miss Durant, though, by telling her that Socrates himself could not have answered if she had looked at him as she did at me; after which there was a great silence.

I was back at the old stand again the next morning, with a new problem to work out. Supposing, by a stretch of the imagination not so difficult as I had fancied, that I could fall in love with this girl: how then were all my theories! This was the question, and I fought the battle lustily. One day I referred the matter, very much generalized, to the old banker, who refused to interfere, on the ground that a man of my make was incapable of falling in love. This in spite of the fact that I had given

him more than an inkling of my age and condition. He declared that no woman could make me even imagine myself in love: to which I could almost have replied that he did not know his own daughter. For I met her again on another Sunday, when the woods were full of wild flowers; and she sat among the violets and talked of love and philosophy, and looked at me so bewitchingly as she talked, that I forgot all except the love, and somehow chanced to kiss the hand straying in the grass beside me. At which she was mightily offended; and though I vowed I had mistaken it for a flower, would have it that my deed was unworthy of a philosopher. And here take warning, those who believe in frail humanity: for I, philosopher and idealist, vowed that I was none such; and so doing, kissed it once again, after which we went home by devious paths.

And then events hastened. Just as life began to stir in the cool, dew-covered streets one morning, my friend the policeman came to me and brought a paper, still damp from the press. It told the old, old story: a cashier's defalcation, the prospective run on the bank, and the ruin of an innocent man, which it seemed must follow. I thought of old Durant's head bowed low, after all these years, and I do not think he himself suffered more keenly.

With the first stroke of eight he hove in sight, a good hour before his time; a little more erect, a little more grave-faced, that was the only difference, and he greeted me with quiet sadness. It was no time for words: but I put all the sympathy of my heart into the grasp of my hand as I shook his; and, as he turned silently to stride away with less of the old firm gait, I saw the agony in his eyes, and knew we were both thinking of his daughter.

It was an excellent chance to moralize on the superiority of my own way of living; but just then, when philosophy should have been uppermost, a very human idea came and brought me to my feet with a shout that set my crippled neighbor gaping. I know that in my exuberance I kicked the old organ into Fifth Avenue; and then, as the plans fairly hummed in my head, looked at the clock and went down 41st Street on a run, leaving my policeman in a stupor of astonishment behind me.

It must be very difficult to prevent an eccentric young man from ruining himself, and that was certainly what my counsel thought as I argued with him an hour later. I told a plain unvarnished tale for his edification, and then varnished it with such glittering plausibilities that I procured both my object and his services without

revealing the hidden cause of my desire. And so, the arrangements completed, I emerged again on Broadway, with a certified check, the sole representative of my easily converted fortune, in my pocket, and still time to save the bank.

But it was not to be without a struggle. Full of confidence, I turned a corner, and was caught like a feather into a surging sea of people, men, women, and even children fighting to get to the bank and their savings before it was too late. I started in boldly enough, head down and waving my check in the air, but could have as easily penetrated a Macedonian phalanx. There was a heave, a minute of pushing and clawing, and out I came again, and the wall of bodies jammed up closer than ever. I could have cursed the greed of money for the benefit of its worshipers then and there; but I saw the crowd open up a little for the passage of a dray, and an inspiration came to me. Two powerful-looking Irishmen stood on the curb behind: in a minute I had bought them body and soul for a five dollar bill; in ten, my bank had supplied me with a truck and specie bags, which the corner grocery filled with nails, and an instant later we were headed for the crowd on a run. "Gold for the bank!" shouted I. "Open up! open up!" yelled the Irishmen,

overjoyed at the prospect of a fight; and we struck the skirts of the mob like a run-away trolley car. The Irishmen fended off in front, I pushed from behind; some were knocked aside, some shoved and a few run over; until, our impetus gone, we reached the center of the crowd, with still fifty feet, packed full of white-faced working men and frightened women, between us and the door. Then my henchmen struggled; and, mounting the truck, I harangued the crowd, jingling the nails beneath, and swearing by all the gods of oratory that we had enough to satisfy every one. And so we worked our way little by little, shoving here, persuading there; and I could have wished the scoundrel who had defaulted to have been in my place that he might have seen the misery on wan faces, and the silent terror of those who, new to want, now saw it staring before them. All this, and the wine of action, incited me to still further efforts, and I think the people believed me and became calmer. But those nearest the bank still fought for place, and we with them, until, with a mighty effort, we burst through the door, and a last great heave thrust truck, specie and men clear up to the counter itself. From which confusion McRafferty plucked me, hatless and dishevelled. "Ye're here, sor," said my lieutenant, respectfully.

A group of excited clerks and officials were just behind the railing, and among them Durant, pale but determined.

"This is no place for a mob," he said, with a little anger in his voice; "every one will get their money."

"But I have come to deposit, not to draw," said I. The Irishman lifted the great specie bags onto the counter. "Those are only nails, to fool the crowd," said I, pointing to them—a murmur went through the room, and was reflected outside—"but I have here, sir, a certified check for thirty thousand dollars, which I wish to deposit for your immediate use."

The clerks buzzed excitedly, and a great light shone out in the old man's face. He took the paper, with hands that trembled; but I heard murmurs of distrust in the mob behind me. Just then a quietly dressed man squeezed himself out of the press, and with an apology took the check from Durant's hand. "It is all right," he said, in a clear, loud voice; "I congratulate you, Mr. Durant. My account of ten thousand dollars shall remain in your hands; and," turning to those behind him, "I advise you to do as I have done, my friends." He was evidently a financier of authority, for, to my surprise and delight, I saw the crowd slowly open out, and heard the word passed from mouth

to mouth, and so out into the street, that the run was over and the bank would not break. A few of the more nervous came for their deposits; but the clear headed used their influence, and in a few minutes the battle was over, the people gone, and the bank was saved.

I turned, to find the old banker at my side. He was deeply moved, and shook my hand convulsively. "I do not know who you are, sir," he said at last; "but let me tell you that you have done a noble thing to-day. I do not know what I can have done to make of you a friend better than all the rest; but if you knew how much your service has meant, that alone would be some reward."

"It was not philosophy, friend," said I, unguardedly, "but human nature, I think, nevertheless."

A light of intelligence sprung into his face; and catching both my hands in his: "So it is you," he said, "you, my friend and philosopher, and salvation, too. I could almost have guessed it, but never thought your old disguise so good. Why have you risked ruin for me?"

There was a rustle behind as he spoke, and I turned to see his daughter come from the inner room, with a look for me in her eyes for which I would have sacrificed a dozen

checks, philosophy or no philosophy. "You have been a true friend to us, to-day, Mr. Hardy," she said, with a tremor in her voice. "What we owe can never be paid."

"You know him, Helen!" cried the banker.

"We are old friends," said Miss Durant, and I blessed her for the words. "You have often heard me speak of him."

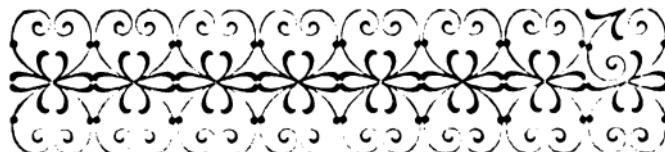
There was a moment of silent astonishment, and then: "So this is the heart of the mystery," cried the old gentleman, with one of his rare, sweet smiles. This unknown benefactor of ours is both John Hardy, cynic, and my philosopher friend. What can you say, sir, to explain this double personality?"

"Only this," answered I, "that I am neither the one nor the other; no longer a cynic and no longer a theorist, but a man who has solved the problem of his existence, and wants work."

"Work!" said he. "Have you abjured your philosophy?"

"That was all true enough," said I; "but there is a new element in my formula, for an object has come into my life." I looked at Helen, and the old gentleman grasped my hand, and all three of us knew that I thought only of his daughter.

Henry Seidel Canby.



Farewell.

FAREWELL ! slow fades the noise of cheers,
Of beating drum and village bell,
And soft we say with pride and tears,
Farewell !

We leave the town, and silent dwell
Upon the thoughts of coming years —
The deeds, the glory they foretell.

And lo ! the heart an echo hears,
That rises to a sounding knell,
For aye to the soul's old hopes and fears,
Farewell !

P. Harold Hayes.





Rosabel and the Wolf.



E were again trying to live through those weary days. In the very kingdom of bounty we found ourselves completely without wine.

We could not even work for disappointment. We slept all through the morning, and of what use was the day? Of what use, then, was life, which was a series of such days? Our only satisfaction seemed to be in considering our few acquisitions as wrenched from the stingy provender of our stepmother earth.

We had been sleeping for hours. The Pirate was encamped upon the window-seat till he could meet the arrears of his rental for the room below. His creditors were seeking everywhere for him. At four o'clock somebody knocked. The Pirate stepped out on the window-sill, and closed the blinds.

But it was Rosabel who entered.

"You are a lazy crowd, you three. Your eyes look heavy, Peekaboo: have you been drinking wine?"

"He who has slept has dined," quoted Peekaboo. "Lord, but I'm hollow."

"I came to see if you would trade some bread for cigarettes," said Rosabel; but since you have no bread, the cigarettes are common property."

We smoked in silence for a while.

"I thought that maybe you might try the fire-escape again."

Then we remembered how the Pirate had climbed down and found the German's *rogen brod* and *lager bier* set out to cool. We were about to laugh, but Rosabel had turned away. Her eyes were full of tears.

"I wonder," Rosabel said dreamily, "I wonder how the bun-and-wine man is to-day."

"He wouldn't trust you," answered the skeptical Peekaboo.

"I know a different game—something we've never tried before."

Peekaboo became the king of eagerness. However, ere we could ask one question, little Miss Rosabel had spoiled her lips with a dash of vermillion, and rubbed her cheeks until they were as red as blood. She tossed her saffron curls back from her eyes, and danced out from the room.

"Come down in fifteen minutes, for there isn't a dumb-waiter in the whole establishment."

"What do you suppose she really means?" asked Peekaboo. "She isn't Tommy Tucker."

Rosabel was the best model in the quarter. Her loving face in oils and water-color adorned many a balcony of the Olympians. But we, poor as we were, had still a richer prize. That prize was Rosabel herself.

When Rosabel had reached the court, she entered Monsieur Jacques' delicatessen store. The wily keeper had not made his profit so much by selling bottled indigestibles as by retaining our possessions as hostages of future payment. He still held Peekaboo's banjo and the unfinished "Venus," which happily his wife had not yet seen.

Rosabel approached her victim mysteriously on tiptoe. She could be quite theatrical at times.

"Sh, Monsieur Jacques. The witch! She may be lurking, or may not be lurking, but remember that a sweetheart is all the sweeter for a few kisses now and then."

Jacques glanced with apprehension toward the door, then smiled delightedly. Being embarrassed by the witch, you may be sure that he would relish a game of tete-a-tete with Rosabel's heart as a plaything. And,

by the way, her heart was of the kind that trembles at the first attempt of Cupid, so that the darts fly wide. Then finally instead of piercing, the arrows shatter it, only to let the sunshine in. And we had read the sign "A heart to let" in Rosabel's blue eyes, and had found that there was room for all.

There was an irresistible air of romance and adventure about the little visitor as she kept whispering :

"Soft, Jacques. Let us look *this* way; let us look *that* way. Nobody there! But still unsafe. So draw the portieres, and then come to the alcove. I have a rose for you if you know where to find it."

We followed Rosabel's directions, and on arriving at the shop found no one there.

"Suppose we call Madame Jacques," said Peekaboo.

A slight disturbance could be heard coming from behind the scenes.

"No, Jacques, I will *not* hide. You are afraid, but I am not. I do not even fear the witch."

Meanwhile the Pirate had been slipping sausages into his pocket.

Then Jacques appeared, looking like a whipped cur.

"We'd like to get a bottle of *vin de Porto*," said the Pirate dryly.

"Just what I was about to offer you,"

said Jacques, as he made haste to measure out a wine-glass of indifferent liquor.

"But you must drink it quickly, gentlemen. I think I hear the witch descending."

"O, we will take it with us," answered Peekaboo.

"And a Curacao," added Rosabel, while Peekaboo filled his pockets with soft buns. We had put Jacques off his guard by calling his attention to the red blotches on his cheeks. This kind of kisses lasted a long time.

"But would you kill the goose with golden eggs?

"You shouldn't be a goose," laughed Rosabel. "And, anyhow, you are not paying half the price for what you got," she added, leading the procession with the bottles. And as the witch arrived, Jacques frantically tampered with the drawer of the cash-register, while we smiled a benign farewell.

But on the morrow, the eternal wolf—always the wolf.

Paul T. Gilbert.





To a Pressed Rose in a Book.

Faint-scented, delicate and dry,
The glory of thy beauty gone,
On the white page I see thee lie,
Unchanging as the years roll on.
The breeze that kissed thy fragrant youth,
The summer sun that shone on thee,
And all that once was living truth —
Have sunk in memory's silent sea.

Yet when on thee I turn my eyes,
Down the long moonbeam fluttering slow,
The Spirit of the Roses flies,
Sweet with the soul of long ago ;
A thousand memories thronging round
Before my eyes a moment gleam,
And vanish with a faint, far sound,
Like midnight music in a dream.

W. B. Hooker.





HEY were sitting in the fire-light, the dull embers glowing faintly red through the floating circles of pipe-smoke, and the gray ashes falling in strange, weird shapes from the coal. The fancy is freest at such a time, and it was not hard to believe that the misty shades of old Gyges and Damassippus might be sitting, too, in the gray darkness beyond the rosy circle of the hearth.

"I wish that the gray-eyed Minerva would appear to us now," said the Poet dreamily. "The way to her shrine is steep."

"You would have her rise, radiant through clouds of tobacco smoke, I suppose," remarked the Realist scornfully. "What she desires, to adopt your fanciful imagery, is only work with an end in view; hard, earnest work with the great masters on the mountain tops of fame always before you, and their success to inspire yours.

The ashes fell, one by one, and the chapel bells chimed twice before anyone answered; then, "It is something nobler that we should bring to the sacrifice," said the Philosopher, from the darkness of the window seat. "Do you remember how that old Gascon, Cyrano, was repaid for his labor by singing his verses over to himself. It is such work that counts, work done for the best within us, and without thought of fame or immortality. Some poet said of the sonnet, 'With this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart,' and I think that all good writing should lay bare a little of the heart, and be written first of all for yourself alone. Time server and great poet have never yet been one."

The wind swayed the elms and quickened the dying embers until they threw a glow on the poet's face and a flickering light on the steins above the fireplace.

"There is yet more," said he slowly. "It is good to have fame, but not to work for it alone. It is better to make the thoughts of others great than to be so ourselves. There is a standard, an ideality, an intangible thing, as elusive as a beam of white light, and yet more enduring than anything else in the world. This, because there is no better name, we call art. To some it means little: to others all there is worth doing

here. But it is ever the best that lies in man, the best that he can do, not for fame or for himself alone, but most of all for that ideal of perfect achievement, which, because of the thousands of great ones gone before, he is able to make for himself. When in all 'high seriousness' we struggle toward such a goal, there is hope for glorious things. Do you remember the

... 'bards who died content on pleasant sward,
Leaving great verse unto a little clan?'

Their's was such work, and their life such as Minerva must have loved. No fame, no noisy honors: only peace, and, beneath the longing for a still distant ideal, a deep content arising even from the little which it had been given them to do."

The Poet had been carried to his feet with the ardor of his words, and now looked about expectantly in the growing darkness; but no one spoke, and the silence was unbroken, until the bells chimed midnight and the clocks joined in with their deeper tones.

H. S. C.



From our exchanges we clip the following:

THE CUIRASSIER.

With a hearty dash and a sabre's clash,
With a thousand gleams and a double flash
Of the brightened steel that knows no fear,
 What say ye, lads, as our horses rear?
 Who is there equals a cuirassier?

With a bold, brave air and a winning smile,
With a stolen kiss that's won by guile,
And a swagger known full many a mile,
 What say ye, lassies, as we appear?
 Was there ever the like of a cuirassier?

A flagon, then, of the rich, red wine,
And a toast for the foot, the men of the line,
To the sapper, the lancer, the cannoneer,
 But first to the man who owns no peer,
 Come, drink ye, men, "To the cuirassier!"

—Williams Literary Monthly.

Definitive.



N economic federation in which the single individual is protected by the combined many—a scientific method of money-saving that soon grows as pleasant as from the start it is laudable—an organization for the encouragement of thrift and the increase of the wealth of the nation—these definitions will each apply to life insurance. In a greater or less degree of accuracy and appreciation, all intelligent men know something about life insurance, but the subject is so far-reaching in its influence, and touches life at so many points, that a farther definition and understanding is of intimate and real value. It is a system which may be briefly characterized as an arrangement by which, in return for certain yearly premiums, a company of men guarantee to pay a certain capital sum, at a stated period, or at any time on the death of the insured, for the benefit of those for whom the assured designed it; and while, like every other good thing, it has had its probationary testing, and while an occasional degenerate may still cry out, "Thou shalt not insure!" even as some fanatic may declare, "Thou shalt not marry!" yet bench and bar, college and clinic, pulpit and press have combined with exceptional unanimity to commend it to the patronage of all lovers and protectors of home and kindred.

The most perfect exemplification of all the beneficent provisions of life insurance, and in the best combination, is found to-day in the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, Richard A. McCurdy, President.

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DODD, MEAD & CO., Publishers,
5th Ave. & 21st St., New York.

The Yale Courant

Founded in 1865

Vol. XXXV

June 10, 1899

No. 16

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THE YALE COURANT is published Saturday of every other week, at New Haven, Conn., by the students of Yale University. Subscription price two dollars per annum. Single copy fifteen cents. Contributions must be left in the box in the first entrance of White by 6:30 p. m. on Tuesday of the week preceding publication.

THE COURANT is on sale at the principal news-stands in New Haven.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office of New Haven, Conn.

The Penalty.



F course it was a girl. He never talked of her, but he used to dream about her over the keys; and once, when the order went through to give the president's car, *Marie*, the road over everything, he had checked himself too late, and repeated it Margaret. That joke went the end of the line, and Hammond never escaped from it.

The days were getting short, and at seven o'clock it had already grown dark in

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ization of the happiness contained in those words steal over him. In anticipation he experienced all the joy of their meeting. It was surely Providence that had decreed that on this of all nights the Overland should stop. In fancy he saw Margaret waiting for him on the rear platform. He was watching the blue flames again, and they were wreathing a face that looked out on him and seemed to taunt him with its mocking blue eyes and saucy mouth. Little brown curls were blown about the pretty, oval face, and the lips were just changing from a pout to a smile. Then the face seemed to come nearer, and Margaret was standing before him. In a moment she was gone, and then he was beside her again, and they were wandering together through sunny fields. It seemed a long time, and then he felt himself falling, falling—and with a start he awoke.

He looked at the clock. It was ten! All the blood seemed to rush to his heart, and he sank down limply into the chair. The awfulness of it all overwhelmed him. For a moment he had thought only of missing Margaret. Then he remembered! The special! He should have stopped—But it was too awful. The Overland had passed, and he had let *her*—let them all—go to their deaths! He arose in his agony,

half stunned, and opened a little drawer in his desk. She would die. He wondered which would be first.

* * * * *

There is a long curve and steep grade just beyond Bernard. It was after ten, and a long, brilliantly lighted train was laboring heavily up the grade. The great locomotive was puffing fitfully, and the couplings clanked as it jerked and pulled. "We'll have to wait for a new engine," the engineer said, as he saw the lights of the depot. "We've never run the Overland late before, either; but it's good we didn't blow out that cylinder head on the grade." The great train rumbled lamely up to the little station. The conductor and trainmen and some of the passengers were swarming over the platform. Some of the passengers at the windows saw an anxious looking group of men about the telegraph office, and wondered. On the rear platform of the last car a young girl was standing. She seemed to be waiting for some one, and an expectant smile played about her mouth. The brown curls were blown about the pretty, oval face, and the blue eyes were gazing wistfully into the darkness.

Ernest Hausberg.



Song.

COME to the brookside, Janet,
To the murmuring pool in the glade,
Where sunbeams play
In the flaky spray,
And rainbows gleam in the bright cascade.

Swiftly the moments, Janet,
Flew by the quiet dell,
Till the lark's note loud
In the drifting cloud
Was hushed by the chime of the evening bell.

Dear is the garden, Janet,
And the seat by the gnarled oak tree:
But the winding stream
Where my brightest dream
Turned true, is the dearest of all to me.

So come to the brookside, Janet,
To the murmuring pool in the glade,
Where sunbeams play
In the flaky spray,
And rainbows gleam in the bright cascade.

Kenneth Bruce.



**THE NEW YO
REFEREN**

**This book is unde
taken f:**

He tried the door, found it unlocked, and mounted the dark stairway to the well-remembered room. His knock was echoed only by a hollow sound. He opened the door and peered into the darkness. Then, suddenly, he was startled by Tomlinson's scarcely recognizable voice calling out as if in fear.

"Who's there? Dick! Is it you?"

"Yes, yes, old man. Where are you?"

"Here. On the bed."

Their hands clasped in the darkness. A feeling of apprehension came over the doctor.

"What is it, old fellow? What is it?"

The man on the bed tried to speak, but his voice broke. Then suddenly:

"Don't! Don't! For God's sake, don't light that match!"

"What is it," asked the doctor, with sudden fear, "your eyes?"

"Worse."

"Worse!"

"Sit down, Dick. No, no, not on the bed. I'll try to tell you."

For a moment, while the doctor felt his way to a chair, there was silence in the room. From the bed came the sick man's troubled breathing. Finally Tomlinson spoke in quick, feverish accents:

"Don't interrupt me, Dick, or I can't go

